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THE

MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXI.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

BOSTON:

LEONARD C. BOWLES.

1864.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
LEONARD C. BOWLES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
15, WATER STREET.

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Terms, \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance. Single Nos., 35 cts.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1864.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
FOR 1864.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

The object of this Periodical is to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, to quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." It will sustain no representative relation to any sect or party; but gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men,—the living Shepherd of a living fold.

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The Editorial Department of the Journal will be in charge of the same Editors who have so ably conducted it the past five years; and, with the aid of many of the old and several new contributors, our readers may feel assured that its character as a useful and interesting periodical for families will be fully sustained; and it is hoped that the necessary advance in the price will not materially affect the circulation of the Magazine.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 131, Washington Street, Boston.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

JANUARY, 1864.

No. 1.

OUR NATIONAL IDEAL.

"THE gradual development of the principle of equality is a providential fact. It has all the chief characteristics of such a fact: it is universal; it is durable; it constantly eludes all human interference; and all events as well as all men contribute to its progress." "The emigrants who colonized the shores of America in the beginning of the seventeenth century, somehow separated the democratic principle from all the principles which it had to contend with in the old communities of Europe, and transplanted it alone to the New World. It has there been able to spread in perfect freedom, and peaceably to determine the character of the laws by influencing the manners of the country." They are the words of M. de Tocqueville. Unhappily, the last clause of the last paragraph needs to be seriously qualified. Democracy was our ideal. We were called upon to make it as real in fact as it was true in the idea, — to build a nation in which freedom should steadily get the better of slavery, and the will of the majority be law.

Such was the task assigned to the founders of the Constitution: but, although these founders were wise men and good men, they were not perfect; and, looking at their work in the light of experience, even those who are neither so

wise nor so good as they, can see, that, in not refusing to build upon any corner-stone save liberty, they erred. They left for us, their children, a most fearful problem; and we are solving it in tears and blood.

They did not err in wickedness or wilfulness. God forbid! They were more faithful in their day than we have been in ours. They felt — as in very trying circumstances men always do feel — that they could do no other. They did not foresee to what the evil with which they bargained would grow. No man could have had such foresight. They did much for the cause of liberty. What the slaveholders of that day called chattels, they pointedly and emphatically called persons. Instead of making positive provision for the return of bondmen into bondage, — pointing out definitely ways and means, — they only declared in a general and almost negative way, that fugitives from service or labor shall not be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be given up. North and South, there were large-minded and large-hearted men in that day, sensitive and prophetic souls also, that had not come to look upon slavery as a blessing, or reached the conclusion, that, since it must last for ever, it must somehow be justified by reason and Holy Writ, or even be upheld by those who hate it. Jefferson could say, "Nothing is more clearly written in the book of destiny than the emancipation of the blacks;" and no one called him a fanatic for so speaking. As we all know, our Constitution is so framed, that not a letter of it will need to be changed when liberty shall have been established throughout the land. Nevertheless, it is, unhappily, human to err; and so our fathers, in their eagerness to ward off anarchy and to make out of the people of the various States a strong nation, refused what should have been the corner-stone of the building: they gave national rights to the slaveholder; they committed a whole people to the support of a form of society which is radically antagonistic to that democratic principle which is the life of the nation. They did it to avert war, to promote outward prosperity, to make the country respected abroad. How much better, if the strife

must come, that it had come earlier ! and what a fearful price are we now paying for our gains and our greatness ! Even the refusal to nationalize slavery ; even persistency in the purpose to form no Union in which freedom should not be visibly and emphatically in the ascendant, and the opposite thereto strictly confined within its original domain, — might have saved us from our present calamity, and could only have deferred the nation's birth.

But the offence came, not without misgivings of many wise and good, as is shown in the debates of the Convention for framing our Constitution. It was a matter which had long weighed upon honest and good hearts, especially amongst the people called Quakers, through the faithful testimony of the saintly John Woolman, as appears abundantly in his autobiography. These are his prophetic words, uttered some time about the year 1758 : "Should we now be sensible of what he requires of us in this matter of slavery, and, through a respect to the private interest of some persons, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, looking for some extraordinary deliverance, God may by terrible things in righteousness answer us." There were, I am sure, anxieties and forebodings even in the first days of promise ; and they have been sadly realized. Years of dishonorable compromise have been multiplied, and all to no purpose.* We have been found fighting against God. Outward prosperity, with leanness of the soul, was his answer to our prayer for peace. We tried to reconcile ourselves to a system, which, in the language of De Tocqueville, "employs its despotism and its violence against the human mind," seeking "to deprive the slave even of the desire of freedom ; forbidding him, under severe penalties, to be taught to read or write, and sinking him as nearly as possible to the level of the brutes." Dreading war, loving peace, or, alas ! the ease and the abundance of peace, we were ready to go to the very limits of the true man's domain to keep things as they were ; hoping that, in the end, democracy would triumph, and the

* See Address of Hon. Edward Everett at Gettysburg.

will of the people be done, and a true civilization secured for the whole land. But our way was not God's way. It was not his pleasure to wait centuries for the deliverance of an oppressed people; and, in their blindness and selfish ambition, the fomenters of this wicked Rebellion are even now working at once his most righteous will and their own ruin. The stone which was refused shall soon, soon, though it should be years first, become the head-stone of the corner. The end of the war shall bring with it the establishment of a true democracy, with its free men, free churches, free schools, free lips. We shall have a nation without one bondman or bondwoman or bondchild within its borders; and not only so, — for, after all, great as this result is, it is but the accident and accompaniment of what is far greater, — we shall have a nation in which the will of the majority, as expressed through constitutional and legal forms, shall be the supreme law of the land, not to be violated with impunity by any privileged class. It is a very old conflict, this, between the few and the many; and here in America we are set in the very front of the battle; and when Europe shall be convulsed with the terrible struggle, and bathed in bloody seas, we, if we are faithful, shall already have conquered our peace, and have occupied the States now insurgent with free and well-taught and thrifty colonists. It is the Lord's doing: it is indeed marvellous in our eyes. These things will not come about so very gradually, unless what is done in some seven years, more or less, be gradual. We say, *seven*. A Southern gentleman, whose opportunities for information are the best, in the course of a conversation upon the subject which we were so fortunate as to hold with him, fixed upon that term of years as the utmost limit for the life of slavery throughout the South. During a short residence this autumn in that slave State which may claim the honor in these days of leading the way in the work of emancipation, the writer found, amongst conservatives and radicals, but one opinion as to the future of their Commonwealth; and, almost with one mind, the more thoughtful of both parties declared the necessity of giving freedom to the slaves at once. They

said, "When the year 1870—the year of freedom—shall have come, there will be no slaves for the ordinance to take effect upon;" whilst a large majority would be glad, if, laying aside those wretched party jealousies which the President so well rebuked in his Missouri Letter, the work of emancipation, which has been so well begun, might be finished without so much as a year's delay." They see that this is the only way by which they can retain any laborers at all; that a nominal slavery is simply irritating and disappointing to all parties; and that, just so soon as their noble State is thoroughly and avowedly and for all time a free State, the capital and the men that alone are needed to develop their magnificent mineral resources must at once flow into it, and make their leading city the emporium of the West. During a month's residence in St. Louis, we felt that we were in a free city, and fewer things fitted to wound patriotic sensibilities fell upon the ear there than in our own dear Boston; and that was the city, where, so short a time before, a Union man was scarcely safe! The only disloyal word that came to us during our stay was from a wretched creature confined for drunkenness in the lock-up of a police-station. That voice cried out for the Confederacy, and for him who stands at the head and front thereof,—that bad eminence. The State-prisons were occupied with traitors, suspected or proven,—not with Union men; and the writer had an opportunity to preach a sermon to some eight hundred of them, confined in what had been a medical college until the owner abandoned at once his loyalty and his possessions.

It is delightful to find how the heaven of New England had wrought in that community in churches and schools, and, as it would seem, had saved that great State from going the wrong way. Who can tell how sadly different from what they now are had been our prospects if Missouri had failed us? It was clearly providential, not of men, but of God,—the Lord's doing, as the old psalm saith; and yet the true spirit of our civilization had been at work, and the roots of noble plants had found the right food in soil which

looked far from promising. In reply to the question, "Are you a native of this town?" addressed to the principal of a noble free school secured to the city by the earnest efforts of a New-Englander, he said, "You need not put that question to any teacher: we are all immigrants from the East." The normal-school teachers are from this city. There are influences at work there, and not least amongst those of our liberal faith, which place the freedom of Missouri entirely beyond question. It ought to be added, in justice to the German population, that our nation has no truer friends than they, and that we are largely indebted to them for the action which placed the State of Missouri on our side.

Of course, the end is not yet attained; but we are approaching our ideal as never before. A struggle second to none which is recorded in history, whether we regard the matter at issue, or the instrumentalities employed, or the sufferings endured, — a struggle which is to plant a pure Christian democracy throughout the land of the United States of America, to possess it for the arts and sciences, for a noble culture, for schools and colleges and churches; to substitute men and women for the creatures human in little save form, — the poor whites of the South, the most wretched specimens of humanity that our country affords, — the struggle that is to expel from our borders, or reduce to harmless insignificance, the wicked men, who, by their rebellion, have plunged tens of thousands into the deepest misery, and substitute law for arbitrary power, is not so soon finished. It doesn't finish itself without men. It demands the strong hand. It will come to an end through those who go armed to find and feed starving prisoners, and realize that the sternest and swiftest justice is the greatest mercy. It is a struggle which may cost the present generation of Southern people their all; but they should have thought of that before they shot their guns from the nation's arsenal. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It may, it does, bear very hardly upon the poor negroes; and we ought, for very humanity, to relieve, so far as we can, their terrible sufferings, and to heed the cry in their behalf which comes to us

now from the department of the South-west. But it was their masters, so called, not we, who submitted their cause to the dread arbitrament of battle, and made the way into freedom a way of sorrow and death ; and against the outward wretchedness of, alas ! so many, we must set the great, deep joy of not a few who rejoice in their deliverance with joy unspeakable. Could some who read the Bible, if at all, only as a task, witness the light which breaks over so many a dark face as one sentence after another of what has been a sealed book is painfully spelled out ! “His name shall be called Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.” “Isn’t that *nice* ? ” said one of these poor fellows. “Slavery,” wrote De Tocqueville, “now confined to a single tract of the civilized earth, attacked by Christianity as unjust and by political economy as prejudicial, and now contrasted with democratic liberty and the intelligence of our age, cannot survive. By the act of the master, or by the will of the slave, it will cease ; and, in either case, great calamities will ensue.” It is ceasing, as we see, by the *act of the master*, blindly doing he knew not what. Let us do our utmost to make the new freedom a blessing. It will not be so hard a task as to reclaim for decency, to aim no higher, the miserable white refugees from the South-west, who turn their faces northward, not because they love freedom, but because they would eat of the loaves, and be filled.

In our upward national path, much hath been grievous to flesh and blood, and shall be ; but what then ?

“Who is the angel that cometh ? —
 Pain !
 Let us arise, and go forth to greet him :
 Not in vain
 Is the summons come for us to meet him.
 He will stay,
 And darken our sun ;
 He will stay
 A desolate night, a weary day ;
 Since in that shadow our work is done,
 And in that shadow our crowns are won.

Let us say still, whilst his bitter chalice
 Slowly into our hearts is poured,
 'Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord!'

Who is the angel that cometh? —
 Death!
 But do not shudder, and do not fear:
 Hold your breath;
 For a kingly presence is drawing near.
 Cold and bright is his flashing steel;
 Cold and bright
 The smile that comes, like a starry light,
 To calm the terror and grief we feel.
 He comes to help and to save and heal:
 Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
 Sing while we wait this angel's sword,
 'Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord!'"

So have our martyrs died in our noble and mighty struggle. Their bodies rest in honored graves. Their souls and their memories live for evermore. May those who sit in desolate homes share abundantly in the peace of God, the Lord of life and of death!

E.

"No hypocritical flattery or outward comforting one's self availeth at all; as when men will cover sin and iniquity in the flesh with the satisfaction of Christ, and remain in self still. Christ saith, 'Except ye turn, and become as children, ye shall not see the kingdom of God.' The mind must become as wholly new as in a child that knoweth nothing of sin. Christ saith also, 'Ye must be born anew, or else ye shall not see the kingdom of God.' There must arise a will wholly new: in the death of Christ, it must be brought forth out of Christ's entering into the humanity, and rise in Christ's resurrection."

"As there be some that are too strait in their judgment concerning the being and nature of the visible Church; so, certainly, the greatest part of churches are too loose in their practice."

RABBONI. — JOHN XX. 16.

BLESSED Christ, oh ! come to me ;
 Thou alone canst quench my thirst :
 Bound and blind, I wait for thee ;
 Thou alone my bonds canst burst.
 Touch mine eyes, and give them sight,
 Thou, mine infinite delight !

Thou that hast my burdens borne ;
 Thou that hadst the scoffer's scorn ;
 Thou that unto God didst cry,
 " Why hast thou forsaken me ? " —
 Even to such a worm as I,
 Come, O Christ ! and set me free.

Set me free from taint of sin ;
 Make me white and clean within ;
 Feed me with celestial food ;
 Give me of thy life divine,
 Thy dear body and thy blood ;
 So thy life shall nourish mine.

Ah ! the dear communion sweet !
 When with thee my soul doth meet,
 God no longer dwells afar :
 Through me his afflatus flows ;
 Doubt and tumult banished are ;
 Love is infinite repose.

Blessed Christ ! with Mary, I
 Unto thee " Rabboni " cry :
 Thou my Master art and Lord ;
 Unto thee my soul doth bow.
 Thou art the embodied Word ;
 Way and Truth and Life art thou.

HOME LIFE.*

Nor often do we find so much wisdom compressed within so small a compass as in this delightful volume of Mr. Ware. It is a golden book. It touches upon themes with which every one's happiness is vitally concerned; and it handles them with so much faithfulness, freshness, and moral beauty, that the book must be a manual in our households for a long time to come. Everybody expecting to be married, and everybody that has been married, will need, if not the book, certainly the maxims and principles of home-life, which we do not remember to have seen illustrated with so much force and clearness.

We do not sit down for a review of the book; but we are tempted into the field which it opens to us so opportunely. Every one is a member, or has been, of that prime institution of God,—the family. But how much of unhappiness and corrosion that wear slowly upon the strings of life, and wear them in two, are concealed under the fair semblances of this institution, none but God can know. In the nature of things, there is a great deal. And it is not all owing to the sheer depravity of the human heart: much of it is owing to false views of family relations, ignorance of those divine laws which govern the most sacred of human intercourse, carelessness of the simple conditions on which this institution yields its manifold blessings and enjoyments.

In the introductory chapter, Mr. Ware touches with delicate wisdom upon the fundamental family relation,—that of husband and wife. The distinction which he makes between being wedded and being married is admirably put; and if wisely pondered, and acted from, would save a vast deal of disappointment. The notion that certain persons are divinely fitted to each other, and have only to be drawn together by a sovereign magnetic attraction, there to be rapt in everlasting bliss, is a dream which lovers indulge in, knowing as yet

* "Home Life; what it is, and what it needs." By JOHN F. W. WARE. Boston: William V. Spencer.

only the surface of each other's character; and so they have only to "float on," they think, like "two gentle currents," and "mingle into one." But, lo! when the mingling takes place, it very likely turns out to be, not that of two gentle currents, but the mingling of an acid and an alkali: not a bad mingling, by any means, if one is only prepared for it; for it sometimes makes a third compound altogether less flat and stale than either of the first, albeit with considerable sparkling and ebullition. But, not expecting any such new development of hidden properties, marriage turns out with many a grievous disappointment, from the sudden development of points of character which the parties have concealed from each other, and very likely from themselves. The husband is not the perfection of all gallantry and chivalry, and the wife is not yet an angel "that needs not the changing of her sphere." Both are imperfect human beings, needing perhaps a change of heart, more than a change of sphere, before they become angels; and having faults of character brought more painfully into self-consciousness by being placed in more intimate relations, and requiring, therefore, a more unselfish will. This "broad and intermediate ground," as Mr. Ware calls it, between wedding and marriage, covers the period of those mutual adaptations, self-denials, and the pruning-away of those offensive peculiarities of temper, disposition, and habit, which prevent the perfect mingling of life with life. In this fearful passage, how many hopes have been wrecked for ever! And yet, faithfully passed through, and with the clear knowledge of the mutual sacrifice which it requires, how may it lead on into that realm of unclouded sunshine, and solid and lasting peace, compared with which the courtship of lovers is but a fevered dream; prefiguring the "sweet societies" of those purely spiritual relations which subsist when the grosser and more external ties have dissolved for ever at the touch of death!

It needs very little reflection to perceive that the religious life, if there be any, is inmost; and, if there is no interblending here, there can be no such thing as real marriage. This by no means implies that theological views and speculations

must be the same : it does imply that those who cannot worship together cannot live together in a relation which can be called conjugal, except by a palpable solecism of language. *The church in the house* precedes in the divine order that larger church which we call the general body of Christ. It is the glory of Christianity, that it respects and hallows the ties of nature, and spiritualizes them all. It blesses the marriage-bond, and seals it ; as if saying, "The love between man and woman is not the lust of the beasts of the field : it is the union of soul with soul, and mind with mind, so sweet and so pure, that it typifies the union between the Church and the heavenly Bridegroom." It receives infancy from the mother's arms, and imprints it with the seal of baptism, saying thereby, "Human birth is unlike all other. It is not the date of mere animal existence : it involves the germs of an endless life." We have no tendencies towards religious formalism : but we do deplore the neglect, in our churches, of infant-baptism, — a rite which ever proclaims to the young of the congregations their own immortal nature, and to old and young alike the sacredness of human birth, and the sanctity and spiritual meaning of marriage ties ; helping to save the family from sinking into that hideous secularism which merges the human in the animal.

Where there is indeed the church in the house, union in worship between the husband and wife, and so harmony of effort in all religious influence and training, we never should see the family invaded with the spirit of sect, — the husband here, the wife there, the children anywhere or nowhere ; but the church in the house would come together into the larger Church, importing into the church relation all the sweetness and fondness of home affections and domestic ties. The Church of Christ then becomes a larger family made up of smaller ones, drawing into itself the feelings of home, and the fervency of conjugal and filial loves. So it ought to be : so it will be, when Christ shall have come into all our homes, and hallowed them ; when sect shall no longer profane the family altar, and we shall have done with the distractions of our Protestant Babel.

Where there is indeed the church in the house, the impressions made on the mind and character of childhood are never effaced. Nothing is so abiding as our early religious lessons, made before the incrustations of habit have gathered around the heart. The voices of the early religious home are more potent than all others to warn us in after-years, if we are tempted; to call us back, if we go astray. The child grows up, and plunges into affairs; the scene changes, and new duties engage him a thousand miles away. But over all space and all time come up ever brightly on the memory the prayers at the family-altar, the father's counsel and the mother's benediction, and "the old blessed Bible that lay on the stand." We knew a young man in college, who passed through all its temptations without a tarnish upon his purity, who said that the morning he left home, as he was sitting by himself and thinking of his prospects, he felt a hand laid softly upon his head. Not a word was spoken; but he knew that a mother's last prayer and blessing was in that laying-on of hands. "They always seemed to be there," he said, "especially if I was tempted at any time to swerve from the ways of virtue." So plastic is the influence of the church in the house; for all other handwriting on the soul will sooner be effaced than the impressions from a religious home.

Touching the courtesies which are due to the intercourse of home, Mr. Ware has some words which are fitly spoken. Why a man should be polite to everybody except his wife and children, no good reason can be given, except that his politeness is the veneering of selfishness. Why a woman should study the becoming, either in dress or manners, only to be exhibited abroad, provokes the same reply. Courtesies that begin at home, always exercised to smooth out domestic troubles, keeping the machinery of the household oiled, and free from all possible rubs and irritations, having an eye to all the varieties of temperament, with kindly adaptations to them, — these courtesies become very soon a second nature, filled with the spontaneities of the heart; and we shall need to put on no bland hypocrisies when we leave the house: otherwise we shall always be on our good behavior,

except when we get home, and relapse into our despicable glooms and sullenness. No man can apply a surer test to himself, to determine what he shall be when all artificial coverings have been peeled off, and he stands at the judgment-seat, than whether he fills his own home with heart-sunshine, or chills it with a selfish spirit; for there, generally, he is apt to subside into what he is, rather than what he seems.

It is not enough for parents to set a good example before their children. What are children given us for, except to keep us young, and draw us into their childish ways? A staid and stiff morality in the house, keeping others at a distance, does not answer to the needs of home. Washington used to lament that the fun of children subsided in his presence, and that he could not break through the reserve that kept the little ones from communion with him; but Washington was never a parent. Games and sports, playfulness and drollery, comedy and laughter, should have a large share in the economy of the house; and children should never get the notion, that they must run away in order to have a good time or a pleasant evening. This sportive or comic element is not only good for the children, but good for the parent, especially in New England, which inherits a Puritanic horror of amusements, and where religious people so often get run into iron moulds.

It is important, too, in order to that unreserved confidence which ought ever to subsist between the child and the parent, and especially between the boy and his father. Girls get ready access to a mother's sympathies and counsels in the crosses and troubles of girlhood. It is too apt to be otherwise in the intercourse between the father and the boy; and yet this is lamentably wrong. There are dangers which beset boys, fearful beyond all conception, because they are subtle and covert, and against which the father is the only person in the world who can be the proper and efficient guardian. Thousands go down by a secret way towards the pit of ruin, possibly while all the external seemings are fair and specious, just because there is no such confidence and intercommunion between the father and the boy, that the

former understands the boy's nature, temptations, and dangers, so as to guide him, and put his feet on safe and solid ground. A parent who was alive to the importance of this subject tells us how early he sought the perfect confidence of his children; "but early as it was," said he, "I often found that the Devil had been there before me."

Mr. Ware's counsels in regard to "home the residence" are exceedingly good, but not wholly available with such as have not their residence to choose. Those who build or buy houses to live in are unpardonable if they choose one with dismal surroundings, or one looking towards the north, instead of east or south. Children, no more than corn and pease, can grow up well without plenty of sunshine. Dr. Lewis says he cured a man of paralysis, brought on by seclusion in a shaded room, by putting him on a sofa before southern windows, and saturating his limbs day after day with the blessed sunshine, of which he had been defrauded so long.

And how much can one do by tact and taste to make the atmosphere of the house within and without, however bad its site and architecture, not only cheerful, but bracing to the whole moral nature! A few cents saved in the purchase of mean and dingy paper, even for the kitchen and the back-chambers, are so much sacrificed in the cheerful tone of body and mind. Surroundings have a constant, imperceptible influence upon spiritual moods, and the culture of moral tastes and sentiments. You know, as soon as you approach some houses, that the children within them are growing up in an atmosphere of coarseness and vulgarity; and, if these do not ingrain their whole character, it is only from that power implanted by the Lord in human nature of resisting bad atmospheres, as an India-rubber coat sheds rain. Very few are so endowed as to resist them entirely. If your daughter has been crowded into a back-chamber, with only a single window, through which the sun never deigns to show his face, one of the best things you could do for her education would be to change forthwith, and give her the best chamber in the house. It is of less consequence to the guests who are only transient, than to her who imbibes the unconscious influence

every day. Take the chamber that opens towards the sun-rising, before whose windows the birds sing their earliest songs. Tear off the ninepenny-paper, and cover the walls with bright colors. Take down those daubs which were bought of the peddler, even though Gen. Washington has to quit, and get two or three neat engravings to fill their place. Follow this out in all the inside arrangements; and if there is not ample compensation in the moral refinement of all the inmates of the house, and a better moral atmosphere for the children to grow up in, it will be an exception to the laws of human development.

Every family ought to sing. It is very unfortunate if neither of the parents has ever learned. We hope we are tolerably forgiving; but we never have forgiven Mr. Webb for rejecting us from the singing-class at Cambridge, and we never mean to as long as we live. With very few exceptions, all persons can learn to sing, with a little painstaking and care on the part of the teacher; and, without singing, family worship is defective, and a means exceedingly potent in charming away the demons from the household is sadly wanting. When the Hebrew exiles were weeping on the banks of Chebar, or hanging their silent harps upon Babel's willows, the songs which they heard of old in the courts of Zion still rolled their lingering echoes through their souls. Just so it will be with the songs of home, even back to the lullabies to which our cradles kept time. The hymns which bore us away among the invisible things of faith; the patriotic airs that woke us in the morning, endearing the old flag and all the fields over which it had ever waved; the comic strains by the evening fire, with which we laughed ourselves into tears; in fine, the "songs of many keys," which made the household musical from Old Hundred to Yankee Doodle, — will always have the flavor of home, touch all its trains of memory, and bear us back to its hallowed shrines. Music is an instrumentality in home education which no family can well afford to forego.

We only name one more of the appliances of home, very much neglected, but capable of indefinite results for good.

Conversations at home, especially around the morning and evening meal, when all the children are present, offer capital opportunities for "object-lessons," spiced with any amount of anecdote or wise suggestion. Then, too, the afternoon service of Sunday is dropping off here and there, and very likely will become generally obsolete, that business-men may have better means of getting acquainted with their own families, and leading the youthful members along systematic courses of religious training and instruction, instead of trusting every thing to Sunday schools. For, after all, the parent is the high priest of the family, that prime church of the Lord; and the duties of the office cannot be delegated to another. One-seventh of the days are given him, and all the evenings of the long winters, not for staid moral and religious lessons, but for drawing the little buds of being around him into the soul-sunshine which ought to infold them, and in which they ought to grow into the bloom and the fruitage of immortality.

We only touch lightly upon topics which Mr. Ware has treated with more fulness, and with excellent practical sense, and evidently from the inspirations of a full heart, — topics which will not fail to come home to men's business and bosoms, so long as families on earth are made, in the Divine Providence, the nurseries for the skies. s.

THE MYSTERY AND MINISTRY OF SORROW. — "As the child, going out into the cloudy night, is weak, and sees in every thing but the shadow and the darkness, — in the grove some spectre, instead of the white-barked and beautiful tree; so to the weary heart is the contemplation of the *mystery* of sorrow and bereavement. But when the night-season is past, and the waking child becomes aware of the blessed sunshine, and he has only the green, soft grass, the azure sky, the sweet-scented flowers, smiling out their beautiful lives upon him; so is it with the gentle acceptance of the *ministry* of sorrow: all once dark and mysterious is illumined and clear; we bathe in the very breath of God's love, now more fully understood, and faith seems changed to sight." *

MY PRAYER, AND ITS ANSWER.

BY A LADY.

JESUS, I come to thee ;
From sin and self I flee ;
Meekly I bow :
Here at thy cross I wait ;
Open the heaven-gate ;
May I not be too late !
Receive me now.

Thou who dost inly move
Souls by thy breath of love,
Save through thy Word :
I would thy life possess,
Mighty to save and bless ;
In truth and tenderness
I own thee Lord.

Heal all this sinful smart ;
Oh ! bless my mourning heart ;
Seal me thine own :
Kneeling thy face before,
On me thy spirit pour,
That I may thee adore
Before thy throne.

Hush ! — now the answer falls
From glory's shining walls,
O'er spirits riven :
Glory to God ! this night
Joy comes with love and light ;
I'll rise from faith to sight,
Entering heaven !

JOSHUA AND THE SUN.

A SERMON FOR NEW YEAR.

BY REV. E. L. FROTHINGHAM.

"The sun stood still, and the moon staid." — JOSH. X. 13.

WE have just passed that point of the winter which is called its solstice. It is so called, because, to the eye of astronomy, the sun seems to stand still. It is only in such a sense, or some other equally figurative, that this can ever be said to have happened. But the text says, "The sun stood still, and the moon staid." We are not to suppose, however, that it speaks the literal truth. So the Book of Ecclesiasticus, in recording the praise of Joshua, asks, "Did not the sun go back by his means? and was not one day as long as two?" I answer, Never. Poets and fabulists have imagined such things; but the world never beheld them. The earth has not receded a hair's breadth, nor stopped for an instant, since man first looked upon its face. The sun has always beamed from the same fixed focus, the wandering moon has always been guided by the same steady law, as when God said in the beginning, "Let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven." Day and night roll on in their unbroken order since the creation. Their intersecting paths, though always crossing one another, are as smooth as the broad track of the year. There is no confusion in them, or impediment, or rebound.

How are we, then, to interpret the text? It would be trifling with your understandings to repeat the various ways in which ingenious men have endeavored to explain what appeared to them a difficulty in the account of Joshua's stopping the sun. Though let me say, that he would trifle with you quite as much, who, from misunderstanding the nature of the Scriptures, and their connection with an enlightened faith at the present day, should avail himself of narratives like this in order to weaken your confidence in the revealed truth of God. That truth is falsely assailed and most rashly

defended on the ground that every event recounted in the sacred records actually took place. Such a supposition is not only unnecessary and absurd, but in the highest degree mischievous. It has given the only edge they ever had to the most vulgar instruments of attack that have been used against our religion ; and, what is perhaps worse, it has put honest apologists for the truth into the wrong, made them lose their whole cause in trying to grasp more than can be held, and exposed the blessed subject of Christian belief to the secret misgivings or the silent contempt of many who in form continue to profess it. There has been a great error, both of believers and unbelievers, in supposing that the important controversy between them was to be decided by the explanation of a few passages in a few old books, by substantiating or overturning the credibility of a few traditions that have been handed down to us from the distant ages of the world. But I need add nothing on this point. The narrative connected with the text does in fact explain itself. It professes to be copied from the Book of Jasher, which was probably a collection of heroic songs commemorative of remarkable incidents in the national history. Now, he who shall look for simple verities in odes and ballads can have very little feeling for poetry, however singular may be his admiration of truth. Such a one might feel himself called upon to vindicate the Scriptures by supposing that the eternal stars shot from their spheres to fight against Sisera, the petty leader of a Canaanitish clan. Nothing more need be said on so plain a subject.

“Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon ; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon !” The captain of Israel’s host might have cried out thus in the heat of victory. There is something like it written of one of Homer’s heroes. But the voice of man’s passions and the shock of his battles do not go up into those heavenly spaces ; and he must have cried out in vain. The watches of the night and the summoning hours of the day would have held on their unvaried courses. A field of carnage is one of the last sights that the holy orbs which preside over them would stop to look on, if they could ever stop. Time ! — how steady it is in its flight ! how

irresistibly strong, as it sweeps its broad wings through the shade and shining of the world and of life! — stayless as the swift planets, and certain as destiny. And yet, do we not all sometimes resemble Joshua in the Hebrew legend, wishing to arrest, or at least to retard, its course? There is some Gibeon, some high place of our pride, where we would have the bright day linger twice as long as its wont; or there is some pleasant valley of peace and affection, over which we would keep, beyond the measure that Nature permits, the same soft light that is shed upon it now. We would not have them left, so soon as they must be, to the encroachments of darkness. Like the Hebrew leader, we would have sun and moon stand still. Like a Hebrew king, we would have the shadow go back upon the dial of our existence. There can be no such thing. The moments will not linger; the years will not return. No portion of past duration will be given back to us, that we may live it again, and live it better. We must use for what they are those fleeting spaces which no power can either prolong or restore.

Some, from the desire of improvement, would stop time. It is the noblest motive that I can conceive of for so vain a wish. Compared with it, the motive of the greater part of mankind, who wish to lay hands on that mighty wheel, and chains on that swift tide, is only degrading. The desire of improvement — it is an honorable impulse; and no one ever truly felt it without being conscious of the very limited term within which every thing that is to be accomplished must be accomplished. “Art is long, and life is short,” is a maxim as venerable as antiquity can make it; and the justness of it has been brought home to the heart of many an ardent and patient inquirer after wisdom and knowledge. He sees that many things are to be left wholly untouched, and many imperfectly explored; and that the subjects which interest him most deeply must be approached at intervals, and passed over in haste. He sees that he must be rather a pupil than a master upon the points where he most labors to be informed, because life has much to occupy it, and but a little

term to run, and opportunity is hurrying by him, and understanding is infinite ; while he is the creature of yesterday, with no claim on to-morrow ; and, when he is interrupted in the fervor of his pursuits by the declining day or the deepening night, he may wish that the sun might stand still, or the moon be stayed. But, if he is worthy of the knowledge that he seeks after, he will have discovered this at least, — that he must not expect too much from brief and uncertain periods ; that he must not presume too much on what they have revealed to him through their slender openings ; that he must command himself since he cannot command Nature, and create the time, by perseverance and concentration and willing sacrifices, which he cannot alter upon the outer earth, nor retain as his prisoner in the restless globes of the sky. He will have discovered, perhaps, this also, — that his faculties are better adapted to his condition than some would persuade him to believe ; that it was not meant that his vision should be perfect while his dwelling is below ; that he has to submit as well as to aspire ; and that he has done well, if, by the science of faith and the learning of God's will, he can be but prepared for future revelations of a truth that shall never pass away.

Again : the lovers of frivolous pleasure would stop time. They do not love to think of its undisturbed and solemn regularity. Its measured tread sounds too much like an admonition. They are impatient that it is so peremptory with them, allowing no more opportunity for what they desire, and no more enjoyment of what they possess, and that it breaks off so abruptly the seasons of their indulgence. They would be longer pursuing the same excitement, or folding their hands in the same repose. But the clock strikes, and there must be an end both of one and the other. The periods of interruption and disappointment will come round in their allotted train. They who laugh now will become sad ; the boisterous will be silent, and the slumbering be awaked ; and they who are surrounded by mirthful companions will go and sit apart, conversing with anxious thoughts and sorrowful remembrances.

The ambitious would stop time. It is too even for their desires, and too rapid for their plans. It presses them so closely, they complain, as to leave them no room for success. "Give us but time, sire," said the officers of the most famous conqueror of modern days, "and your design shall be carried forward to a complete fulfilment;" and that lord of nations was compelled to feel that they asked the only thing which he could not give. The aspirant after distinction sees his life gliding away behind him, with many hopes that have proved empty, and many endeavors that have produced nothing; he sees what he has vainly striven for in the possession of those who are younger than he; he feels that he is more surely advanced in his journey than advanced towards his wish; and when he thinks of the expression of the prophet, "Sun and moon stood still in their habitation,"* he may be ready to sigh that this is only the imagery of a bard, and not the experience of mortal man.

It is the same with many a votary of wealth, and devotee to his affairs, as men call by way of eminence the care of their business and estates. The covetous man would stop time. He "rises up early," that he may make the day longer; and "sits up late," that he may make the night longer; and "eats the bread of carefulness" this year, that he may exhibit a more ample substance the next. But perhaps his strength may fail faster than his goods increase, and he must repay with interest all that he has borrowed from his recreations and his sleep; and, in any event, his times describe their greater and smaller circles around him with inexorable speed and unerring precision. He can as well add another cubit to his stature, as he can add another hour to his week, or another week to his year. The merchant, as he looks out with solicitude for his returning ship, may cry, "Let not the sun go down till I can see it reflected from her brave spars and white sail!" but it will only seem to decline the more rapidly for his prayer; and

* Habak. iii. 11.

who can tell but it may set upon stormy waters and a wrecked hope?

Once more : the fear of the end makes thousands wish that they could stop time. It is going forward into such sober declinations and towards such dark ends, that they do not love to mark its incessant progress. They feel more and more sensibly, the longer they live, how fast their birthdays and the years' birthdays come round. They begin to count reluctantly the dreamy stages of their being that they have already traversed, because they compare them with the uncertain ones that they have yet to expect, and that are diminishing at every new step. They are reminded, as friends depart, that they must follow, and, as circumstances alter, that all must pass away ; and they say, "Must every thing indeed be so transient with us ? Must every fresh change be an approach to the last ? Let there be some pause in this fated movement. Let us be allowed to remain where we are, and as we are, for some little season at least. Let not the revolving lights of the firmament instruct us so that we are hastening to dust. Let the bright sun stand still over Gibeon, and the calm moon over the valley of Ajalon !" But they are unreasonable. While they are demanding what is impossible, they will not do what is in their power, — keep moral pace with periods and fortunes, and bring a spirit to match the destinies as quick as their own. While they demand what is impossible, they neglect to secure what is better than that, though it could be gained, — the bright truth of God, that is always radiant, and the calm hope that is the reflection from it upon the soul of the just. Let them have a faith that never sinks. Let them have a quiet mind that is always above the horizon. Let them learn to live in the future, and to make it a more glorious life than that which appears already "as a shadow that declineth." Let them feel, and let them know, that there is a spirit within them, of God's own breath, which does not darken and shine with the phases of a pale and servile planet, but looks higher than the rounds of that blazing sun, which is destined, perhaps, to a shorter existence than its own. Let them learn that there are fruits in old

age as fair as any of the buds of youth, and that they must not think themselves inferior to time who are called to be the inheritors of eternity.

My brethren, we have been giving our attention, on this first Sunday of the year, to a subject so trite and plain, that I have sought to add to it a new interest by presenting it under an antique and singular garb. I have wrapped up the knowledge that every flying moment supplies us with in the folds of a marvellous tradition, that, when it was brought out, you might be impressed with it the more. The tradition is nothing. The knowledge is, that no man ever did or ever can stay the courses of time. "An old tale, and often told;" but not to be honored the less for that. I have neither the disposition nor the power to honor it the less for that. Let us repeat it again and again, as every new year and every new minute does, — no one can stay the courses of time. It is true; and what of that? And what is our excuse for desiring a thing that the laws of heaven and earth are set against? Why should we have the hardihood to think that we can devise any thing better than the Creator has devised? Why should we wish to do what we are so ready to make ourselves miserable at not being able to do? Why would we stop time? Let it go on and on, and bring us up where it is the good pleasure of the Almighty that we should abide. What else regulates so well our pursuits? It adjusts the occupations of our frail state. It is indeed always running forward, and escaping from us; but this is only that it may "direct our paths." To stay it would be to give over our own proper activity, and to bind ourselves within a worse necessity than that with which it bears us along. Time is our monitor, — a gentle and gracious one, though steady in all that it exacts. Let it continue to point to us the way we have come and the way we are going. Let it persevere in its serious but salutary lessons. Let it show us that "the things which are seen are temporal," if it will intimate also that "the things which are unseen are eternal." Time is the world's great teacher. Why should we think it best, even for an instant, to put to silence its low but

mighty voice? It is informing the generations of men of a thousand things by which it means that the last shall be wiser and better than the one that preceded it. And would we hinder its inspired utterance? Because we are afraid to hear it, do we ask that it should not speak? — No. Let it go on to disclose its secrets. Let it draw these days and years to an end, that it may call nobler ones into life. Let it expose by its sifting trial the delusions and enormities of mankind. Let it bring together the truth that has been forgotten, the truth that has been but partially developed, the truth that has lain wholly unrevealed, into their full and acknowledged splendor. You have only to look back a few generations, and see what absurdities the most intelligent could set their seals to, and what crimes the good could stretch out their hands to, and what controversies the meekest could be heated with, and for what obstinate stupidities the strong were ready to persecute and the timid were willing to die; and the conviction will come upon you, that time is the judge of events as well as their recorder, — more searching than the philosophers, more righteous than the moralists, of the earth.

But it is a destroyer, some may say; and who would not check, if he were able to do it, its career? No wise man would; for it is not a destroyer in the worst sense of that expression. It is no blind devastator of human good. It removes and replaces. It wounds and heals. It melts down one shape to transform it to another. It alters rather than kills; and it is proceeding to join itself to that immortality into which nothing shall enter that offends; where lost blessings shall be gloriously compensated, and every evil shadow shall be cleared away for ever.

“EVERY time we make a direct personal application to ourselves of what we have already learned, we cast out some portion of that blinding beam of self-love which makes it so hard for us to perceive the truth; for it is not abstractly studying the truth, but doing it, that gives us the ability to know the doctrines.”

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands of Time,
Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father, on thy throne sublime,
From harm to snatch me.

Because to seek thee I have yet to learn,
Come down and lead me;
Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine,
And might undo me,
Give, from thy treasure-house of goods divine,
Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,
Do not forsake me.
To climb into thine arms I am too low :
O Father! take me.

E. FOXTON.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

WITH the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind ;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven ;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blest,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below ;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

J. V.

THE STORY OF JOE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

[The journal from which this narrative is taken was kept by a minister-at-large, solely for his private use, with no idea of publication. During his lifetime, it was hardly seen by any one outside the home-circle; but, shortly before his death, permission was asked and obtained to give a wider circulation to certain parts, after the principal actors therein should have passed away. That is now the case with this story of Joe. — H. I.]

March 21. — Down at Seven Holes, to-day, I heard of a sad affair which happened there a few weeks ago. Old Betty told me about it in her inimitable jargon, which I must translate into English. Prize-fighters and other fancy gentlemen haunt there. One of their great men is a "fighting Jack," an old fellow, who, though by no means past fighting himself, has put his chief pride of late in the exploits of his son, "Bully Joe," the strongest and pluckiest young fellow there, — ready to whip any one who came along, except his father. It used to be noticed of the two, that though they often wrestled, and sometimes quarrelled, they never fought with each other.

One day, Jack trundled a heavy cart-wheel into the yard, and challenged all the "mighty men" to a trial of strength in lifting and balancing it on a certain high post. As he had expected, when others had failed, Joe accomplished it. In the midst of the uproar of applause which followed his successful feat, Joe stooped to pick up something he had dropped near the post. His father was keeping the wheel in its place; but at that moment, by some inexplicable accident, his hand slipped, the wheel canted, then crashed down on Joe, who went to the ground, said Betty, "with a yell like a hurted horse." She saw the whole, and said Jack stood one moment like stone, then flew at the wheel, but was as unable to move it as a little child, and had to catch at the post, while others rolled off the crushing weight. Joe was senseless; but, when his father lifted him, he awoke to agony. His father carried him into the nearest room, — one of Bet-

ty's, — and the man who passes for a doctor among them was summoned. They soon saw that he knew nothing about his business; and Jack drove him out. So Joe bore his hurt without help, as a wild beast might. He had little idea of self-control, and gave free vent to all his suffering and all his wrath against the unknown man whose carelessness had caused this. His father sat by, hearing this passionate abuse, and not daring to tell him the truth. At last, Joe turned on him, charged him with not caring who hurt him, and demanded a promise that his injurer should be well punished. Poor Jack began to march up and down the room in a wild way, and said sharply, "I did it: the wheel fell out o' my hand." Betty expected a terrible scene; but there came a long silence. Jack stood watching his son, who had hidden his face; but he turned by and by, saw his father standing, afraid to come to him, and said softly, and with a sob in his voice like a little child, "Daddy, come, hold me: I feels better so." Neither spoke again of how the thing had happened.

Since then, Joe has got able to pull himself about with crutches, and had gone out so once; but he is bent almost double, and the children called him ugly names, and his old friends either laughed at him, or pitied him in a way as hard to bear; for he is proud, and had been used to such different things: so he slunk back to his den, where his father guards him from intruders. He will suffer and die there, if somebody don't get to him soon. It was too late to try to-day; but they *must* let me in to-morrow.

March 22. — Went to Seven Holes. Was told at once that there was no chance of seeing Joe. One parson, they said, had got in already, and was lucky to have got out again. It must have been the man whom I helped to get in there a week ago to look for a missing orphan-child. It seems he heard of Joe, and made his way to him while his father was out, but, on his return, was chased away, both father and son being in a great passion; and, since then, Joe has been hiding, no one but his father knew just where. So I watched for Jack; and presently he was pointed out to me,

crossing the yard with a loaf of bread. I intercepted him as he was going to plunge down some dark steps, and said, "Please, take me to Joe." He was beginning an angry refusal, but looked at my crutches and at me, stopped himself, and then quietly and slowly began a description of my person. It was rather hard to listen to, and I could not guess what it was for; but he broke off suddenly with, "Yer look as ef it hurt yer to hear such things. Does it?" "Yes." Then with a sanctimonious look and tone, put on over his evident contempt for the idea, "Don't yer think it's wicked to feel bad about things yere God sends, eh?" "No: I think he meant I should feel bad about it." — "Oh!" long drawn, and expressing much surprise.

We stood a little longer, making a good study of each other. He is a powerful-looking creature, over six feet high, I should think, with a larger head than these fighters usually have; a strong face, rather heavy, except for keen, restless eyes, which contrast strangely with the fixedness of the rest; and, altogether, with the man showing through the animal more plainly than I had dared hope.

He turned abruptly, saying, "Come along, ef yer *will*!" and on and down we went. We had some adventures by the way; but at last our windings were over. He said, "He's in here;" and flung open a door into a cellar, the worst den, pretending to be a room, that I ever saw, — dark and cold; the floor so slimy, that I slipped; nothing in it but a broken chair and a pile of straw. The faint light from the open door fell on this pile, and showed something lying there, — a something so hideous in its distortion, that I could hardly believe it human, and had to pause before I could gather courage to look again, and go to it. It was more beastly than human. He writhed when we approached, and seemed trying to make the filthy straw hide him from all eyes; and when I knelt beside him, and tried to get him to speak or to look round, I could win no response. Poor Jack looked on, not knowing how to help. Presently, one of my crutches fell noisily on the floor. Jack's face lit up. "Joe," said he, "that's the visitor's crutch: he's lame. I wouldn't

have let him in if he hadn't been that, an' sumthin' else." This in a whisper; then aloud: "Look round, jes' to please me, Joe!"

As if vexed with importunity, Joe moved suddenly, and lifted his head; and I saw a white face with the stamp of pain on it, and great, wild eyes. The wildness passed away: he let his hand stay in mine, and laid his head down again, watching me, and asking huskily, "What d'ye come for?" When I answered, "Because I don't believe in letting people kill themselves," both father and son looked astonished. Joe was evidently too sick to say much: so I set Jack going, and he and I did most of the talking.

As I had begun to suspect, the "parson" who got in last week thought Joe was not wretched enough, and saw fit to blame him for being unhappy about his deformity (as if he could help that), and told him much about "God's wrath," and "the just punishment of his sins," and so on. Has any minister of the gospel a right to know so little of the human nature he is trying to reform and help?

Since that visit, Joe has dwelt in this and similar lurking-places, and of course has grown worse rapidly: now he cannot raise himself at all, and suffers terribly. I told them plainly that he could not live long there, and begged him to let us move him where he could have light and air. I promised to find some upper room, where his father could mount guard still, and keep him as safe, or safer, from intrusion than here, and where I alone, as I found they would not hear of a doctor, could probably give some relief to his pain. Jack joined heartily in my entreaties; but Joe was inflexible in his determination to stay where he was. I asked him, "Do you want to die?"—"Yes." So I sent Jack out of the room, and asked one more question: "Do you want to make your father feel all his life that he has murdered his son?" The weak hands clinched, and the eyes flashed with anger for a moment: then he began to look uneasy,—to glance toward the door where his father waited, then at me. "Do you mean that?" he asked. "I do." After a pause, "I must live, then; dad!" he came back at once. "Do what yer please with

me, you two." He turned his face away, looking tired out; and Jack and I laid our plans.

We went out together, and got a tolerably clean room at Mrs. Ryan's for the night; and Joe promised to let his father carry him there after dark. Then I bade him good-night. He hardly spoke, or looked at me; and Jack and I went in pursuit of a permanent room to a house up the court, and nearer decency. There we found a large garret-room, high, and with three windows; a good-natured, almost clean woman (Conelly) keeping the house, and every thing suitable but terms. Poor Jack, who has spent his money on villainous quack-medicines for Joe, looked aghast when he heard them. I asked him if he had no honest trade. He answered dubiously, "I used to be a first-rate cabinet-maker." "Can't you be one now, for Joe's sake?" — "I can;" and the resolute look indorsed it.

"I will lend you what money you need for a month to come," said I, "if you will promise to go to work, and pay me with your honest earnings. I don't want dirty money." "I promise you that," said he, and gave me his huge paw.

I made various arrangements as to having the room cleaned, and warm water provided at Mrs. Ryan's in the morning; and, on the way home, ordered iron bedsteads, and what else was necessary, except sheets and such things, which the home-Dorcases and the sewing-machine have brought into existence in the course of the evening.

March 23. — Muriel, with her bag of bedding and clothes, went down with me early this morning, and saw to Joe's new room, while his father and I bathed and doctored him, — a long and terrible job, which we could hardly have got through without blessed ether. I had some trouble in persuading Jack to let me use it; but Joe, who was in a state of sick, weary indifference to every thing, consented: so Jack had to submit, though he was somewhat anxious till the effect began to pass away. It had been, of course, very painful to Joe to take off his clothes; so they had not been off for several weeks; and his condition was past description. Jack

lifted and held him skilfully, and the work was thoroughly done. His back is in a sad state : no escape from spine complaint, I fear. The doctor *must* see it soon ; but for a while we shall have to work at second-hand, Ferguson doctoring through me. I could do nothing to-day but apply a soothing liniment.

When he was clean, and in clean garments, Jack wrapped him in blankets, and carried him, still partly unconscious, through lanes and by-ways, up to his own room, where he came to himself in a comfortable bed, with every thing white and clean around him, tempting eatables on the little table at his side, the sun shining merrily in behind him, while shades at the other windows softened the light from his weakened eyes, — all Muriel's morning work. A bunch of violets, our little Ernest's contribution to the sick man, lay on the table. The change from utter wretchedness to this was almost too much for Joe, in his weak state ; but he held in well until his eyes fell on those flowers. He gave a low cry, and held out his hands. His father gave them to him. Then he broke down wholly, kissing them, stroking their leaves, and crying and laughing. Jack butted into the bed-clothes, and I walked away to let them have it out together. Joe was very quiet after that, and looked so differently ! The cloud of despair had begun to lift. After he had eaten something, he fell asleep ; and I left him so, his head on his father's shoulder.

March 24. — Jack went with me to find some work, and got a small job, which he can do at home, as Joe is too helpless to be left. If he does this well, he will have more of the same sort. He had made himself clean and nice ; and it was good to see his pleased look when I asked his last name (it was Wilson), and said I would rather use it, as I did not like to say "Jack" to a man of his age. He has self-respect enough left to be a help in his elevation. One of the things that makes the case hopeful is that they both have had to give up drink : the father, because he could not take care of Joe when under its influence ; and Joe, because he moved about and hurt himself the one time that he did get drunk, so that he dares not do it again.

I found him much easier for yesterday's work, but still too exhausted to talk. He did not try to keep quiet while I was at work upon him, and I could have done nothing without his father to hold him. Pain is so strange to him, poor fellow! he does not know what to make of it yet.

March 28.—At Wilson's to-day. He is going on well with his work; and, as Joe is too sick to be left much, he keeps clear of temptation. Joe suffers, but is trying to keep it to himself more. Love to his father is teaching him that first lesson. He will not hear yet of seeing a doctor. I think nothing but religious principle and strength will bring him to that.

Now, he is, of course, an utter heathen. To-day I begged him not to swear so. He asked, with genuine surprise, "Why not?" and I told him the first things he had ever heard about God, except those few harsh words from his unwelcome visitor. When, gradually, I explained what was meant by the words used in swearing, he was much shocked, and ejaculated, "I've said sech things to dad; but I didn't mean that."

He is as ready of faith as a child: indeed, his mind is in some ways a child's mind. It has been utterly neglected while his body has been trained; and, now that the physical system has met with such wreck, the mind is awaking, and craving food.

March 31.—I found Wilson to-day in much perplexity, and somewhat annoyed. Joe was not only trying to smother his own oaths, but seemed distressed when his father swore at him, as he often did from sheer habit, and could not make him understand what it was that troubled him. I found the father just as ignorant as the son of what he was saying; and he swore most emphatically, that he never would say such things to Joe again.

Then Joe began to ask about various things he used to do; and, when I told him that many of them were forbidden by God, he looked very downcast; but Wilson cried out, "I say, he never knowed that. You know God: you jes tell him that Joe didn't know no better." So I told them how

God knew all about it, and would not judge them for the past, — only for what they did now, when they knew his wishes.

Wilson took none of all this to himself, and I did not attack him personally. He can be best reached through Joe. Now that he has had to give up his former pride in him, he catches eagerly at the idea of his "gettin' larnin', mebbe, an' bein' a better man than his dad," as he said to me in private to-day. I sat with him some time while Joe was asleep, and he told me about Joe's mother. When he began the story, I knew the end. A young girl, orphaned and friendless, supporting herself by sewing; then sickness, a cheaper boarding-house, more sickness, debt, and so down. Wilson says, "She were never like the rest of 'um: allers seemed scared-like." She was evidently the only woman he ever loved; and that was in a rough fashion, no doubt: still it was love.

She died when Joe was born. Wilson said she worried two promises out of him: one was, that, if her child lived, he would not turn it loose, as so many did, to grow up without either father or mother, but would always acknowledge and take care of it; and the other, that he would not bury her in the city she hated, but out in a green churchyard in the country-town she came from, and would take their child to her grave sometime.

"I were soft to promise," said Jack; "but she were a-dyin: so I said, 'I wull;' an' I done it." The only time Joe was ever out of these city haunts was when his father took him to the pretty spot where his mother lies. It was spring, and the grave was overgrown with violets, "them blue things;" and the little six-year-old boy had been pleased with the flowers, and had brought a handful into town, and kept them till they withered. He had forgotten every thing about that visit, except those flowers, and some dim association with his mother; and when, during the first days of his sickness, he was "wild-like" part of the time, Jack says, "When he warn't a-swarin', he were a-jawin' about his mammy and her blue things." This explains his emotion when they came upon him in his excitement and physical exhaustion the other day.

[*Mem.* — Lesson of the day. I must work more vigorously for the establishment of decent boarding-houses for girls only, with a trustworthy matron at the head of each. Every one who can do any thing toward this, and does not, is partly responsible for the destruction of how many girls!]

April 3. — Had a talk alone with Joe to-day. I have not liked to put new things into his head too fast, he has had so much thinking to do. To-day he broke out with the results of some of it. It amounted to the old story which so many have to live through: "If God did every thing, and if he was not angry, but loved him, why did he let such a thing happen? He did not think anybody ought to have such a hard time, unless he had done something dreadful: it was too hard. Nobody could love God, if he did such things to them: he could not, and he would not try."

When he stopped, exhausted, I gave the only answer that can be given. I told him of Christ's goodness, and then of his death. As I went through the story of those last days, Joe was as much moved as I; and when, finally, I showed him that little picture (I know not the artist), Christ crucified and alone, nothing else but the evening sky, he said not a word, but looked and looked. Presently he asked some questions about his patience and endurance, but made no comment; only saying, as I put the picture back in my Bible and bade him good-by, "Bring that again, and come soon."

April 7. — With Joe to-day. The moment the bathing was over, and his father had gone back to his work, Joe cried out for "the picter." He looked at it long, with a puzzled expression; and at last it all came out despairingly. He had thought he could do what another could; and if any one could bear worse pain than he, without complaining, he could keep still surely, and he would. But his face grew very weary and dissatisfied as he told me how utterly he had failed; how ugly and peevish and impatient he had been, and that, too, when he knew it hurt his father to hear him "whinin';" and he ended with what I wanted to hear: "I can't do it, an' I don't see how ever he did." And then

I told him of the agony in the garden ; how he had felt himself unable to bear what was coming upon him, and had asked and received the help he needed. Poor Joe looked hopeless still. "I wish I was a good man : I want ter be helped that way, I do." So I went on to tell him about prayer, and how God wanted us *all* to come and get the strength we need, and how he loved to give it to us. He interrupted me with, "Be you sure o' that ? Be you sure he'd give it to me ?" And then eagerly, "Where'll I get at him : is it far ? Can dad carry me ?" When I told him he had only to speak, and God would hear, he looked bewildered, but said, "If you're dead-sure o' that, won't yer jes' talk ter him a bit right off ?"

So I prayed, and, when I ended, found Wilson at the door, staring at me in amazement ; but Joe was looking pleased, and said, "Yer *are* sure, ain't yer ?" — "Yes," said I ; "and sure he would hear you ; and he wants you to ask for yourself." — "Dunno how ; dunno what to call him." — "Call him Father" ("I likes that"), "and ask right out for what you want most." After a little more encouragement, he held my hand tight, and said in the only polite phrase he knew, and with great emphasis, "Father, *if you please*, don't let me plague daddy any more !"

Wilson stole away without his son's having seen him. I told Joe how he might pray in his heart, all by himself, whenever he needed help ; and, as I left him, he said, "I shall try this, hard."

April 10. — When I went to Joe to-day, I found him looking sick and uncomfortable ; but he brightened up a little when he answered to my questions shyly, "Well, I do think I hain't been quite s' ugly as I'd been afore." Then he looked at me inquiringly, "I've been a-askin' to get well : d'ye think he hearn me ?" The cloud settled on him again, as I had to tell him that God might not see it best for him to get well. There he broke in, "I can't stay so allus ; I can't. Have *you* asked him to make you like other folks ? have yer asked him often, an' asked him hard ?" Have I not, O my God ?

There was but one thing for either of us ; and, as well as I could, I told him how that suffering and that terrible death which Christ prayed in vain to be spared had not been the end ; how he had come back to teach us that this life was not all ; that it was only to train and fit us to dwell for ever with him and with the Father in that better land, where there is no pain or sorrow ; where the inhabitant shall not say, " I am sick."

April 13. — Found Joe more cheerful. It is beautiful to see how this idea of heaven, this eternal hope, is strengthening his faith, and how both are teaching him love to Him who brought life and immortality to light. He says nothing of good resolutions ; but his face tells of them, and his growing gentleness and self-control show the fruit of genuine prayer.

April 17. — Wilson anxious to-day, and with reason ; Joe looking worse. I made a grand assault as to seeing a doctor. I told them how different the one I wanted him to have was from the rascal he had tried at first ; how this was a kind, good man, one of my dearest friends, and one who had been able to do much for me by his skill and care. I got him finally to acknowledge that he "sposed he'd orter ;" and then I appealed to his newly awakened religious feelings, and asked him if he thought God could grant his prayers while he was not doing what God asked. He looked frightened. "Won't he hear me no more ?" — "He will hear you if you ask him to help you do right," said I. He turned his face to the wall, and lay quite still ; only asking once, "Daddy, do you want me ter hev a doctor ?" to which Wilson growled, "In coorse I do." When he turned toward us again, his white, resolute face told what was coming : "Mr. Ray, I'll hev yer doctor, ef he'll come."

In half an hour, Ferguson was at his bedside, and the dreaded examination was quickly over. It did not hurt as much as Joe feared : but Ferguson's sober face showed that he did not like the state of affairs ; and, as father and son would hear the truth, he told them that Joe was in danger, but not past hope ; and he could say little more than that, till he had

had him under his care a few days. He tells me just what I had supposed, — that Joe's best if not his only chance is in a hospital. It is spine-complaint : so the best he can hope for on earth includes pain and deformity.

April 18. — Joe worse. They will not hear of the hospital plan ; but they will have to come to it, I fear.

April 19. — Made Wilson go with me through the — Hospital. The sight of every thing so clean and cheerful, the evident comfort of the patients, and, most of all, Dr. Wilkie's attractive face, shook his firmness of opposition ; and when Ferguson and I set before him how Joe might die, and certainly must suffer for the lack of what he might have here, he gave up entirely, and said, "I'd ruther ye'd do any thin' to me than take he away ; but, ef it's good for he, I kin stan' it, ef yer kin get his leave too." So I spent the rest of the morning with Joe. The worst feature of the thing is the leaving Wilson to himself, with nothing to keep him from sliding back to old associates and old habits ; an evil which Joe evidently dreads above all others. He promises Joe solemnly that he will try to keep straight, will go on with his work, and steer clear of drink ; and Ferguson promises that he shall be allowed to go to Joe once a day, which will be at once a pleasure and a restraint, as he could not go drunk. So Joe was somewhat reconciled to that part.

Then as for himself, poor fellow ! They left us alone together, and I had to tell him something of the suffering that awaits him, whether at home or at the hospital ; for we did not wish to take him there under false pretences : and when he asked, with a look I well understood, "Won't a many people see me thar?" I had to say, "Yes ;" and I could not say, "You ought not to mind that," but I could tell him how God would help him bear it *all*, however hard it was, if he just took it as from him, and trusted him wholly.

He lay with closed eyes and tight lips, listening to all the reasons I could urge for going ; and at last I asked if he would prefer to have us wait till to-morrow for his decision ;

and as he looked very tired, and said he felt so, we concluded that was best. Still he did not let me go, and I found he wanted me to pray with him. His victory in that former struggle so increased his moral strength, that I feel hopeful of his acting rightly now, hard as it is.

April 20. — Joe is at the hospital. I know that nothing but conscience and prayer could have given him the will and the power to do this.

April 23. — Joe is still in a very critical state, and we fear the change may have come too late. While he is in danger, no one has the heart to drive Wilson away: so he stays all the time; and, when the surgeon is at work on poor Joe, he sits and glowers at him like Rab in Ailie's behalf.

Joe is under the influence of ether part of the time; but, while he is conscious, he bears his pain very patiently.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SPIRITUAL JOY. — “A man who is full of inward heaviness, the more he is encompassed about with mirth, it exasperates and enrages his grief the more, — like ineffectual weak physic, which removes not the humor, but stirs it, and makes it the more unquiet. But spiritual joy is seasonable for all estates: in prosperity, it is pertinent to crown and sanctify all other enjoyments with this, which so far surpasses them; and, in distress, it is the only nepenthe, — the cordial of fainting spirits.”

“For Christ telleth us, saying, ‘Whoever believeth in me shall never die, but hath passed through from death to life, and rivers of living waters shall flow from him;’ viz., good doctrine and works: therefore I say, that whatsoever fighteth and contendeth about the letter is all *Babel*. The letters (of the Word proceed from and) stand all in one root, which is the Spirit of God, as the many flowers stand in the earth, and grow by one another: none of them fight with the others about their colors, smell, and taste; they suffer the earth, the sun, the rain, the wind, the heat and cold, to do with them as they please; and yet every one of them grow in their own essence and property.” — JACOB BEHMEN.

A VISIT AT HAWORTH.

A STRANGE interest attaches to the home of Charlotte Brontë. One can hardly read her works and the story of her life, and become at all familiar with the struggles, trials, and sorrows which fell to her lot, without wishing to visit Haworth, where she passed her days. I own to the spell which her pages produced upon my mind,—the power with which they haunted me for months after I read them. I determined, if I ever visited England, to see where her genius wrought and triumphed, and where, after her affecting, almost tragic life had ended, she found her rest.

On my return from the Continent and the East, I had only a few brief days for a flying trip through England. On the 14th of September last, I had made a charming visit to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Towards evening, I pursued my way to Yorkshire; arriving at Keighley, on the Leeds and Bradford Railway, a little before dark. Here it was necessary to take a private conveyance to Haworth, which lay several miles away from the railroad, among the hills and moors. It was rapidly growing dark as I rode through the quaint but thriving village of Keighley, and ascended the hill that lay beyond it. Long rows of plain, dingy, but comfortable dwellings, occupied by workmen and their families, lined the road on either side almost up to the summit. Now and then, a lighted candle within their curtainless windows revealed an air of tidiness and content which it was pleasant to see. The shadows had not yet, however, fallen on our way so thickly, but that, from the top of the hill, I could command a good view of Haworth, situated on a still higher eminence two or three miles further on; and also a fine prospect of the wild moors that have for ever become associated with the home and history of the gifted authoress.

Descending into the valley before us, and passing various scattered houses and factories on the way, we began the more

difficult ascent to the place of our destination. The road was quite narrow, the hill was very steep ; and the village, which reposed high up on its side, stretched far down to meet us. The peculiarities which I mentioned as characterizing Keighley were more marked still in Haworth : shops and houses seemed crowded with the necessities and comfortables of life, and every thing indicated here a simple, frugal, hardy, happy people. Far up the hill, at the end of this long, rudely paved, and thickly populated street, is the centre, so to speak, of the town. Near it are the churches ; and here are the two or three inns of the village ; and here converge several of the compressed and irregular thoroughfares of the place. Here also stands the Black-Bull tavern, famous as the place where Patrick Brontë, the son, — or Branwell, as he was called, — was wont to spend his evenings carousing with his old boon companions. It is now kept by the son of the woman who had charge of it then, — a tall, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked, good-natured looking man, who knew all about the Brontës, and was quite disposed to furnish me the best accommodations, and give me the fullest information he could.

I was ushered into a small front lower room, neatly carpeted and furnished, and made more cheerful and inviting still by an open fire and a good supply of recent Yorkshire papers. The rest of the interior as well as the general exterior of the old inn had rather a more forbidding aspect. In the room opposite the one where I sat, a dozen, perhaps, of the old villagers had assembled about the blazing hearth ; and their ruddy looks and loud voices, their evening tales and hearty laughter, and the fumes that scented the house through every hall and apartment, told only too plainly, that the Black Bull still enjoys the reputation it had of yore.

While my rather late dinner was preparing, I proposed to go to the Parsonage. I had, much to my surprise, learned in the cars, during the day, that Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte, had left the place, and taken up his permanent residence in Ireland, his native country ; and that he had been succeeded by a young minister whose name was Wade, and

who now, with his family, occupied the house. I was told that it was doubtful whether I could be admitted, as many visitors had applied in vain for the privilege. The sexton, whose services the landlord had kindly procured for me, thought it best to try; and, under the circumstances, I myself was unwilling to retrace my steps, without making an effort, at least, to enter what was once the home of Charlotte Brontë, and the scene of her conflicts and victories. On our way thither, we passed the church, and also a low, long schoolhouse, which is alluded to in one of the works of that gifted writer. Seeing the principal room of the latter building lighted up, the sexton looked in at the window, and discovered Mr. and Mrs. Wade amidst a group of persons who had had charge of an evening school, which they had dismissed, and who were now themselves about to disperse. Mr. Wade was applied to, and kindly said that he would admit the stranger into some of the rooms of his house, if he would but step with him across the way; although the family were often obliged to deny the privilege to the numerous visitors who made their pilgrimage to the spot. The parsonage is a plain, substantial, old-fashioned structure, built of stone; one end of it abutting against the road, and its front looking towards the church, which is also situated on the street. The front-windows look out upon a pleasant little garden enclosure, containing a variety of plants and trees, not a few of which were set out or tended by the hands of the sisters. From this garden down to the church slopes the graveyard, which is quite extensive, and is thickly covered with tombstones. Entering the enclosure in front of the parsonage by a little side-gate, and passing into the house through the door that opened between the two front-rooms, we were admitted into the hall that extended back through the central part of the building to a flight of stairs at the other end of the apartment. In this hall it was that those sisters were wont to pace the floor arm in arm, unfolding to each other their thoughts and wishes, and forming their plans to overcome their difficulties and to win success. At the right, as we entered, was the room where generally old Mr.

Brontë was wont to pass his time ; and in the room opposite, at the left, was where Charlotte wrote her books and performed nearly all her literary labor. Immediately above this was her bed-chamber, in which at last she died ; while just over the front part of the hall is a small room, where Emily wrote "Wuthering Heights." I only saw the lower rooms of which I have spoken ; and these, I was told, were so altered in appearance, that one who was familiar with them a year ago would not recognize them now. The wainscoting is removed ; the library-shelves have disappeared ; the walls are papered, and hung with pictures ; the ceiling is whitewashed, the floor recarpeted, and the old furniture has given place to new. Then, moreover, all that little band, who, but so brief a time ago, here toiled and struggled and suffered so bravely, — all were gone ! One after another, they had quickly passed away, until but one was left to sit in solitude amidst the waste and the gloom ; and now even he had fled the scene, unable to bear its desolation and darkness, while new forms and faces had succeeded to the deserted hall and home.

Having returned to the inn, and eaten my dinner, I was fortunate enough to be entertained during the remainder of the evening by one of the wardens of the church, whom a member of the landlord's family brought into the parlor and introduced to me. No one of the villagers outside of the parsonage knew the Brontës so well as he. He was a good specimen of a shrewd, hardy, self-sufficient, independent Yorkshireman ; and it would have been interesting to have spent the evening with him, even if he had known nothing of the Brontës or Haworth. We sat down together, and talked until midnight about "Charlotte," as he called her, and the various members of the remarkable family to which she belonged ; about the works which she wrote ; Mrs. Gaskell's biography of her ; the village, Yorkshire, England, and America. Then we went into a rear-room where Branwell used to meet his bad companions, entertain them with his flashes of wit and genius, and indulge with them in riotous excesses. Here we remained another hour, while the warden told me where and how Branwell used to dispose himself in the chair, and

walk the room ; and described to me the character of the scenes in which the brilliant but unfortunate young man was so conspicuous an actor. The warden is fond of telling of his own familiar acquaintance with the family ; of the reserved manner, and the keen, bright eyes, of " Charlottie ;" of the massive head and wonderful talent of the brother ; of the various kinds of plays, parliamentary debates, and other amusements, the children would often improvise for their own evening entertainment at home. He likes to talk about them generally. The villagers all feel proud of the woman who has given such a world-wide fame to the otherwise obscure town of Haworth. Even the persons who appear in her pages as some of her most repulsive characters seem to feel a kind of pride in the questionable distinction that is given them ; and, with the rest, praise the one who thus sat in judgment upon them.

During the night, a wild storm of wind and rain came on, and sounded dismally as it howled over the far-stretching moors. In the morning, after breakfast, I went to the church in company with the warden and sexton. They showed me the church-records in which Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte wrote their names when they were married. The high pulpit in which old Mr. Brontë continued to preach after he had become blind, and to which he was generally led from the house by Charlotte, stands against one of the side-walls ; and in front of it are lower desks for the clerk and precentor. There are galleries at the right of the speaker, and in front on the other side. Beneath the gallery, at the right, is the mural tablet of the Brontë Family, on which are inscribed all their names : close by, beneath the stones of the aisle, repose their bodies. Opposite the tablet, and just across the aisle, is the family pew, — plain, square, and high. They pointed out the seat in one corner where Charlotte invariably sat, a constant attendant and a devout worshipper. Here, in this pew, the old father and the afflicted husband stood and saw all that was mortal of the pride and the glory of their house lowered into the grave. " Ah ! " said the good old sexton to me, " it was a very melancholy spectacle."

Notwithstanding the wind, the mist, and the rain that

swept across the hills, I wanted to walk out a little distance upon the moors. In company with the warden, I went forth; passing by the parsonage, and going out through the lane, back of the house, and following the path that led round the brow of the hill in that direction. I was soon in the wild moors indeed, where, over the heather, the sisters so frequently walked, conversed, meditated, and composed their works. Here, in a few moments, they could withdraw from the scenes and noise of the village, or the distractions of domestic life, and be alone with Nature. Nor was it difficult for me to understand the influence which such scenery had exerted upon the mind and the writings of the author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" and "Villette." I walked about a mile to the spot where the sisters were wont to linger, and turn their faces homeward; and then I gathered some heather, and retraced my steps, while the darkened sky and the sweeping mists only enabled me to realize more powerfully all my preconceived ideas of the bleak and somewhat mournful nature of those rolling Yorkshire heights.

I remained at Haworth but a very short time longer. A few photographs of Mr. Brontë, of the parsonage, the church, the mural tablet, and various other objects of similar interest, were offered for sale at the inn. I made a selection from these, returned to Keighley, and hurried on to Manchester. My visit at Haworth had not disappointed me: it is now one of the places to see in England; and the readers of "Jane Eyre" who may travel in that country will find themselves well repaid for whatever extra trouble, time, or expense, they may be likely to incur in going to the home and grave of the writer of that remarkable book.

A. P. P.

WHEN the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep then thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities. Life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ANDERSEN.

A MOTHER sat by the cradle of her little child, full of grief and anguish because she saw that it must die. Its little eyes were closed, and its breath came only in short sighs and gasps. Still sadder and sadder became the mother's gaze as she looked on the pale face of her little one.

There was a knock at the door: and a poor old man entered, wrapped in a horse-cloth; for it was winter. The ground was covered with ice and snow, and the wind was sharp and cutting.

As the old man shivered with cold, and the child seemed to sleep for the moment, the mother rose to put a little beer to warm for him on the stove. The old man rocked the cradle; and the mother sat near him, looking at the sick child as it raised its little hand in its struggle for breath. "Do you not think I shall keep him?" asked she. "Surely God will not take him from me!"

Thereupon the old man (it was Death himself) made a strange sign, that might mean either yes or no. The mother looked down, and tears rolled over her cheeks: her head was heavy. For three days and nights she had not closed her eyes; and now she slept, but only for a moment; then she started up, shivering with cold. "What is that?" she cried, looking about her: but the old man was gone, and her child also; he had taken it away. The leaden weight of the old clock in the corner ran down even to the floor, and the clock stopped.

But the poor mother ran out of the house, calling for her child. Outside, in the snow, sat a woman in long, black garments; and she said, "Death has been in your room: I saw him just now come out with your little child. He goes quicker than the wind: he never brings back what he takes away."

"Only tell me which way he went," said the mother, "only show me the way, and I will find him."

"I know the way," said the woman in black; "but, before I tell you, you must sing me all the songs you used to sing to your child. I love them: I have heard them before I saw your tears as you sang them. I am Night."

"I will sing them all," said the mother: "but do not keep me now; let me overtake him first, and get my child again." But Night sat silent and still; and the mother wrung her hands, and wept and sang: there were many songs, but more tears. Then Night said, "Go straight into the dark pine-forest: that is the road I saw Death take with your little child."

Deep in the middle of the wood the roads crossed each other, and she knew not which way to take. There stood a thorn-bush with neither leaves nor flowers, its branches covered with snow and ice.

"Have you not seen Death pass by with my little child?"

"Yes," answered the thorn-bush; "but I will not tell you which way he went, unless you warm me on your heart. I am freezing: I shall soon be turned into an icicle." She pressed the thorn-bush to her bosom so firmly, that the thorns ran into her flesh, and blood ran down in large drops; but green leaves and blossoms came out on the thorn-bush in the cold winter night, so warm was the heart of the sad mother. The thorn-bush then showed her the road which she must take. After a time she came to a large lake, on which neither ship nor boat was to be seen. The water was not frozen hard enough to bear her, and yet not open enough for her to wade through; and yet she must cross it to find her child again. Then she lay down, and tried to drink it up; for though that was impossible for a human being to do, yet the afflicted mother thought that perhaps a miracle might be worked for her.

"No, that will never do," said the lake: "let us rather see if we cannot help each other. I like to collect pearls, and your eyes are two of the clearest and brightest I have ever seen. If you will weep them into my waters, I will

carry you over to the great green-house where Death dwells, and takes care of the trees and flowers, each of which is a human life."

"Oh! what would I not give to get my child again?" said the weeping mother; and she wept more and more, until her eyes sank to the bottom of the lake, and became two precious pearls. But the sea raised her up, as if she sat in a swing, and swung her over to the opposite shore, where stood a strange house, miles in breadth. One could hardly tell whether it was a mountain with woods and grottos, or whether it was made of timber: but the poor mother could not see it; she had wept her eyes away.

"Where can I find Death, who has taken away my child?" she asked.

"He has not come here yet," said the old woman who had the care of Death's great conservatory. "How did you find this place? and who has helped you?"

"God has helped me," she answered: "he is merciful, and so will you be. Where shall I find my child?"

"I do not know it," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers and trees withered last night, and Death will soon come to transplant them. Do you not know that every human being has his life tree or flower? they look like other flowers, but they have a pulse. Children's hearts beat also: if you listen, perhaps you will know the heart's pulse of your own child. But what will you give me for telling you what else you must do?"

"I have nothing to give you," said the poor mother; "but I will go to the end of the earth for you."

"I have nothing to do there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair: it is very beautiful, you know, and it pleases me. You can take my white hair in exchange: it is better than nothing."

"Is that all?" exclaimed she: "I will give you that with pleasure." And she gave the old woman her beautiful hair, and took hers, which was snow-white. She entered Death's large conservatory, where flowers and trees of all kinds grew together. There were hyacinths under glass, and great

peonies ; water-plants, some quite fresh, others drooping, with water-snails and crabs clinging fast to their stems. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plane-trees, as well as parsley and thyme. Each tree and flower had its name : each was a human life. All still live,—some in China, some in Greenland, all the world over. There were great trees in small pots, so cramped and confined, that they seemed as if they would burst the pots. In many places stood a little delicate flower, with moss all round it. But the mother bent over all the smallest plants, and listened to the beating of each human heart ; and, among the millions there, she knew her child's heart again. "This is it !" she cried, and stretched her hand over a small purple crocus which hung drooping all on one side.

"Do not touch the flower," said the old woman, "but wait here by it ; and, when Death comes (I expect him every moment), do not let him take up the plant ; and threaten him that you will pull up all the other flowers, and that will vex him. He is answerable to God for them ; and, without his leave, he must not take up one of them." Suddenly there came an ice-cold wind through the hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death who entered.

"How did you find the way here ?" said he. "How did you get here quicker than I ?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

Death stretched out his long hand towards the little delicate flower ; but she held her hands firmly over it,—so firmly, yet so carefully as not to touch one of the leaves. Then Death breathed on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the coldest wind, and they sank feebly down.

"You can do nothing against me," said Death.

"But God can," she answered.

"I only do what he orders," said Death. "I am his gardener. I take all his trees and flowers, and transplant them to the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land ; but how they grow and what passes there, I dare not tell you."

"Give me back my child !" said the mother, and wept and prayed. Suddenly she stretched out her hands towards two

beautiful flowers near her, and cried, "I will pull up all your flowers; for I am in despair!"

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say you are so unhappy, and yet you would make another mother as miserable as you are yourself."

"Another mother?" said the poor woman, drawing back her hands.

"Here are your eyes," said Death. "I took them out of the lake, they sparkled so brightly. I did not know they were yours. Take them: they are now clearer than ever. Look into the deep brook that runs close by here. I will repeat the names of the two flowers you would have torn up; and you will see their whole future human life, which you would have entirely destroyed."

She looked into the brook; and it was a delight to see how one was a blessing to the world, and how much joy and happiness it spread around it. Then she looked at the life of the other, and it was sadness and poverty, grief and misery.

"Both is the will of God," said Death.

"Which is the flower of misery, and which of happiness?" asked the mother.

"That I cannot tell you," answered Death. "But so much you may know, that one of the flowers was your own child's: you saw its fate and future life."

"Then," exclaimed the mother in terror, "which of them was my child? Tell me that. Save the innocent; preserve my child from all evil; rather, carry it away; take it into God's kingdom; forget my ravings; forget my prayers, and all that I have said and done."

"I do not understand you," replied Death. "Will you have your child back again? or shall I take it away with me where you will not know where it is?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to God. "Hear me not, if I pray for that which is contrary to thy will: thou knowest what is best. Hear me not, hear me not!" and she bowed her head on her breast.

And Death carried her child into the unknown land.

A. V. H.

RANDOM READINGS.

OUR NEW YEAR.

It must still be a year of strife and bloodshed. We have not yet paid the price which a wise and just Providence exacts for our complete deliverance. A struggle second to none on record since the life of our race began cannot be shortened. Every added month makes the work more thorough and the result more sure. More faith, more patience, more zeal, — these are the unceasing demands. Nevertheless, eyes that should be discerning begin to see the way through. This may be the last year; but, however this may be, we can wait God's time. We have no reason to be other than grateful for what we have experienced. The years that we could least spare out of our lives are precisely the last three. They have done more than all that have been given to our nation before to redeem and re-create our people. We are blind, indeed, if we think it strange concerning the fiery trial which has tried us. Bathed in blood as our land is, and perhaps long will be, it is a hundred-fold more beautiful in the sight of God than ever it was before. North and South, East and West, shall come together in strength and purity and beauty and glory as never before. We shall be a true democracy, such as no Grecian State never was, such as Rome never was. The element which conflicted with our national life will have been thoroughly neutralized. The great middle class shall have their due; the laborer shall have his rights; culture, character, genius, shall be recognized and honored.

In all ways we have fallen upon times troublous, but blessed. We are comforted when we look at the signs in heaven, and watch the movements of earth. We believe, that, in spite of the alleged materialism and scepticism of the age, men are asking as never before, "What is truth? what is just and merciful between man and man?" Our doubters are reverent doubters: they are ready to have their doubts resolved. Much of the indifference to religious observances which is complained of is indifference to what is commonplace and perfunctory, or to what has been tried and found wanting. If you have any thing to say which you yourself believe in, say it, in God's name! there never was a better time. Everywhere, along with tokens of disintegration, there are cheering preparations for

rebuilding whatsoever has fallen into decay. God does not put out any lesser light, save through the rising upon us of a greater light. When we see any star which has been to us a star of hope and beauty fading from our sky, we may be sure that it is because the dawn is near. From light to light is ever our way. The great darkness is behind us, not before us, if it is anywhere.

These, then, are our words, labor and trust. Labor; for the present only is ours, this very fleeting moment, not even a span long. Every purpose of life stands only upon this condition,—if the Lord will; and this will is not revealed to us beforehand. It is better so. We know now quite as much as we can bear to know. Standing here in the midst of the years, we can look even into the past but a very little way; and before hangs as a veil which mortals may not lift. “Of the day and the hour knoweth no man.” Just where our feet are planted is light, and we need not blindly go. The nearest duty may be as plainly seen as if all the brightness in the sky were gathered upon it in a single refulgent ray: it is our hour, our moment. If there is a word of love which you mean at some time to speak or write, a confession which you ought to make to God or man, a wrong which you would redress, an act of justice which you would not fail to accomplish, speak, write, act, before another sun shall have gone down. The Bible delights in the present tense. “Now” is its accepted time. “Behold,” said Zaccheus, “the half of my goods I give to the poor.” He did not say, I mean to give, some time or other, when I shall have no farther use for them. Each day let us make clean work of life. Good intentions are not good enough until they have become good actions. It is the unspoken word that burdens the heart. It is the spirit which can make little of to-day that boasts of to-morrow.

And as we must labor, and that quickly, so we must trust. We shall be surprised with prodigies of good as well as of what seems to us evil. What we need is faith and hope. It is the blessed office of true religion, not to deal in heathenish oracles, in predictions as to this and that, but to inspire a trust which “hath the whole future already in its heart.” In the body, or out of the body, we are compassed about by the warm, bright, soft atmosphere of infinite love. We go from mansion to mansion. It is no more fearful to be in God’s presence in the world to come than in this world. Our heavenly Father has in store for us countless glad surprises. We see here only the least part of his ways: the perfect is yet to come. We hear on earth only faint whispers of that loving Voice; we have only fed upon the crumbs from that heavenly table. Men of

science tell us that always, in some part of the universe, it is creation-morning. Doubtless it is so in the world of souls; and what will amaze us more than any thing else, when the scales shall have fallen from our eyes, will be our little faith in the joys so unspeakable, because so great, which a loving Father has in store for his children.

Let us close these few sentences of greeting and counsel with the sober yet cheerful words of Paley, at the close of his book upon the "Evidences of Natural Religion:" —

"Upon the whole, in every thing which respects this awful, but, as we trust, glorious change, we have a wise and powerful Being (the author in nature of infinitely various expedients for infinitely various ends) upon whom to rely for the choice and appointment of means adequate to the execution of any plan which his goodness or his justice may have formed for the moral and accountable part of his creation. That great office rests with him: be it ours to hope and to prepare, under a firm and settled persuasion, that, living and dying, we are his; that life is passed in his constant presence; that death resigns us to his merciful disposal."

E.

THE NEW YEAR OF 1864.

NEARLY three years of civil war have passed, during which time those who believe in a Divine Providence and in human progress have never ceased to see signs of a future so auspicious as to render the sorrows and sacrifices of the present more easy to bear. There is something better than life, and for which life can be joyfully given away: it is truth, freedom, and righteousness, to be established in the world for the generations that are to come. This heavenly vision has cheered the thousands of martyrs who have given up their lives for the flag of the Union. "Let it wave over a country undivided and redeemed," they have said, "and we value not the costly price we are paying for it." These have been the motives of the loyal millions, which the English Tories could see nothing but to denounce and scoff at, with doleful prophecies of failure.

How stands the account in the book of the divine decrees? It could not be better summed up than in the following pregnant sentences of a representative elect from Illinois. It gives succinctly the status and prospect of Jan. 1, 1864: —

"Contemplate the rapid advance of ideas since 1861: Freedom at the capital; freedom for ever in the Territories; a man hung by the Government for participating in the slave-trade; Western Virginia a free State; the great State of Missouri substantially free, thanks to her radicals, who

have so gallantly fought and won the battle of liberty; Maryland ('My Maryland') overwhelming in her vote for immediate emancipation. So much accomplished.

"Before the grass shall grow again on our prairies, Tennessee, under the lead of Andrew Johnson, will ask to return to the Union as a *free State*. Louisiana will not linger behind; and ere long the great Father of Waters shall flow over free soil, from its source to its mouth. Kentucky, if she adheres to slavery, will soon be isolated. Freedom to the north of her, freedom to the south of her, freedom to the east of her, and freedom to the west of her, she will be compelled to give up the ghost of slavery. The breath of life and liberty will be breathed into her, and she will become the glorious free Commonwealth of Kentucky. Whence the recent change in the tone of the world toward our country? It is because Europe, France, England, at last, have recognized the fact, that this is a square contest between Liberty and Slavery." s.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S STYLE.

ENGLISH aristocrats and English snobs grow satirical with the literary acquirements of the American President. His style is not very smooth and flowing; but it has two merits exceedingly rare, especially with uneducated men,—he has not the least pedantry or pretension, and he gets more weighty matter into the same compass than any President since Washington. Gen. Harrison tried to make up his scholastic deficiencies by lugging in classical allusions: Mr. Lincoln has too much sense to do it. Buchanan would have expanded through five columns what Mr. Lincoln condenses into one.

One thing, however, we do miss in Mr. Lincoln's messages and proclamations,—the trumpet-call to the popular mind to rouse and inspire it. They have no more enthusiasm than an old almanac. In a similar emergency, Pericles fired Athens with an energy that ran through all the veins of the empire; the Prince of Orange touched every chord of patriotism in the States of Holland, and ruled its deepest vibrations; James Otis may be said to have "created a nation" by a single speech, so far as it lies in one man to do it. Mr. Lincoln calls for three hundred thousand men as dryly as an orderly sergeant would call the roll, and proclaims freedom to three millions of slaves as if he were receipting a bill. However, we have the inspiration which comes from growing confidence in his good sense and perfect honesty; and for this we cannot be too grateful in this solemn crisis. s.

GOOD WORKS DANGEROUS.

CURIOUS it is to mark the changing tests which distinguish orthodoxy from heresy. It was dangerous for a minister's good order and standing among his brethren, fifty years ago, to say much about "works" in his sermons. "Justification by faith," "the divine sovereignty," "the doctrines of grace," might be harped upon without limit, provided the minister kept clear of the realm of common sense and practical duty. If he trenched much upon these, he was suspected of "Arminianism." The old minister of Dublin, N.H., had fallen into that mistake, and was suspected of unsoundness. A committee of the church waited upon him with their grievances: "We have had works, works, Mr. Sprague, till the church is alarmed; and we have called upon you to express to you the grief and the fear of the brethren."

The pastor heard them patiently through, and blandly replied, "Gentlemen of the committee, put yourselves entirely at rest, and let the brethren be comforted. *I do assure you, there are not good works enough in the town of Dublin to damn a single soul.*" a.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

WAR is bad enough, and its ravages are very great; but the letter-writers, adopting the sensation style, almost invariably exaggerate in descriptions of terrible slaughters and "cut-up" regiments. It is the policy also of the half-treasonable prints to make these things look as bad as they possibly can, so as to chill the patriotism of the people, and prevent enlistments.

A tabular statement has been published, from official records in the Adjutant-General's office, of the losses in our nine-months' regiments during their term of service. We find a summary in the Salem "Gazette," and it will probably surprise a good many readers. There are fifteen regiments and one company from which the returns have been made. The loss by the casualties of battle is less than four-fifths of one per cent. The deaths by sickness amount to four and three-tenths of one per cent. Nearly all of these last were the result of causes entirely within the control of the men themselves.

Some of the nine-months' men, especially those in Banks's division, experienced hard active service. Though we cannot calculate the chances of war, yet the fair prospect is, since sanitary principles

are better understood and enforced than at the beginning of the war, and since the collapse of the Rebellion cannot probably be far remote, that the above per cent of losses will cover all which the quota now filling up will be subjected to. s.

ENGLAND'S GREAT WAR.

COMPARE these results with what England achieved in what has been called her most successful war, the seven years' war from 1756 to 1763. It cost her two hundred and fifty thousand human lives. It cost her and her enemies and allies together little less than eight hundred thousand men. It cost one hundred and eleven millions sterling. For what was the war waged? For a tract of the Canadas then in dispute between England and France, then a wilderness, uninhabited except by savages. It was called "a strife about so many acres of snow." It was to pay the expenses of this war that England tried to tax America, and so plunged into another, which lost her the thirteen Colonies. s.

LIVING WITHIN ONE'S MEANS.

BESIDES the thousand and one admirable directions for the proper performance of household work, the reader will find in the book of Mrs. CORNELIUS a vast deal of such admirable advice as follows:—

"Consider in the outset what mode of living best befits your station, resources, and obligations to others, and so adjust your plan that consistency and appropriateness shall appear throughout. It is much better to adopt a style of expenditure below your means than above them. Of the unhappy effects of this last, we have many examples in our country. A very little advance in the style of living creates an additional expense greater than would at first be believed. That little sentence, '*I can do without it,*' has saved thousands of dollars for future exigencies. Prodigality is as fruitful of mischief as Pandora's box; and no amount of wealth can justify it. Habits of wasteful expenditure are almost always accompanied with selfishness and a cold heart towards the claims of the poor. Be conscientious, therefore, in the practice of economy. Family comfort can hardly be found without it. Neatness is essential to it; for, though there may be neatness without economy, there cannot be economy without neatness.

"Study the dispositions of those whom you employ. If you keep several domestics, arrange their work so that there shall be as little colli-

sion with one another as possible. Be as considerate of their comfort as you could reasonably wish others to be of yours in like circumstances. A universal obedience to the Golden Rule would make this world a paradise; and perhaps it is more liable to be forgotten in this relation than in most others. The best management on your part cannot always save those who serve you from weariness and vexation; but a well-timed word of kindness and sympathy does good like a medicine."

A BLACK AMBULANCE-DRIVER.

FROM MR. HEPWORTH'S valuable and interesting story of his experiences in the South-west, we take the following:—

"I have a servant (Tom Taylor), black and shiny as patent leather, who was present at the battle of Baton Rouge, and behaved splendidly. He was the only man on the field with an ambulance. He caught a runaway horse and buggy, and drove where the fight was thickest; and, when a soldier fell, he took him in his arms, placed him in his buggy, and drove him to the hospital. This he continued to do while the fight lasted. Gen. Dudley spoke in the highest terms of his bravery, and said he did good service on that bloody day.

"He came to me one morning in great heat, and trembling violently.

"'Why, Tom! what's the matter?'

"'O lieutenant! my old master's down below, an' I 'spec' he wants me. Now, I tell you what, if a white man acts gallantly on de field, and gives ebry ting he got for his country, de people all praise him; but, if a black man does the same ting, nobody cares a cent. Now, I did all I could at Baton Rouge; and what I ought to have is my freedom.'

"'And that, Tom, you shall have. If your master comes to get you, I will most assuredly shoot him.'

"He did not fear rebel bullets; but at thought of his master, and a return to slavery, his joints gave way, and he muttered and stuttered so that I could hardly understand him.

"He was in high spirits the next day, as cheery as a cricket, and made a characteristic speech:—

"'Lieutenant,' he said, 'de ole flag neber did wave quite right. There was something wrong about it, — there wasn't any star in it for the black man. Perhaps there was in those you made in de North; but, when they got down here, the sun was so hot we couldn't see it. But, since the war, it's all right. The black man has his star: *it is the big one in the middle.*'

"Tom is a rough boy, but unconsciously he once in a while stumbles upon a huge fact."

A PREACHER WITHOUT A PEOPLE.

I HEARD a sermon, only a few weeks ago, in the church of a country parish in the north of Scotland, where almost the entire people are separated from the clergyman. I had previously seen much of the evils of patronage. In the prosecution of a humble but honest calling, of which I am not mean enough to be ashamed, I had travelled over a considerable part of Scotland. I had been located for months together, at one period of my life, among the parishes of its southern districts, at another in those of the north; I had seen both the Highlands and the Low country; and, if the powers of observation were not wanting, the opportunities were certainly very great. But the almost entire desertion of a pastor by his people was a thing I had not yet witnessed, and I was desirous to see and judge for myself. There are associations of a high and peculiar character connected with this northern parish. For more than a thousand years, it has formed part of the patrimony of a truly noble family, celebrated by Philip Doddridge for its great moral worth, and by Sir Walter Scott for its high military genius, and through whose influence the light of the Reformation had been introduced into this remote corner, at a period when all the neighboring districts were enveloped in the original darkness.

In a later age, it had been honored by the fines and proscriptions of Charles II.; and its minister — one of those men of God whose names still live in the memory of the country, and whose biography occupies no small space in the recorded history of her "worthies" — had rendered himself so obnoxious to the tyranny and irreligion of the time, that he was ejected from his charge more than a year before any of the other nonconforming clergymen of the church. I approached the parish from the east. The day was warm and pleasant; the scenery through which I passed, some of the finest in Scotland. The mountains rose on the right in huge Titanic masses, that seemed to soften their purple and blue in the clear sunshine to the delicate tone of the deep sky beyond, and I could see the yet unwasted snows of summer glittering in little detached masses along their summits; the hills of the middle region were feathered with wood; a forest of mingled oaks and larches, which still blended the tender softness of spring with the full foliage of summer, swept down to the path; the wide undulating plain below was laid out into fields, mottled with cottages, and waving with the yet unshot corn; and a noble arm of the sea winded along the lower edge for nearly twenty miles, losing itself to the west among blue hills and jutting

headlands, and opening in the east to the main ocean through a magnificent gateway of rock. But the little groups which I encountered at every turning of the path, as they journeyed, with all the sober, well-marked decency of a Scottish sabbath morning, towards the church of a neighboring parish, interested me more than even the scenery. The clan which inhabited this part of the country had borne a well-marked character in Scottish story. Buchanan has described it as one of the most fearless and warlike in the north. It served under the Bruce at Bannockburn; it was the first to rise in arms to protect Queen Mary, on her visit to Inverness, from the intended violence of Huntly; it fought the battles of Protestantism in Germany under Gustavus Adolphus; it covered the retreat of the English at Fontenoy, and presented an unbroken front to the enemy after all the other allied troops had quitted the field.

And it was the descendants of these very men who were now passing me on the road. The rugged, robust form, half-bone, half-muscle; the springy firmness of the tread; the grave, manly countenance,—all gave indication that the original characteristics survived in their full strength; and it was a strength that inspired confidence, not fear. There were gray-haired, patriarchal-looking men among the groups, whose very air seemed impressed by a sense of the duties of the day; nor was there aught that did not agree with the object of the journey in the appearance of even the youngest and least thoughtful.

As I proceeded, I came up with a few people who were travelling in a contrary direction. A Secession meeting-house has lately sprung up in the parish, and these formed part of the congregation. A path nearly obscured by grass and weeds leads from the main road to the parish-church. It was with difficulty I could trace it; and there were none to direct me, for I was now walking alone. The parish burying-ground, thickly sprinkled with graves and tomb-stones, surrounds the church. It is a quiet, solitary spot of great beauty, lying beside the sea-shore; and, as service had not yet commenced, I whiled away half an hour in sauntering among the stones and deciphering the inscriptions. I could trace in the rude monuments of this retired little spot a brief but impressive history of the district. The older tablets, gray and shaggy with the mosses and lichens of three centuries, bear, in their uncouth semblances of the unwieldy battle-axe and double-handed sword of ancient warfare, the meet and appropriate symbols of the earlier time. But the more modern testify to the introduction of a humanizing influence. They speak of a life after death in the "holy texts" described by the

poet, or certify, in a quiet humility of style which almost vouches for their truth, that the sleepers below were "honest men, of blameless character, and who feared God." There is one tombstone, however, more remarkable than all the others. It lies beside the church-door, and testifies, in an antique inscription, that it covers the remains of the "Great. Man. Of. God. And. Faithful. Minister. Of. Jesvs Christ," who had endured persecution for the truth in the dark days of Charles and his brother. He had outlived the tyranny of the Stuarts; and, though worn by years and sufferings, had returned to his parish, on the Revolution, to end his course as it had begun. He saw, ere his death, the law of patronage abolished, and the popular right virtually secured; and fearing lest his people might be led to abuse the important privilege conferred on them, and calculating aright on the abiding influence of his own character among them, he gave charge on his death-bed to dig his grave in the threshold of the church, that they might regard him as a sentinel placed at the door, and that his tombstone might speak to them as they passed out and in. The inscription, which, after the lapse of nearly a century and a half, is still perfectly legible, concludes with the following remarkable words: "This. Stone. Shall. Bear. Witness. Against. The. Parishioners. Of. If. They. Bring. Ane. Ungodly. Minister. In. Here." Could the imagination of a poet have originated a more striking conception in connection with a church deserted by all its better people, and whose minister fattens on his hire, useless and contented?

I entered the church; for the clergyman had just gone in. There were from eight to ten persons scattered over the pews below, and seven in the galleries above; and these, as there were no more "John Clerks" and "Michael Tods" in the parish, composed the entire congregation. I wrapped myself up in my plaid, and sat down, and the service went on in the usual course; but it sounded in my ears like a miserable mockery. The precentor sung almost alone; and ere the clergyman had reached the middle of his discourse, which he read in an unimpassioned, monotonous tone, nearly one-half his skeleton congregation had fallen asleep; and the drowsy, listless expression of the others showed, that, for every good purpose, they might have been asleep too. And sabbath after sabbath has this unfortunate man gone the same tiresome round, and with exactly the same effects, for the last twenty-three years, at no time regarded by the better clergymen of the district as really their brother, on no occasion recognized by the parish as virtually its minister, with a dreary vacancy and a few indifferent hearts inside his church, and the stone of the covenanter at the door! Against whom does the

inscription testify? — for the people have escaped. Against the patron, the intruder, and the law of Bolingbroke, — the Dr. Robertsons of the last age, and the Dr. Cooks of the present. — *Hugh Miller's Witness Papers.*

CONVERSATIONS AT HOME.

THE following is Mr. Ware's excellent advice on this subject: "I am convinced we do not make enough of the child relish for conversation. If a neighbor or a friend comes in, we are apt to think the child must go out; and yet a wide-awake child will sit all the evening drinking in at eye and ear the intelligent talk of the elders. Not merely is it a wise and gentle mental stimulus, not merely may it instruct or introduce to new knowledge or provoke inquiry, but it draws out the heart towards the elder, establishes a much-needed, much-overlooked sympathy. The child looks out beyond its own thought and life, feels itself admitted into the high places of other men's experience, comes to have a personal interest, property, in its father's or its mother's friend. Ah! how many in this world there are, the echo of whose voices, once familiar about the home-hearth, friends of the dear ones gone, linger still twined inseparably with old home-memories! Let the children stay and hear the talk, and do you talk wisely for their profit and blessing."

ENTHUSIASM AND RED TAPE.

ENTHUSIASM and red-tape dignity are not easy to combine. When the Massachusetts Colonial Legislature came in conflict with the Tory executive, James Otis and Samuel Adams were generally on the patriotic committees. Otis was all fire: Adams was legal and clear-headed. Otis drew up the reports, throwing all his soul into them, and then handed them over to Adams to shape properly "Oh," he would say, "Sam has got to dovetail it!"

It is well known that the original draught of the Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, contains some eloquent passages which were stricken out in its passage through the Congress. It had an indignant denunciation of Great Britain for forcing African slavery upon the Colonies. When it came under debate to be cut up and amended, Benjamin Franklin, casting his eye towards Mr. Jefferson's seat, saw him writhing under the criticisms which were dealt upon it; and, passing over to him, told him this story for his consolation: —

A tradesman was setting up in business, and drew up a plan for

his sign. These words were to flame out in capitals: "John Smith, hatter, makes and sells hats." Showing it to the first neighbor who came in, he asked his advice about it.

"Why," said his neighbor, "I should strike out the word 'hatter;' for, if you 'make hats,' you are a hatter, of course." Agreed.

The next neighbor calls, and his advice is asked.

"Well," said he, "seems to me, that, if you *sell* the hats, that's all we want to know. If you sell good ones, what do we care who made them?"

So the word "makes" was stricken out. The next neighbor calls, whose advice is requested; the sign as amended reading thus: "John Smith sells hats." The last neighbor broke into a roar of laughter:—

"Why, sir, do you imagine we would think you such a fool as to give them away?"

"Sells hats" was then rubbed out; and the perplexed tradesman had nothing but naked "John Smith" left him by the critics, and was obliged to begin anew.

s.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE line of thought which the Rev. Dr. Peabody has followed in his very eloquent and instructive "Christianity the Religion of Nature," is well indicated in these closing paragraphs:—

"I have endeavored, without transcending the theme assigned to me,—natural religion,—to present what seems to me the most important portion of the evidence for Christianity. But, because I have laid emphatic stress on its coincidence with nature, I would not have you infer that I hold the external evidences on which also it relies in light esteem. On the other hand, they seem to me impregnable, and they have gained new strength with the researches of the present age in geography, in archæology, and especially in the disinterred monuments and deciphered records of Egypt and of Nineveh. But a first-hand acquaintance with these evidences requires time, which indeed cannot be more worthily spent, but which all have not at their command; and an extended familiarity with books, to which few, except those who devote themselves to theological study, have easy access. On the other hand, the proof of the divine origin of Christianity, derived from its accordance with man's nature and needs, and with the essential laws of the outward and the spiritual universe, can be appreciated by every serious mind; and to me it seems complete, demonstrative, unanswerable. In these two classes of evidences, God has given us in behalf of his revelation, as it were, two independent and amply competent witnesses, either worthy of entire credence, and both together creating an assurance beyond the reach of cavil

or the shadow of doubt. But the argument from nature has one prerogative. External evidence and testimony prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, but not that it is final, and sufficient for all time. Its coincidence with nature demonstrates its eternity and its universal adaptation, and proves Christ not only the accredited Author, but equally the Finisher, of the faith which alone can renovate, sanctify, and save our race.

"If Christianity has its foundation in man's nature and needs, it can never be outgrown, nor can its records become obsolete. It is the sole Sun of Righteousness, and must for ever be the central orb of the spiritual universe. But it may or may not be our luminary and guide. As the earth in its annual circuit throws our northern zone where only the oblique rays of the winter solstice reach it, and vital warmth almost deserts it; so may we make for our souls a winter solstice by our worldliness, our contented sensualism, our voluntary guilt: and we may, too, create for ourselves a perpetual summer solstice by our earnest aspirations, by our docility of spirit, by hearts ever open to the influence of the divine truth and love."

INSINCERE PRAYING.

How would many be surprised if their requests were answered! If God were to make bare his arm; were to do for others all that is asked of him; were to grant converting grace in every family; to change the whole aspect of society, giving truth and practical godliness a complete triumph,—would not Christians be startled? If the Holy Spirit were to come to our hearts and households by such a decisive visitation as would constrain us to change our style of living, to modify plans of business, to deny ourselves many things previously deemed innocent and suitable, and to do many things previously neglected,—in short, to make religion most evidently the business of life,—should we not be astonished at such a development? Is there a present shrinking in thought from such a result? Then has selfishness gendered insincerity, and there is a mocking of God in our petitions. "People," says Robert Adam, "never tell more lies than in their prayers."—*Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson's Mercy-seat.*

CONVERSION AND CONFIRMATION. — "The grace of God in the heart of man is a tender plant in a strange, unkindly soil; and therefore cannot well prosper and grow without much care and pains, and that of a skilful hand, and which hath the art of cherishing it. For this end hath God given the constant ministry of the word to his Church, not only for the first work of conversion, but also for confirming and increasing his grace in the hearts of his children."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Company at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.—John Winthrop holds his place amongst the great and good men of New England. We always turn with pleasure and pride to his name as it heads the list of members of the First Church of Christ in Boston. His descendant, our townsman, has performed a useful service in discharging a pious office, and has given us a book which is profitable for doctrine, and in every way inspiring. We have already had some knowledge of Gov. John Winthrop's letters; but we are glad to extend this knowledge, and to have his words in so good a setting. We wish that those—and, shameful as it is, there are many such—who speak contemptuously of Puritans and Puritanism would be at the pains to read carefully this story of our wise and just and gentle and most Christian Governor. Were it only for a peculiar beauty of style, the letters would be worth reading and reading again; and some of them are very rich in the most elevating and consoling Christian thoughts; as for example: "He that vouchsafed to wipe the sweat from the disciples' feet will not disdain to wipe the tears from those tender, affectionate eyes. Because you have been one of his mourners in the house of tribulation, you shall drink of the cup of joy, and be clothed with the garment of gladness, in the kingdom of glory. The former things and evil will soon be past; but the good to come shall neither end nor change. Never man saw heaven, but would have passed through hell to come at it." We hope that Mr. Winthrop will finish, and that quickly, the work which he has so well begun and carried forward, and give us the completed story of one who was great at once in Church and State, because he was a true disciple of Jesus Christ.

E.

The lovers of "THOMAS A KEMPIS, HIS IMITATION OF CHRIST," will be grateful to Messrs. E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY for putting forth their new and admirable edition. Of such a book one would have a fair copy, not a badly printed, shabbily bound, dingy volume. Heretofore we have been obliged to depend for a suitable edition of this religious classic upon English printers. In these days, such a dependence is no dependence for most of us; and so

many were losing the very reading which our age especially needs for the guidance and consecration of its wonderful and providential outward life, what we call somewhat narrowly its activities. That this new edition will be eagerly asked for cannot be doubted.

E.

Memoir of Hon. Daniel White, prepared agreeably to a Resolution of the Massachusetts Historical Society. By Rev. JAMES WALKER, D.D. Boston: Printed by John Wilson & Son. — Judge White was born on the day of the motion in Congress for the declaration of American Independence, and died just before the attack on Fort Sumter. His life, therefore, as Dr. Walker observes, “covered the whole of our unchallenged national existence.” His character was the genuine product of New-England culture and institutions. Every portion of the Memoir is interesting and instructive, not only for the delightful traits of personal character in the subject of it, but for the reminiscences of cotemporaneous characters in social and political life, illustrative of the tastes, habits, and opinions of past times. A fine portrait of Judge White fronts the title-page.

S.

Christianity the Religion of Nature. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — The subject assigned to Dr. Peabody was “the Evidences of Natural Religion.” He wisely declined it. No one ever yet told us where natural religion ends and revealed religion begins. Dr. Peabody aims to show that revealed religion is natural religion; that it is in harmony with all the laws of man’s nature and of the universe, and founded upon them. The argument is strong; the style chaste, fervid, and clear as a running brook. The last lecture, on the Sabbath, we specially admire.

S.

The Farmer Boy, and how he became Commander-in-Chief. By UNCLE JUVINELL. Edited by WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of the “Pioneer Boy,” &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company. — Our children need to be educated to patriotism. If there is any thing contemptible, it is the contempt for ancestry and land into which some of our young people have been misled. Nothing can be more timely than a fresh story, for the young, of the Father of his Country. Let it be read and read and read again in its very elements.

E.

Music of the Bible; or, Explanatory Notes upon those Passages in the Sacred Scriptures which relate to Music, including a Brief View of Hebrew Poetry. By ENOCH HUTCHINSON. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street. — Some readers will be inclined to criticise this book as unnecessarily diffuse, and especially to object to the extended reprints from Holy Scripture. These last seem to us unnecessary for all who have Bibles in their hands. The writer, however, has done his work with exceeding thoroughness, and with an evident love for his task. The illustrations are very valuable, and will help to make the musical instruments named in the Bible realities to many who now see them but dimly. It will be of service also to not a few to see the poetry of the book printed as poetry. On the whole, then, we would suggest an abridgment; but, if this cannot be, we are glad to have the whole. E.

Rev. Mr. Alger's History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, expected some time by the reading public, appears at length in a handsome volume of 900 closely printed pages. It is a work of immense labor, which has been performed, as every page of it shows, *con amore*. It invites us into fields of delightful interest, and deserves more than a passing notice; and this we hope to devote to it in our February number. S.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — The wayside inn is in Sudbury, where seven travellers of various gifts get together, and each tells his story. They are legends of olden times, beginning with our ante-Revolutionary history, and running into Spanish romance and the Norse mythology. The "birds of passage" are shorter pieces appended, some of which have appeared in the "Atlantic." The numerous lovers of Longfellow will not fail to enjoy both the legends and the songs. S.

The Silent Pastor. Compiled by Rev. J. F. W. WARE. Walker, Wise, & Company. 1863. — This little book had well-nigh gone out of print. The compiler has accordingly revised and enlarged the pages of a new edition. Clergymen will find it exceedingly useful to send or to take with them into the sick-room, and nothing better can be put on its way to our soldiers in the various military hospitals. Prose and poetry from the best authors, and such as have secured the praise of the discerning, make up the contents of the volume. E.

To those who are looking for books that will interest BOYS, let us recommend —

The Red Eric ; or, The Whaler's Last Cruise. A Tale by R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of the "Young Fur-traders," the "Coral Island." &c., &c.;

I will be a Sailor: a Book for Boys. By MRS. L. C. TUTHILL;

Marmaduke Merry, the Midshipman ; or, My Early Days at Sea. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Peter the Whaler," "True Blue," &c., &c., —

All published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 117, Washington Street.

Edith Prescott ; or, Lessons of Love. Being Aunt Bertha's Visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of "the Happy Days at Fernbank," "Johnny Weston," &c., &c. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1864. — This is one of the books for the young that one can write about with hearty gratitude to the author. Its aim and its spirit are high and pure, whilst the style is unaffected and graceful. There is enough of incident to make the story attractive, and enough of instruction to make the pages profitable for reproof and encouragement. We commend it very earnestly to parents and to Sunday schools. E.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED, EXTRACTS FROM WHICH WILL
BE FOUND IN "RANDOM READINGS."

Christianity the Religion of Nature: Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street. 1864.

The Mercy-seat ; or, Thoughts on Prayer. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, D.D., author of the "Better Land," &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street.

The Whip, Hoe, and Sword ; or, The Gulf Department in '63. By GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company, 245, Washington Street. 1864.

The Young Housekeeper's Friend. By MRS. CORNELIUS. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Published by Taggard & Thompson. 1864.

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Christianity the Religion of Nature. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in 1868, by A. P. FRANKLIN, D.D., LL.D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals, Harvard College. Royal 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 131, Washington Street, Boston.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

No. 2.

NEW-TESTAMENT VIEWS OF IMMORTALITY.

MR. ALGER's work on the future life,* briefly noticed in our last number, will call attention anew to the momentous themes of which it treats. It has all the more value for not being a denominational work. It is thoroughly honest; and, for that reason, will unquestionably encounter much ill-natured criticism among those whose traditional beliefs are disturbed. Mr. Alger should be content with this, knowing how tenaciously the most heathenish superstitions are clung to; how they become sanctified to the believer; and how much of discussion and conflict we must yet go through, before religious faith is purged of its errors.

A *critical* history of the doctrine of a future life, in order to be exhaustive and complete, should show a progress of ideas, separating the chaff from the wheat, and giving us, as the result of the whole survey, the true doctrine of immortality, clear, positive, and sufficing. It should not proceed from that which is more positive to that which is less. Six thousand years of thinking and believing on this subject should bring us to some rational apprehension touching the

* A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, with a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

destiny of man beyond the grave. The age is yearning for realities. Two millions of spiritualists, who now "conjure eternity as men constrain a ghost to appear and answer," are the melancholy evidence to what extent the common mind has been balked and baffled, and how the Church fails to satisfy its hunger for tidings of immortality.

Mr. Alger's historic survey is admirable. If he had only given us "Part Second," which is a history of extra Christian opinions and conceptions, it would alone be worth his long and patient investigations. This, with Mr. Abbot's "Complete Bibliography" appended, will be indispensable to inquirers who shall succeed him. But his constructive and eliminating process leaves much to be desired. That he has failed to bring out, in any thing of its warmth and fulness, the New-Testament doctrine of the resurrection and the future life, we think will be felt by most of his readers.

The Hebrew conception of the universe separates it into three grand divisions, — Heaven, the Earth, and the Underworld (called *Sheol*, or, in Greek, Hades). All these were localized in natural space. The Earth was a broad, flat surface; Heaven was vertically overhead, beyond the stars and the blue arch, — the abode only of God and his angels; Hades was beneath the earth, — a slumberous and dusky realm, into which the souls of all men enter when they die. There they were to remain till the day of judgment; not, however, in the same condition in regard to happiness. The later Rabbins discriminate, giving Hades three compartments, — Paradise, which was a subterranean place of comparative ghostly comfort, where the souls of the righteous dead were assembled; then a Limbo of darkness, where the wicked are confined; and lastly Geenna, or a place of penal fires, the lowest part of Hades, — not to be occupied, however, until after the resurrection and the judgment-day. The Messiah was to descend from the Overworld with his angels; the trumpet would sound, and the dead be raised from the Underworld. Then the wicked would be thrust down into Geenna, there to burn in everlasting fire; the righteous would be raised from their subterranean Paradise, be clothed with

their former bodies, and be placed in a terrestrial Paradise on the surface of the renovated earth, among whom the Messiah would dwell in millennial glory. Such was the belief of the Pharisees, the dominant Jewish sect at the time of Christ. These ideas, however, are not all of Jewish origin. The re-clothing of the dead in their old fleshly bodies is a notion borrowed from the Zoroastrian religion, and brought back by the Jews from their captivity.

This scheme of the universe, and of human destiny, Mr. Alger supposes the Christian apostles to have retained, and mingled with the teachings of Christ. Hence a composite system, which may be stated thus:—

Christ descended from the overworld, was born upon the earth, lived and died, that he might descend into Hades, and liberate the captives held there. Before his advent, all alike must go down at death into the underworld, in consequence of Adam's sin and hereditary evil. There they were held by Satan, the Prince of Hades. But Christ went down there, encountered Satan, and broke his power, and thence ascended into heaven in triumph, making an open pathway between the under and the over world. The power of his death and resurrection lies in a dramatic exhibition of the fact, that such an open pathway is now effected. It is the pledge and promise, that all the good who had been kept in Hades can now follow him into heaven; and that, to his own followers, the descent into it would no longer be necessary. He was to come again from heaven. The apostles expected his literal descent in their own life-time, attended by his angels. Then a trump would be blown, the dead would come up from the underworld, the Christians then alive would be changed without going into Hades, the earth would be renovated, and the saints reign with Christ upon it; but the wicked would be remanded to punishment in the underworld, according to the Apocalypse, in a lake of fire. The death of Christ is efficacious, as the apostles conceived, only as it introduced Christ into Hades, where he conquered Satan, and set free the captives. His resurrection is not designed as the proof of man's immortality, but as proof that man can rise to heaven,

since Christ went up thither, the first who had ever died, and rose out of Hades. Such, with some variations on minor points, are the ideas, so Mr. Alger thinks, of John, Paul, Peter, and the writer of the Apocalypse, who superinduced their Judaism upon the pure Christian revelation. His exegesis is very elaborate and exhaustive, made evidently with the desire and purpose to find what the writers mean, and not to color their meaning with his own conceptions.

The field here opened is one of intense interest. We will not attempt to follow Mr. Alger, though differing altogether from him in our views of the New-Testament pneumatology. Briefly as our space allows, we raise the inquiry, What is the New-Testament doctrine of immortality?

Is the apostolic representation of heaven and hell that of Jewish and heathen localities in material space?

The chief evidence of this is found in the fact, that the New-Testament writers use words, which, *interpreted etymologically*, have their roots in the natural world. Heaven is something *heaved* or arched over us, or, in the Greek, that which is to be seen by looking upward; Hades is a place without light; and Geenna is a valley of abomination, where fires are kept burning. Such are the roots of the language which describes the state of the redeemed and of the lost. It was not only the popular language at the time of Christ, but it is the popular language of all nations and ages. It is impossible to describe spiritual things, or even to conceive of them, without a material ground. No preacher at this day can discourse half an hour, without using exactly the terms, or their correlates, which both Jews and Greek used two thousand years ago. We speak of heaven, and look upward; we speak of hell, and look downward; we talk of the infernal world, which means, etymologically, a world under ground. Not only so: all the words which we use to represent the soul and its operations strike their roots into material nature. The spirit itself is a breath of air; the Holy Spirit, a sacred wind; right is straight, wrong is crooked; to be sincere is to be without specks; to be delirious is to get out of the furrow; and so on without limit. Indeed, the grandest ministry of

this material world, with its heights of splendor and beauty, and its gulfs of darkness and desolation, its healthful growths and its deadly poisons, is to furnish the soul with a language, or to spread out before it a dial-plate, over which the realities of a spiritual world may fling their awful shadows. Some imagine that only rude and ignorant people need such a language: when we become refined and spiritualized, we shall drop it. The truth is, when we cease to use it, we shall cease to have any conceptions whatever of spiritual things, and sink into stark atheism and bestiality; for not only is it impossible to speak of heaven or hell, but even to think of them, without the habiliments of sense to give the thought a body and robe.

When, therefore, the New-Testament writers used the current language of their times to represent the spiritual world, *οὐρανός, ἀδης, γέννα*, they did precisely what all writers must do, if they would avoid vague and unmeaning generalization. The words and their correlates represent the same imagery in all the languages of the earth, and that by the inevitable necessities of the human mind. Very true, we should expect, after the Christian revelation, that they would be burdened with new meaning. But that the apostles rested in the mere letter, making heaven a *locale* above the clouds, and Hades a place under ground, just because the Jews had done the same, we do not see the shadow of evidence. Indeed, the better and more advanced Jewish mind, as well as Greek, rose above the letter into the spiritual meaning which this imagery shadows forth. There is abundant evidence of this both in Plato and Philo. It is the same in all religions. Grosser minds will stick fast in the letter, and never rise above the plane of Nature. As they become more elevated and enlightened, they will rise out of the letter, using natural things as the stairs on which to ascend to the truths which transcend the senses. There is a very wise and beautiful provision in all this. Better to rest in a sensuous faith than to fall into blank unbelief. Multitudes of Christians, to this day, believe that heaven and hell are localities in space; that the resurrection is the re-animation of dead bodies; and that

the second coming of Christ will be a visible descent from the clouds. They would be entirely afloat unless their thoughts had these places of rest. There are momentous truths preserved to them under these rude envelopes, which, as their regeneration advances, will break from their hard coverings in celestial beauty. But, even now, better minds of the same creed see something more than the sensuous imagery; and it has been so from the beginning of time.

Our Saviour uses the same words and employs the same figures, to adumbrate a spiritual world, that his apostles use. The word heaven (*ouranos*) occurs over a hundred times in the four Gospels, mostly in the discourses of our Saviour. He uses the word Geenna seven times, and the word Hades three times; and very often he employs the imagery which they represent, where the terms themselves do not occur. Yet no one supposes that either the Jewish overworld or underworld was present to his thought: as they pass into his speech, they become the picture-language which paints the peace and the bliss of the redeemed, and the unrest and desolation of the lost, whether now and here, or in their separate and eternal abodes hereafter.

Unless there is something in the connection to forbid it, we are bound to suppose that his disciples use the words with the same significance. Especially should we suppose that John, who was drawn up into his most familiar thought, and Paul, who was set apart by supernatural illumination, would not misunderstand him on a point, which, more than any other, distinguishes the new spiritual religion from the old Jewish and heathen superstitions.

But not only there is nothing to forbid, but almost every thing to compel, the belief that the disciples use these symbolic words as the Master had used them. They had been brought, by a most remarkable experience, to an open vision and audience of that spiritual world which the Hebrew imagery had shadowed forth. From beginning to end, the New Testament is a continuous angelophany. Attesting voices from heaven broke along the path of the Saviour. Angels hymned his advent: they are the most prominent figures at

the resurrection-scene. Moreover, the disciples had both conscious and visible communion with Christ after his ascension and from his glorified state. Paul was arrested, and his Pharisaism melted out of him, by the risen Lord, — revealed not to the bodily eye, but to the soul opening within. He received from him, so he avers, the history and meaning of the Last Supper, though he never saw Christ in the flesh. Paul says he was caught up himself into the third or highest heaven, and saw its objective realities, which were indescribable. Indeed, this one fact appears continuously all through the history of the nascent Christian Church, — that its inmost consciousness was pervaded through and through with a sense of the divine and heavenly presence, and that they had not so much a faith in immortality as a visible realization of its scenic glories.

If these men, who not only believed in a spiritual world, but who lived in it as perhaps none since have ever done; whose consciousness was exalted into open perception of its realities, yet stuck in the mechanical notion, that it was a *locale* to be entered by locomotion, — they must have been the most stolid and hopeless of all learners. Unquestionably they expected a second visible appearing of Christ in their own lifetime; but that they rested in the Jewish topography of the universe, immersed in its materialism, we do not see the shadow of evidence, unless we except a single text of St. Paul,* which admits of obvious and easy explanation. On the other hand, the evidence to our mind is overwhelming, that in their thought and speech, as in the thought and speech of the Master, the transcendent truths are most graphically presented, for which the Jewish and heathen over-world and underworld furnished the picture-language, the canvas-ground, so to say, on which could best be painted, not only to that age, but to all ages, the scenes of eternity towards which our earthly probation urges us, — the long, upward perspective dissolving in the heights of glory, and the downward paths into the caverns and the unclean fires;

* 1 Thess. iv. 17.

a heaven not higher up in space, but higher up in the degrees of spiritual life ; and a hell down towards the nadir of perverted and degraded faculties, — to be entered, not by traveling, but by spiritual assimilation ; and to one or the other of which, death is only the open gate and the visible entrance.

The evidence is even more definite, had we space for textual exegesis. If the New-Testament writers were swamped in the Jewish naturalism, believing that heaven was a place vertically overhead, to be entered by locomotion, and not by introversion, how comes it, that, when they describe a vision of it or its denizens, they do not use words which only indicate natural sight ? The words *ὁπώρα* and *εἶδος* denote objects of natural sight, and only in a secondary sense things seen by the mind. But the word *ὁρασία* is specially appropriated to visions manifest only to the spiritual eye and to supersensual scenery. This is the very word which Paul selects to describe his perception of the glorified Christ and of the heavens vouchsafed to his higher senses.* If he had been stolid enough to suppose that Christ came down to him from the blue dome over his head, or that he himself had taken a flight through natural space beyond the clouds and back again, he would have described these exploits by terms which hold us to the material plane, and not by those which take us clean beyond it into the realm which lies out of space and out of time. Luke employs the same word to describe the angelophanies at the resurrection of Christ ; † and the writer of the Apocalypse is careful to tell us in the introductory sentence, that what he saw was *ἐν πνεύματι*, *in spirit*, as if to put us right at the beginning, and indicate that he is to describe things, not on the plane of natural sense, but entirely above it, and in a supersensual world.

But we come to another truth involved in the apostolic scheme of doctrine, which Mr. Alger leaves out almost entirely, but which nevertheless, in the New Testament, stands in the foreground, and nearly hides the others in its splendor. It is very true that the resurrection of Christ

* Acts xxvi. 19 ; 2 Cor. xii. 1.

† Luke xxiv. 23.

was not a proof, to the early Church, of a future life. They needed none; for that life had opened down into their consciousness, turning faith even to vision. Neither was it a dramatic exhibition to them of the fact that the saints were to rise out of Hades, or that men were no more to enter it at death. How could they reason so poorly as to infer, that merely because Christ, who was divine and sinless, had risen out of Hades into heaven, men wholly unlike him, burdened with hereditary evil and actual guilt, therefore must? And why must Christ be born upon the earth, and die, merely to get into Hades and despoil Satan, when Satan got there through no such circuit? The grand apostolic idea involved in the resurrection of Christ is, that thereby he was installed into the headship of his Church, and became its life and inspiration for ever. The veil of flesh separated him from his disciples, and he could only lodge truth in their memories which they did not even understand. They needed, — what indeed human nature needs, — not only truth, but the transfusion of divine grace. Through temptation, suffering, trial, death, and resurrection, taking all the woes and wants of man up into his consciousness, he passed up to the right hand of Power, thence to come nearer to men on the spiritual side, as the renewing and transforming energy. THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR, ever present in the Church and operating within the Christian consciousness, is involved in the apostolic doctrine of the resurrection. We might as well describe the solar system, and leave out the sun, as to leave out this from the New-Testament plan of salvation. Christ promised it, and all Christian history fulfils the promise. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but, if I depart, I will send him." "All power is given me both in heaven and earth;" and, "Lo, I am with you alway." Herein was "the power of his resurrection," by which was understood neither the re-animation of his crucified body, nor his opening a local pathway out of Hades, but his exaltation to mediatorial power and grace; so that God was no longer the Jewish King withdrawn in the awful heights of eternity,

and ruling by law, but in Christ was brought near to our humanity, yielding himself to it with plastic energy, and sweeping it with Pentecostal gales. That these promises were no figures of speech, only to be taken "in a sense," the fulfilment abundantly shows. The scene of Pentecost was merely the beginning. "Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, HE HATH SHED FORTH THIS WHICH YE NOW SEE AND HEAR." Paul was not only converted by the risen Christ, but illumined by him, and lived in his inspiring and directing energy. And this was to be not the abnormal, but permanent state of the Church. "Wherefore it is written, When he went up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Now, that word, He went up, what saith it, but that he first came down to Hades, that is, among the dead? Yea, he who came down is the same who has gone up, far above all the heavens, THAT HE MIGHT FILL ALL THINGS. From whom the whole body, the Church, being knit together and compacted in all its joints, derives its continued growth in the working of his bounty, which supplies its needs according to the measure of each several part, that it may build itself up in love." *

We shall find in the history of the Church a prolonged strain of this apostolic music. Not only men on earth, but all Hades (that is, the whole community of departed souls), were to be receptive of this new mediatorial grace; for "things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (that is, Hades), include, in the apostle's summing-up, the whole universe. He does not mean evidently that Christ had gone into Hades, and mechanically made a way out of it for his people. He means, that through him the new procession of mediatorial power and grace should reach all receptive souls, and mould them to the divine image. Wherefore Irenæus and Origen, inspired with the thought, enlarge upon it delightfully. Both held the notion, universal in the early Church, of Christ's descent into Hades to free the

* Eph. iv. 8-16.

captives of Satan,—the rude husk, unquestionably, of a momentous truth. But this was the negative side of the Atonement. Turning to the positive side, it is, says Irenæus, the divine principle of life, of which we are made partakers in the divine humanity of Jesus Christ renewing us, and restoring the lost image of God in our souls. And Origen takes up the doctrine of Paul, and follows out the thought in this sublime strain: "Therefore has the atonement-offering made here upon the earth an efficacy which extends to the whole universe. Since not only men, but higher spirits, are not clean before God, Christ is the great High Priest who restores all things in the realm of the Father; and he takes care that all deficiency in every created being shall be complemented in him, and for this he is endowed with Lordship from the Father. Since every thing which outside of God is separated and turned from him, so is the Christ the grand means of making them at one with him."*

We are transcending our limits; but it would be easy to show, at much greater length, how the early Christian consciousness was steeped in this truth involved in the resurrection of Christ. It was the risen and glorified brought nearer the soul as an incumbent power, and creating a new world within of hope and faith and love. Every sect which fell away from this consciousness waned and died. Yea, so it has been in all subsequent times. We are much mistaken if this be not the truth, for want of which, in its full-orbed power and brightness, our Unitarian churches languish.

We have taken Mr. Alger's chapters as starting-places, and find we have diverged widely from his trains of thought. None the less we appreciate the ability, learning, and candor with which, from his own view-point, he has made his exposition. His work will be valuable not less to those who may reject his conclusions than to those who may receive them, as it affords such abundant means and facilities for independent inquiry. We had noted two other points, which we must pass over briefly. His explanation of the prologue of John's

* See Baur, *Versöhnung*, pp. 89, 65.

Gospel lands the old apostle in blank Ditheism. The Logos is a separate being from the Father, a sort of sub-Deity, or Demiurgus, introduced from Philo. Herein Mr. Alger differs from the best scholars, heretic and orthodox, — from Norton, who makes the Logos only a personification; from Baur, who makes it assert a distinction in the Divine Nature, without abnegating the Unity; from Neander, Tholuck, and Dorner, who take the Orthodox view, — the last of whom, in his great work on “the Person of Christ,” is very positive that Philo did not hypostatize the Logos. In the chapter on Swedenborg, Mr. Alger fails to grasp Swedenborg’s leading idea, that, in fact, which is the key to his whole system, and, as we regard it, the chief contribution which he has made to the science of pneumatology. But we must stop here, though these topics invite us into fields of absorbing interest; thanking Mr. Alger for these nine hundred pages of solid matter, whether as ground for agreement or dissent.

8.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

“WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, GESCHEH’ ALL’ZEIT.”

COMPOSED BY ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG, WHILE SUFFERING IN EXILE, 1566.

WHATE’ER God will, let that be done;
 His will is ever wisest:
 His grace will all thy hope outrun,
 Who to that faith arisest.
 The gracious Lord
 Will help afford;
 He chastens with forbearing:
 Who God believes,
 And to him cleaves,
 Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
 My light and my existence :
 His counsel is beyond my sense,
 But stirs no weak resistance.
 His word declares
 The very hairs
 Upon my head are numbered :
 His mercy large
 Holds me in charge,
 With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at his will,
 The pulse of Nature ceases :
 I think upon it, and am still,
 Let come whate'er he pleases.
 To him I trust
 My soul, my dust,
 When flesh and spirit sever :
 The Christ we sing
 Has plucked the sting
 Away from death for ever.

"MEIN HERR UND HEILAND, LASS MIR'S GEHN ZU HERZEN."

ORIGINAL MELODY, — "Herzliebster Jesu," &c.

LORD, touch my heart with that great consummation
 When thou didst love me so in thy last passion :
 All feelings that my soul from thee would sunder,
 Help to keep under.

Thou who hast once to the grave's rest descended,
 When on the cross thy work for us was ended,
 Grant rest, when to the place that men prepare me
 They sadly bear me.

Give sweet repose through thine own bitter sorrow,
 And lift my soul to that eternal morrow
 Which thou, O Lord ! for mortal man suppliedst
 The day thou diedst.

N. L. F.

THE STORY OF JOE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

(Concluded.)

April 27. — Joe is out of immediate danger ; likely to live, they think. To-day, Wilson went to work again. He has paid his debt to me, which has answered its purpose of giving him an immediate object for honest work ; and now Ferguson's bill will do the same for a while. Indeed, Ferguson only consented to send it in for this purpose, and because Wilson's growing self-respect ought to be encouraged.

April 30. — Joe better. I asked Wilson to-day where Joe got his name. He answered, "*Her* name were Josy, — sumthin', sumthin' long ; an' I used ter call her Josy."

May 4. — Joe bears his hospital-life with wonderful patience. He has not quite got over turning his head away when strangers look at him ; and, for a time, the change from being seen by no one but his father and me was very trying : but he is much surprised and pleased at the considerate kindness of all around him ; and he keeps in any complaint he feels inclined to utter, that he may hear Dr. Wilkie tell his father at night how quiet and brave his son has been all day. Wilson comes for an hour every night, after work.

May 6. — Wilson has paid his debts : but he wants to give me the money he earns, to keep for him ; and I shall take it, till I can propose a bank without frightening him. Ferguson has told him that Joe may need remedies and comforts by and by, which will cost a good deal ; and Wilson is determined to save money, that he may get them.

May 8. — I have taken little Ernest with me to the hospital several times lately ; and he and Joe have struck up a great friendship. The other day, as I came back for Ernest, I overheard this dialogue : —

ERNEST. — "Joe, I guess you don't think as much of your father as I do of mine."

JOE (indignantly). — "I guess I do! Why not, young un?"

ERNEST (with shocked and impressive tone). — "You call him — dad!"

JOE. — "Don't you never call your father so?"

ERNEST. — "In a frolic, perhaps; but in real earnest, before folks, oh! I wouldn't do it for — any thing!"

JOE. — "Why not?"

ERNEST (with renewed impressiveness). — "Because it's dis-re-spect-able!"

Here I appeared, and packed off Ernest; Joe catching at me to ask anxiously what "dis, dis" — "respectful?" suggested I. "Yes; I guess so: that's near enough. What do that mean?"

I gave a slight explanation; and I find to-day that our young gentleman's lecture was effective. Wilson was puzzled, and evidently pleased also, at finding himself addressed as *father*; and he laughed tremendously when I repeated this conversation to him in private.

March 13. — Joe has been at the hospital about three weeks. The severe remedies which they have to use keep him very weak, but have relieved the acute pain in his back; and now they are beginning to build him up again.

Wilson went straight for some time, but lately has had a spree, which made him unfit to appear at the hospital for several days: and that fact brought him to his senses; for he could not get along without seeing Joe. He showed much remorse on finding how Joe had suffered from his absence, and vows it shall not happen again.

The evening is his time of temptation; but I hope he is now provided with something to do that will keep him at home then. Joe has often expressed his great desire to learn to read; and I found, by what he said to-day, that his father knew how: so, this afternoon, I went to the cabinet-maker's where Wilson works, and saw him. I tried him on a newspaper, and found, that, though he stumbled over nearly half the words, he could make out the sense, with some guessing, and at least knew the letters well enough to teach them to

Joe: so I proposed it to him. He was astonished and tickled at the idea, but doubted his own powers. I told him he might begin, and teach as much as he knew; and then — “then, mebbe, I can larn enough in the evenin’s to larn him more next day,” cried he. I assured him that he could, and offered to choose a primer for him, as he said he wanted a “great big A B C” to begin with; and he proudly told me to be sure to buy it out of *his* money!

May 14. — Wilson has begun his lessons. It would be hard to tell whether father or son enjoys it most.

May 31. — Have been housed myself for some time, but have heard from Joe almost daily, through Ferguson or some of the family. Ernest has often been with his mother to see him, and, of late, has been teaching him some of his little child’s hymns, for which Joe was just ready. But to-day he sent me word, through Ernest, that he wished I would write him a hymn for his own self! The innocent children! they think it no more to ask than an every-day note. I mournfully recall what Henry Ware, himself saint and poet, said to a friend once: “People seem to consider writing a hymn the easiest of literary feats, when it is just the most difficult.” I fully sympathize with him. Still, I hate to refuse Joe any thing; and I know that the fact of its being written “a purpose for me” will weigh more with him than literary qualities: so I shall do what I can.

The following is “Joe’s Hymn,” written by my brother in answer to this request, and henceforth Joe’s favorite: —

Father, hear my earnest prayer;
Teach, oh! teach me how to bear:
Patient, gentle would I be,
Trusting for my strength to thee.

Jesus hath not shown in vain
How to meet all grief and pain:
Thinking of his broken grave,
Shall my heart grow still and brave.

For he rose to show the way
To the land of endless day:
We shall bear the cross no more
There, where he has gone before.

But while here on earth I stay,
Through long night and weary day,
Father, hear my hearty prayer ;
Teach, oh ! teach me how to bear.

Sept. 3. — I have made no record as to the Wilsons through the summer ; for these other cases have taken all my writing-time, and there has been nothing new as to them.

Joe has been at the hospital until this week, when he has gone back to his father. He is much better as to pain, though he must always suffer ; and he can never raise himself erect again. He can drag himself round the room with crutches, but no farther ; and the motion of my carriage, even my hand-wagon, is intolerable to him : so he is really a prisoner for life. He knows it, and takes it as simply as he has learnt to take every thing. "All God's work," as he whispers to me sometimes.

Wilson has got through the summer well, with fewer relapses than we feared ; helped by the fact, that his comrades of the ring have been off on a fighting jaunt to other cities. I suppose the restraint he has been under often, while in training for a fight, has made the control of his appetites less strange to him than it is to many poor fellows.

Sept. 18. — Joe is rather beyond his father's teaching now, though Wilson has studied in the evenings to good purpose : so we have got a teacher for him. It is a young man named Heath, who needs help, not charity. He is not strong enough for any hard work, and gets a poor support by giving writing-lessons, to which he is glad to add a couple of hours daily with Joe. Wilson himself pays for this with huge satisfaction.

Sept. 24. — Trouble in prospect for the Wilsons. Jack is bent on joining in some prize-fights which are to take place this autumn. He thinks it is only for the sake of winning the purse offered, to use it for Joe : but we can all see that the old brutal nature, so long subdued by remorse and anxiety, is stirring again ; and we fear it is the beginning

of hard times for Joe. The poor boy has found his father's determination too strong to be moved by his entreaties : so he has given up all outward opposition ; but he looks pale and unhappy. As he has at last broken himself of telling lies to hide his father's faults, he does not deny that this pains him ; but he does not blame him to any of us, and tries to hope for the best.

Sept. 29. — The Wilsons' affairs going on badly. Jack is, of course, thrown constantly among his old associates, has quitted work, and is going from bad to worse. We fear he is cross to Joe ; but Joe never complains. He has improved marvellously as to controlling his temper ; but his very silence and patience are tacit reproofs, which irritate his father the more because consciously deserved.

Oct. 8. — Ferguson came in early with bad news from the Wilsons. He had been sent for in the night, and found Joe very sick. Harry and I hurried down, found him delirious, and his father unable to speak, or look up at us.

Mrs. Conelly told us what had happened. It seems Wilson has been worse than we knew lately. He was out the whole of night before last, getting Joe worked up into a terrible nervous condition ; then came home a little drunk, and very savage. Joe at last lost his temper, and answered sharply ; and father and son had a terrible quarrel. It ended in Jack's rushing out, swearing at Joe ; and he did not come back till late last night. He was very drunk then ; and, after he had staggered up to his room, Mrs. Conelly heard him going on in a way which alarmed her, and she stole to the door. He was accusing Joe of having driven him away, — driven him to damnation ; and finally, in his drunken fury, enraged at Joe's silence, he struck him, and pulled him out of bed. That brought back Joe's old terrible pain ; and Wilson was sobered by his son's falling senseless on the floor.

This injury, coming after such suspense and excitement, was too much for Joe ; and, when he came to himself, it was in the delirium of fever. Ferguson had been there most of

the night, and said Jack had not spoken, or stirred from his crouching posture behind the bed, — only shuddering sometimes when Joe's moans rose to piteous entreaties to his "daddy" not to kill him. He roused himself at last, when he was needed to hold Joe; and, in spite of our anger, we could not but pity him heartily when we saw his wretched, haggard face. I find he spent yesterday in drinking, fighting, and finally gambling; and gambled away more money than he has in the world.

Oct. 20. — Sick myself since last date. Joe's fever yielded sooner than we feared. When he first became sensible, Jack left the room, and was unwilling to come back: but Ferguson got him to the door, and he heard poor Joe taking to himself the accusation of having made home uncomfortable for his father, and driven him away; and wondering sadly whether he would ever forgive him, and come back. They were quickly together then.

Wilson has been a most faithful nurse; but such risks must not be run any longer. Joe's friends, Ferguson at the head, held a council in my room to-day, and decided that Wilson could not be trusted with Joe, unless he could give us some security for his good conduct.

Oct. 21. — Cannot quit my lounge yet: so sent for Wilson here, and had a long and painful interview with him. He was angry for a few moments at the idea of Joe's being taken from him; but he is too thoroughly contrite to continue so. He checked himself, and acknowledged the justice of all Joe's friends had decided, but broke out into vehement entreaties for one more trial. It was pitiful to see that great, proud creature so humiliated.

He confessed, what he has been unwilling to believe before, that, if he went with his old companions, he was not able to resist their temptations; and that he must be much with them, if he went at all into his old way of life. Then came the question: —

"Will you give up Joe? or give up at once and for ever all your old pursuits and associates?"

The gray head was bowed, the strong frame shook: he felt

in those silent moments the full bitterness of the wrench from evil to good. The drops stood on his forehead, and his voice was broken; when he looked up, and said, —

“I can’t lose Joe.” Then, more steadily, “I’ll give up every thing else; but I cannot give up my son.”

So it is settled. They are to quit that neighborhood, and Jack is to stop his perilous experiment of seeing how near the edge he can walk without falling. In his old age he is to begin a new life, and he does not know how to pray! This struggle must force it from him; for human strength is not enough to carry out what human love dictates.

Oct. 28. — Ferguson and Harry and our women-folks have all been at work for the Wilsons indefatigably, and have made great progress. They have found and fitted up two good rooms in a respectable neighborhood, far from Wilson’s old haunts; and to-day Joe was put under the influence of ether, and carried there. Wonderfully enough, he had received no serious harm, and his fever did not last long; but it has left him so weak, that Ferguson did not want to move him yet, but was driven to it by the intrusion of Jack’s old friends, who worried Joe, and put him back.

Wilson has had to withdraw all the money I had for him to pay those gambling debts; and, as that was not enough, he is hard at work, earning money for the rest. Some of his remaining creditors were so troublesome to Joe, that we have paid them off, and let Wilson owe only to me, nominally; though Harry’s purse supplied the money.

Nov. 27. — First time I have been allowed to go anywhere. Went to see Joe. It seemed strange to both of us; for we had not expected to meet again “while in the body pent.” We both have enough to live for; though, if it is His will, we should wait. Wilson is struggling bravely.

Nov. 29. — Saw Joe again, — looking happy as a king, — propped up in his wooden support, with his *scholars* about him! He has long been anxious to do something for his own support; but all mechanical tasks required a constant motion of the hands, which exhausted him. He was beginning to feel his helplessness as the hardest part of his burden: so our

workers took hold, and have actually set him up at school-teaching!

The house is at the entrance of a court, where respectable poor people live; and, as both Wilson and Joe like children, the "lame man's room" soon became a favorite resort for the little people: and now Joe is teaching them to read and spell, and their parents pay him something for it; a tiny sum, to be sure; but the feeling that he is earning something has done wonders for Joe already. Then the occupation is good for him; and, as Heath is still teaching him, we hope his day is not very long or lonely; at least, when his pain does not stop these pleasant pursuits. Wilson earns most by working all day at a yard: but he spends every spare moment at home; and, while he is gone, the woman occupying the rest of the house (a Mrs. Wilson, but no relation of theirs) looks after Joe's few wants.

Dec. 5. — While I was sitting with Joe this morning, we heard a noise in the back room, as if somebody were performing a cross between a break-down and a fight. Neither of us could quite command our faces as Joe said, —

"I guess father's trying to pray!"

At Joe's entreaty, I went in, and found Wilson (who had not known I was there) stamping about in a state of great excitement and heat. He looked shame-faced for a moment, then ejaculated, —

"I vow! this 'ere talkin' to sum un yer never seed, an' can't see, beats all! It's wuss than fitin' a feller in the dark."

Poor Jack! — he will be one of the violent, who take the kingdom by storm: he cannot imagine accomplishing any thing except by main force. When I reminded him how he begged me to let Joe stay with him, and asked him whether it would have stopped him if I had shut myself up in another room, out of sight, but where he knew I could hear him, it seemed to give him a new idea. I feel sure, that, in his uncouth fashion, he does send up sincere prayers.

Dec. 10 (Sunday). — Several Sundays, lately, I have had a glimpse of Wilson lurking in the chapel porch. To-day,

just before service, I made a rush out there, and coaxed a group of shy creatures, who were hanging round ashamed to be seen, to come in and take seats; and, after church, Wilson's strong arm helped me to go round by his home. As Joe and I talked, Wilson sat by his son's side; and it was touching to see his wistful look, turning from one to the other as we spoke; and when Joe told me, joyously, that his father liked to hear him read the Bible every day now, and say hymns, he said, in a humble, patient way, —

"I can't understand more'n one word in ten, yit: but I likes it; an' I think o' what yer said ter Joe oncet, — that, ef we did what we knew, we'd know what to do. So I think mebbe I'll know more bym-by."

I surely never put "the substance of the whole matter" into such a compact form as that, old Jack! But thankful am I, if any thing I ever said has given him that blessed idea. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

[After this, the records have no special interest until July, — a year and a half later. — H. 1.]

July 21. — Wilson had a sun-stroke yesterday, and was carried home insensible. He has revived to-day; but at his age, and after such a life, it will probably prove fatal.

July 27. — Wilson lingers on, but is sinking day by day; and both he and Joe know it. Joe's faith meets it bravely. Wilson is very silent, but listens eagerly to all that is said or read; and to-day, in answer to a question of mine, he said, humbly and reverently, —

"I don't dare to think o' the past. He knows I'm sorry for it all; an' as fur what's ter come, I kin trust God. He says he'll be merciful, an' I know he will be to Josy an' me."

July 29. — It has been a real trial to Wilson that he never could remember a Bible-verse or a hymn, however much he liked it; and, during his sickness, he has grieved more than ever over this result of a neglected, abused body and mind. When I went into the room to-day, he almost raised himself up, his eyes burning with excitement, and cried, —

"Mr. Ray, I've larnt one verse: I kin remember one verse, an' I likes it best o' the whole Bible." Then knitting his brows, and putting all his strength to it, he repeated slowly, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

When Joe and I could speak, we gave him the promise he asked, that this should be put over his grave. After his excitement passed off, he fell into a sort of lethargy, and was in that state when I left.

July 30.—Ferguson has been in to tell us of Wilson's death. He lay in that lethargy till toward midnight; when he roused enough to know Joe, and speak to him. He repeated that verse he loves, several times, earnestly; whispering, "I'm a-sayin' it for your mother too, Joe." But presently his voice faltered; he could not finish; and, toward morning, his heavy breathing died away.

Aug. 1.—We laid Wilson to-day in the little country church-yard, close beside Josy; and have placed one stone for both graves, with their names, and "God be merciful to me, a sinner." To that infinite mercy we can leave them fearlessly.

Aug. 2.—Joe enters on his lonely life, resting on that strength which is sufficient. I sat long with him to-day; and it humbled me to find him still looking up to me as one who can teach him, while he has long been my teacher in patient trust. In this, our time of bereavement, we are all learning resignation from him.

As this journal is meant for a charity-record, it is not the place for my friend Joe; and I shall write no more about him here. In many ways has his case been a blessed one to me: in none more than in showing, that what I looked on, at the opening of my ministry, as my greatest impediment, might sometimes be a help; opening a way where the comeliness I crave would be of no avail.

[The journal, therefore, contains no more about Joe; but the story of his life is finished by the following extract from a letter written by my brother to his nephew, about six years after the last date.]

JAN. 26.

DEAR ERNEST, — After our last letter, you will not be surprised to hear that Joe died yesterday. I know it will grieve you not to have seen him again ; but it was a mercy to have such severe pain end so soon. He spoke of you often, saying he wanted to see you, but could not want to live as long as till your return. He said " Bobby " was to be yours : so we have brought the cage home, and hung it in the play-room window ; and I hear the little creature singing merrily while I write of his master's death, as if he knew enough to rejoice with us at his freedom from suffering.

How sorely we shall all miss him, though ! That cheerful room, so filled with his spirit of content and child-like trust ! — many and many a time have I rested body and soul there, and gone on my way wiser and stronger.

Much as I knew of the good he had done to his scholars and to others, I am surprised now, as it is revealed, how many people, young and old, he has found means to reach and help from his apparently helpless confinement.

Your father watched with him the last night, and I was with him all day. He was able to talk a little, and was thankful to be so near home. Your mother and Grace came in the morning, and sang for him ; and, when they went, he pressed their hands, and whispered, " Thank you for all." A little later he spoke to Ferguson and to me, and sent " good-by " to some friends, especially to you ; and added, smiling, " It's only good-by for the present." Ferguson was called away : and, when we were alone, Joe said to me, " I wish you were coming too ; but you will come in God's time ;" and then, his face lighting up, " There's no cross there, Mr. Ray, — no cross any more ; and we shall see Christ." In a few moments, while we were still alone together, there came a sharp, short struggle, and he laid down his cross for ever.

" It is one of the besetting sins of men, to desire to separate truth from goodness ; to strive after salvation by faith alone. The belief in the saving power of faith is not confined to the sects that hold it as a dogma, but is one of the most common traits in the mind of man : he is ever fancying that he shall finally be saved by the good thoughts he entertains, though his life be far from exemplifying them."

P E A C E.

"Then shall we have peace, — sweet, blessed, perpetual peace." — *The closing words of the 1st letter of the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller.*

E'EN as he spake, "sweet, blessed Peace"
The olive wreath was twining,
That would so soon around his brow
A martyr's crown be shining,

"Sweet, blessed peace perpetual,"
With purity combining,
And freedom's priceless gift to all, —
For this his soul was pining.

Peace had he brought our wounded braves
In the rude barracks lying;
To heavenly peace had pointed them
In battle nobly dying.

Ever amid the storm of war,
Purely though faintly shining,
He caught those gleams which show to faith
The war-cloud's "silver lining."

He felt that in no human hand
Was placed our country's keeping:
A "Peace, be still!" above the storm,
His Lord was surely speaking.

Sadly and wearily we wait
A gleam of peace first dawning:
To him, from midnight clouds, burst forth
The calm, eternal morning.

LUCILLA.

SERVE God before the world: let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heaven.

A LEAF FROM OUR ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE THIRD RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF DORCHESTER, JULY 12, 1863, BY JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

GAL. v. 1: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

It is now fifty years since this religious society was formed. Through the varying labors and fortunes of fifty years, it has been vindicating its right to a name and a place among the permanent and beneficent Christian institutions of the land. Your beloved and honored pastor had looked forward with desire to the commemoration of this anniversary. When he found that his strength and life on earth must cease before this day had come, with the thoughtful consideration for the future which was so characteristic of him, he asked that the anniversary might be observed, and intimated a wish that I should stand in his place. The intimation of a wish on his part, under such circumstances, would have the weight and the authority of a command with me. In obedience to that command, I now stand before you; and, in speaking as the occasion requires of controversies whose angry surgings murmur to us from the past, I trust that I shall be betrayed into no tone of thought or speech which can throw even a momentary shadow over his gentle and loving spirit, if he should now be with us in this house consecrated to us all by his labors and his prayers, by the life which he lived, and the solemn funeral services which here shed their tearful and fragrant benediction upon his memory.

There is a special significance in the act by which this Third Religious Society in Dorchester was established. In the liberty which the Congregational churches of New England enjoyed during the latter half of the last century, there was room for free and earnest investigations, for a wide diversity of opinion on the greatest of all subjects, and for the most animated and friendly discussions on points in which they were irrevocably opposed to one another, by ministers who

were, nevertheless, contented to live together as brethren. They closed their warmest controversies with prayers, which showed that they were united in heart, however divided they might be in opinion; and they who had differed most widely in their discussions often closed their interview by agreeing upon an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday. Sometimes men of that day, like Dr. West of Dartmouth and Dr. Styles of Newport, would meet at the house of a common friend, half-way between the two places; and in the earnestness of their controversy become so deeply absorbed, that the morning sun would rise upon them before their talk was ended.

Those were great times. The profoundest subjects were discussed with a breadth and closeness of thought, and an extent of theological learning, which, I fear, can hardly be found among us now. And the beauty of it was, that they separated as brethren. They knew that they were laboring in the same cause; and were glad to interchange pulpits, and to help one another in their works. Perhaps our Revolutionary War, which united them all on the same side in the desperate contest they were waging for civil liberty, made them guard with a more sacred reverence the religious liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But when the war was over, and there were no dangers from a foreign enemy to alarm our people, some of the more rigid among them began to be afraid lest the liberty which they had allowed and enjoyed on religious subjects should lead to licentiousness of thought, and be permitted privily to undermine the very foundations of religious truth. And not without some show of reason were they thus alarmed. The breaking-up of all religious institutions, associations, and opinions, in the French Revolution, gave just ground of uneasiness and apprehension to the thoughtful and devout men of that day. They did not see, as we may now, that it was not too much liberty then, but too severe a yoke of despotism and slavery preceding those times, which had caused the volcanic upheaval and bursting-asunder of all established institutions, customs, and beliefs at that appalling epoch.

Thus it happened, that, early in the present century, some of our ablest ministers holding Calvinistic opinions began to grow restless and dissatisfied under the existing order of things. They saw the most promising young men drawn away into what seemed to them dangerous opinions, by the exercise of what seemed to them a fatal liberty of thought.

The danger undoubtedly existed; but how was it to be met? By profounder thought, on their part, to confute and overthrow what was false; by lives of more entire religious consecration and fidelity, that, by the beauty of Christian love and holiness, they might win to Christ the hearts of the young, and extend his authority over them. But with scholars so accomplished as Kirkland, or as Andrews Norton (who was then just entering on his course of thorough and logical investigation); with lives so holy and winning as those of Buckminster and Channing and Thatcher; with thinkers so exact and profound as Dr. Samuel West (then closing his labors) and Henry Ware; with philanthropists so full of self-sacrifice and devotion as Noah Worcester, or so fervent in spirit as Joseph Tuckerman; with a flood of new enthusiasm on the side of religious freedom, breaking out in such appeals to reason and conscience as have seldom come from the pulpit in any age of the world, — what could be done to stay the progress of that fatal error which was recommended by the very virtues and Christian graces of its ministers?

To those wise men there seemed but one way of stemming the torrent; and that was to build a dam strong enough to stop the river. They at first consulted together, and agreed privately to prepare the way for revising their creeds, and imposing additional articles of faith as a condition of membership in ministerial associations. In sagacity and determination, with the practical shrewdness and perseverance by which such measures are to be managed and carried through, the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was probably the leading man of those days. But he found great opposition among those who agreed with him in their religious opinions. These were decided Calvinists, who nevertheless upheld the cause of religious liberty, even in behalf of those who differed from

themselves. Of these ministers there was no abler man, and no one who exercised a greater influence on the side of religious liberty, than the Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Medford. An extract from an unpublished letter written by him, and dated June 3, 1803, will give a better insight into these matters than any general remarks that I can make : —

“It is true,” he says, “as you observe, that there is some of the old leaven still among us. A few weeks preceding the late Convention of Congregational Ministers at Boston, my good neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Morse, proposed to me, as a matter which a number of our brethren were desirous of having brought forward at said convention, the choosing of a committee to revise our platform, that there might be more order and uniformity in our church affairs. I asked, in reply, —

“‘Have you not read my Dudleian Sermon?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘You then know that I have put down all councils, creeds, platforms, &c., *in toto*, reserving nothing but the Bible as the sole guide for all Christian churches, and to each individual church the privilege of interpreting the Bible for itself.’ . . .

“Here the conversation ended; and we did not meet again till seated in convention, when he came, and, sitting down by me, whispered in my ear, —

“‘Will you be one of the committee?’

“‘The committee for what?’

“‘Why, you know what I mentioned to you some time since about revising the platform.’

“‘Brother Morse, if you bring forward that business, I will grind you to powder.’

“He instantly left me, and, I believe, the convention; for I do not recollect seeing or hearing him afterwards in the meeting. Perhaps there has not been a convention here before, since he has been a member of their body, in which he has had so little to do as at the late one. He is, for the most part, wonderfully busy on those occasions; always devising what he considers as good things. But I can easily conceive, that from the same disposition in the pastors of the second, third, and fourth centuries, might originate those hierarchies, which, down to this day, continue to tyrannize over a great part of Christendom.”

Failing in their attempt to impose the test of a severer creed on our Ministerial Associations, the next plan of these men was to accomplish the same end by means of a more private and personal character, and to refuse ministerial intercourse with those of their brethren who differed from them in their theological opinions. The movement in this direction caused the formation of this society.

In 1808, Mr. John Codman was settled over the Second Congregational Society in Dorchester. He was a man of family, of wealth, and of a genial, kindly disposition, and of strict Calvinistic principles. A majority of his people differed from him in opinion; but, having been brought up in those times of Christian liberty, they made little account of this. They talked with him freely on the subject, and understood what his opinions were. But, in their anxiety to preserve the liberty of the church, they got from him, as they supposed, a pledge that he would exchange with the neighboring ministers whom they had been accustomed to hear. William Ellery Channing, who was then, as afterwards, a most eloquent and powerful advocate of liberal opinions, was chosen by Mr. Codman to preach his ordination-sermon. But soon his parishioners were grieved to see that Mr. Codman's exchanges were confined to men of a severely Calvinistic stamp. They remonstrated. He rejoined with a considerable degree of sharpness. An angry controversy ensued: two councils were called, and twice the society voted that the connection between them and their pastor was dissolved. Scenes almost of personal violence were enacted in the church, on Sunday, by the opposing parties, for the possession of the pulpit. The result of the conflict was, that most of the disaffected members, with the consent of those who remained, seceded from the Second Parish, and formed "The Third Religious Society in Dorchester." It was not that they differed in opinion from their pastor; they did not deny that it was both his right and his duty to preach what he believed to be true: but they did object to the new restraints that were put upon the liberty of the Congregational churches in New England, and the freedom of ministerial exchanges.

This was the first instance, I believe, in which extreme measures were resorted to, and a new society established on the ground of Christian liberty. As in all controversies of the kind, bitter personal animosities were mingled with the sense of wrong, and excited in the defence of what was regarded as a great religious truth. Neighborhoods were divided and cut up into religious factions; members of the same household were turned against one another. It was years before the wounds received in that theological warfare were healed; and even now, when hardly more than one man who took part in the controversy survives, it would not be difficult to kindle at least a temporary glow of indignation by drawing together the coals which still survive in the ashes of that exhausted controversy.

A needful work was accomplished. Honor to the brave and earnest men by whom it was done! The actors on both sides have passed on to the higher tribunal, where the cause that is ill judged here shall be judged again, and where those who have here looked upon each other as enemies of God, may, to their mutual surprise and joy, find themselves united together in the same great community of souls, among the ransomed of the Lord.

The first public meeting of this society, of which an account is preserved in its records, was held on the 6th of May, 1813. On the 16th of December, 1816, an invitation was given to Mr. Thomas Prentiss to become their pastor. Mr. Prentiss declined the invitation; influenced, as he said, in part, by a fear that the salary of \$800 might be inadequate to his "exigencies in such a situation." Mr. Prentiss was soon after settled in Charlestown, where he remained but a short time before he died, leaving a name long held in grateful and loving remembrance. The other candidate at the time, who received eight of the forty-three votes then cast, was Samuel Gilman, who, in a ministry of more than forty years in Charleston, S.C., showed himself to be a man of rare ability, a scholar of unusual accomplishments, and a minister honored alike for his Christian virtues, graces, and attainments.

On the 30th of April, 1817, Rev. Edward Richmond, D.D.,

was unanimously invited to become their pastor; and he was installed here June 27, 1817. He remained in that office sixteen years; when, May 13, 1833, he sent in his resignation, on account of his inability, from a paralytic affection, to perform the duties of his office. He was a man of blameless life. I remember to have heard him preach once, in the old church, now Richmond Hall, thirty-two years ago last Sunday. To a stranger, his personal appearance was not prepossessing. There was some difficulty of utterance. But the impression made upon me, then a college-student, was one not easily to be effaced, — of an upright, scholarly, Christian man, who would always do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. I do not know how much of this feeling may have come from what I afterwards heard of him; but I cannot recall him, as he appeared to me the only time that I ever saw him, without feeling as if there were a pathos and gentleness embodied in his presence, reaching out through his life, and pervading the calm and lucid sentences which he uttered. He died April 20, 1842, — nearly eight years after he left the parish; and I have never heard him spoken of here by those who knew him, except in terms of kindness and respect.

His successor, Mr. Francis Cunningham, who had graduated at Harvard University, with the highest honors of his class, in 1824, — a man of refined tastes, and a scholar of rare attainments, — was unanimously chosen April 10, 1834, and ordained on the 21st of the following month. After a ministry of eight years, he asked to be relieved from the pastoral office; and accordingly ceased to be the minister of the society Sept. 1, 1842.

During his ministry, this commodious and costly church was built. It was dedicated Oct. 28, 1840.

The 22d of December, 1842, Mr. Richard Pike was unanimously chosen as his successor; and was ordained Feb. 8, 1843. From his letter of acceptance, I should judge that he entered on his labors with chastened expectations, and with a smaller desire and hope of external success than of spiritual advancement among his people.

"I promise," he said, "to do what I can to promote the important objects for which you are united together as a religious body. I shall devote to the advancement of your spiritual interests what strength and wisdom I possess. I bring to you an ardent love for the profession in which I am to labor, and the result of a religious experience, which, I trust, will be of no small advantage to me in my ministrations to you.

"So far as the outward prosperity of your society is concerned, I beg that you will not expect too much as the result of this connection. Your society, now small, must remain so for some time to come. A slow growth is the most healthful; and such a growth is all that I dare hope. Your growth, as a religious body, in righteousness, in all the Christian graces and virtues, I shall ever esteem of much greater importance."

These were the feelings with which he entered on his sacred office, and pledged himself to the fulfilment of its duties. How faithfully the pledge was redeemed, with what meekness of wisdom, with what gentle perseverance, with what unremitting industry, with what careful and painstaking thought, with what simplicity and godly sincerity, he had his daily walk and conversation among you for twenty years, is too deeply impressed upon you, and too closely inwoven with your holiest purposes and affections, to be spoken of by me.

I have quoted from his earliest communication to you; and how affectingly are these words of youthful promise confirmed by his last "New-Year's" greeting, sent to you from the threshold of eternity, when its serene and solemn light was already breaking upon him! —

"I precede you into the other world, because my work here on earth is done. . . . Very dear have you been to me as a people. . . . My heart goes out towards you this day. I feel that the ties of the relationship which has so long existed between us can never be sundered.

"We have entered upon a new year together. Another new year! An eternal one seems to be dawning for me. . . . I have said farewell to you: but I say not farewell for ever and for ever; for I hope and I expect to meet you in the other world, if I am not permitted to in this."

What more shall we say? Let not your pastor be disappointed in this, his last and his most earnest and inspiring hope.

Fifty years have passed away. They who, in troubled days, laid the foundations of this society in defence of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, years since have rested from their labors. The names which appear most frequently in your early records—Edmund Baker, Thomas Crehore, Benjamin Fuller, and Stephen Pierce, with those of their zealous co-workers, Edmund Tileston, Mark Hollingsworth, and others, whom the time would fail me to mention—are some of them almost unknown, perhaps, to the younger members of this society. They labored: you have entered into their labors. And through the fifty years, with only a slight notice of what they have done, here and there on your records are the holy and devout women, not a few, who persevered in their patience of hope, and labors of love, when the zeal of others was becoming cold, or their hands grew weary. By the fidelity of their lives, the sweetness of their affections, the fervor of their prayers, the ministry now as of unseen spirits in your behalf,—all these of whom I have spoken commit to you this ark of God, and ask you with pure minds and humble hearts and willing hands to bear it on to the generations which shall come after you.

You have repaired and adorned these walls. Let the work you have done here be the emblem of souls renewed in the spirit of God, and adorned in the beauty of his holiness. So may many and prosperous days await you! So may your pleasant and solemn gatherings continue to be blessed to you in this place consecrated by ministers and servants of Christ, by men and women who have endeared themselves to you as only the devout and holy can do! May precious and saintly memories from the past mingle with the hopes that lead you on! In the parting words of that dear brother, now one of the cloud of heavenly witnesses who compass you about; in the words of that dear brother, at whose request I stand here to-day,—“May the year you now enter upon be a year in which you shall have a richer experience than ever before of

the Father's love, of the grace which the Saviour came to impart, and of the communion with the Father and the Son in the Holy Spirit!" May this, his parting benediction, be with you all, now and for evermore!

THE SEEN, TEMPORAL; THE UNSEEN, ETERNAL.

Hush, gentle friends! the jocund laugh, the half-formed jest,
forego;

Let tender Charity suppress the spirit's sparkling flow:
They enter at the door whose hearts are bowed with speechless
woe!

O trembling, aching, patient hearts, whom the dear Lord hath
blest

To bear the sharp nails of the cross that pierced his sacred
breast!

To eyes that look beyond the veil, ye seem not so oppress.

These sombre robes, that tell a tale your lips could ne'er have
told,

To us seem written o'er and o'er with syllables of gold;
Some gracious promise shining out from every sable fold.

These forms that droop so wearily, these faces pale and sad,
Above them, circling hand in hand, with motions free and glad,
A group of cherub angels float, in shining raiment clad!

And — thanks to Him whose sacrifice makes all submission sweet;
Who died on Calvary for us, his martyrdom complete;
Then trampled Death, victorious, beneath his kingly feet —

We know the hour of joy supreme comes on for all apace,
When eyes that weep beloved ones shall see them face to face,
And hearts that yearn shall clasp them close in a long, long em-
brace!

E. D. H.

A DAY AT ANNAPOLIS.

I NEVER could tell why, but I have all my life desired to visit Annapolis. Something that I read in geography or history at school, some little thing, had made a lodgement in my memory; and I had tried many times to bring it within the compass of my wanderings, deterred always by the assertion of one and another, that it was a dull old place, with nothing whatever to repay the time a visit would occupy.

The opportunity at last came, in my desire to see for myself the condition of our men who had been returned from the Richmond prisons, and of whom the most incredible tales were told. I found Annapolis quaint and old and calm; a most respectable air of self-sustained dignity about it; a waif from the past, rather than a thing of the present. The enclosure within which the State buildings stand forms a sort of hub, from which the streets radiate toward the outskirts of the town. The railway, and every appliance of engine and of car, the country through which it passed, the people we saw and travelled with, all seemed of the same stamp; and, more than once, I wished myself going anywhere but to Annapolis.

A slow and tedious ride, of not more than thirty miles from the "Junction," brought us into the identical depot which Gen. Butler had broken open, in which was found the engine which helped to make historic the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. Take a respectable wood-shed on any farmer's premises, and you have the depot at Annapolis, on a bit of by-street, with nothing in the world to show, in or on its exterior, that it is not a wood-shed. The city, except in the venerable appearance of its buildings,—a certain aristocratic savor of the olden time investing the humbler as well as the more costly,—has nothing to commend it; and yet how a little antiquity in this very new world will commend any thing!

The Naval School at Annapolis is beautifully located on the banks of the Severn, and covers a space, and consists of a num-

ber and variety of buildings, far greater than I had supposed. Being there for a wholly different purpose, I forgot to note the number, or ask any questions about what I saw within the enclosure. I do remember one thing, — that there, just as I find it everywhere, I saw a small flag hanging over a door, with the magic words, "*Sanitary Commission*." That Good Samaritan, which never passes by any wounded or half-dead ; which has a marvellous ubiquity as well as persistence ; which has not only been under fire again and again, but in its zeal has so pressed forward as to be ordered back from the very front, — was here too, to advise and to aid. All the buildings are now hospitals ; having, at the time of my visit, nine hundred patients. I had letters to the surgeon in charge : but it is a maxim of mine, never to intrude upon a man of cares in his business-hours, if it can be avoided ; and so I preferred to run my chance of seeing and knowing some other way. The sentry at the gate placed his musket before me : but I happened to know the name of the lady matron ; and, asking for her at a venture, was told that any one wishing to see her could pass. Getting a general direction, I finally succeeded in finding her quarters, only to be told that she was somewhere, going her morning rounds. A young officer whom I met courteously volunteered his assistance ; and, after some search, we succeeded in finding her. I gave her my name, and commenced an apology for intruding ; when she grasped me by the hand, and said, " Oh ! I know who you are, and I am right glad to see you ; " and immediately took me across the large quadrangle to her sitting-room, and, while awaiting some one for whom she had sent, let me a little into her history. She was a lady of Baltimore ; and it was she, who on that night of terror, after the massacre in Pratt Street, went to the station where the wounded men were lying, — disregarding the threats of some, the entreaties of others, and the assurance of the police that the men were well cared for, — found them lying on benches or the floor, covered with blood, with wounds undressed, and finally prevailed on the police to take them to her house in a furniture-wagon she had provided ; while she drove on in a carriage,

got rooms and beds ready, took in and watched over those men till they were fit to be sent home: this at a time when to do so was no mere work of charity, but of positive danger. I had known the facts before, and they are worthy a high place in the annals of female heroism and charity. I found she intended giving herself up to me for the present, and proposed the grand rounds. We looked in at the various kitchens for general and for sick diet, the common dining-hall, and the store-rooms; and every thing spoke well for the place. In the drawing-room of the commodore's house, I got my first glimpse at Richmond prisoners, — fine-looking fellows, each with a small table before him, and his dinner upon it. I expressed some surprise at finding them appearing so well. They replied, that they had been in hospital, and the men who had been sick had not fared so badly as the well men on Belle Isle. Moreover, they said, that, when any officer was placed over them who had been a prisoner in our hands, the rigor of their captivity was perceptibly relaxed. They certainly were happy men, making themselves merry over their dinners, all of which they said they could not eat. A few weeks of such rations as they were then on must send them back to the field.

It was nearly three weeks since the prisoners had arrived. The worst cases had died. The deaths, for some time averaging three and five a day, were at this time reduced to about one. The men, on arriving, were the most piteous objects. They lay upon ship-board filthy with vermin and dirt: some of them were already dying; some of them could not tell their names or regiments; some had only a bit of bed-tick over their shoulders; others had their feet done up in rags; one hundred and twenty had no shoes. As the ladies pressed on board the boat with their stimulants, those strong enough to help themselves cried, "Do not come near us, ladies: we are covered with vermin!" One bright, brave boy, who lay in bed with two fingers torn from his hand by a shell, and who must lose his arm, though he did not know it, said, "I thought it was pretty rough, sir. It was a cold morning when I arrived at Annapolis; and they took me from the

boat, and stripped every thing off me on the green, and then washed me all over in cold water, and put me to bed; and that is the way they served them all." He would have to lose his arm, not from the wound, but from gangrene. Some rebel had tied it up so tight, and then left it untouched for days, that it had stopped all circulation; and when, at last, it was undone, it dropped useless by his side.

I was shown the worst cases still remaining. In a small room, there lay what I should have called a man of fifty. He was emaciated to the last degree; and there was a peculiar hue to his face which they all have. It looked like untanned leather. I have seen sad sights, but none sadder. That man of fifty was a *boy of seventeen!* He lay perfectly still, opened his eyes with difficulty, and barely spoke when spoken to; seemed hardly conscious, and, they said, really suffered but little. He was dying of starvation, — too far gone when he arrived to be raised by the stimulants which were his only nourishment now. The doctors had decided, from examinations, that there was no disease about these men; and the only special appearance of the vital organs was a peculiar mucous coating of the stomach, and the adhesion of the heart to its case. All of the sickest of them seemed stupefied, and not to realize their condition.

I next saw a man who was up, and could stagger about the room. He was six feet tall, and seemed merely a long, straight line. It was painful, while it was almost amusing, to see him try to hitch his trousers on to his hips. He seemed very anxious to talk, and was at my elbow wherever I went; but was so weak, that his articulation was like that of a stut-terer. They told me it was only stimulant that kept him up, and he must probably die.

In one of the hospital-tents in the lawn (these tents are used for the wounded, and are exceedingly comfortable) was a young man from the West, with a singularly fine face, who had just had his leg amputated a second time; it having been wretchedly done in Richmond. He had just got quiet, and seemed in a sweet sleep; but it was hardly to be hoped that he could rally. In another tent, not far, was one they thought

to be dying. As we entered, he slowly and indistinctly said, "Tell my mother!" — and that was all. He, too, was fearfully thin: and yet a strange strength seemed to possess him; for, having refused to take his pills, the ward-master had gone to the other end of the long tent, thinking he might break them up and give them to him in whiskey. Suddenly he perceived some one looking over his shoulder; and there was his dying patient, demanding of him what he did. To the evasive reply, he remarked, "I thought you might be trying to humbug me." Here, too, was a boy of not more than seventeen, totally blind. A shell had put out one eye; and the other had been torn from the socket, and had hung, he said, five days before being replaced. It had a natural look; but there was no sight in it. He seemed very patient, though his case was very sad. The men were exquisitely tender of him. He had enlisted at the West, but said he had a mother living at a certain number of a street in Philadelphia. Inquiry had been made, and answer brought while I was there, that no such person could be found. How were that mother and boy to come together again?

I must not forget one boy, with a broad, pleasant face. The matron said to him, "Show the gentleman your tongue." There were the fresh scars of long gashes on each side of it. His was said to have been the worst case of diphtheria ever seen. His tongue was so swollen, he had not swallowed for forty-eight hours. The matron had her suspicions that the surgeon in charge was at his wits' ends, and was going to let the man die. She went to the surgeon-in-chief, and asked him to happen into that room. The moment he saw him, he lanced his tongue in this fearful way, and saved him. He told the matron afterward, that, when the doctor came, he did not think any thing about him, but he *did think what a bad boy he had been*; and she said his penitence, and determination to reform, were very touching. He had been nearly five years in the regular army. He had evidently been what we call "a hard boy," but told me he should quit when his time was up. As I left him, I said I hoped he would soon be all right; "but take care of that tongue of yours, and

don't let it get you into mischief again." — "Indeed it shan't, sir," he replied, as he shook my hand, the tears starting to his eyes.

You ask me if the accounts of the sufferings at Richmond have not been exaggerated. I do not believe that anywhere within the annals of civilized warfare can any thing be found more wantonly and abominably barbarous than the treatment of our men at Richmond. I will not believe, that, two months after harvest, there is any necessity for what I read at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in a letter from Gen. Dow, or heard from these men. If they cannot give bread and clothing, they can give shelter: but even this is denied; and a slow torture is visited upon these suffering men, to which the torture of the savage is nothing. A returned surgeon at the Sanitary Rooms said he thought the rebels did as well as they could. This was the most favorable testimony. One man told me that the surgeon of his regiment, giving his name, remained on the field after the engagement (I have forgotten which), and administered to rebels as well as our men. In recognition of this, the rebel commander gave him a parole, assuring him it would be all right at Richmond. On presenting it at Richmond, the provost-marshal tore it in pieces, threw it in his face, and thrust him in prison! Another said that he saw a man on Belle Isle offer a guard five dollars for a loaf of bread. The guard refused. The man repeated the offer; and the guard raised his rifle, and deliberately blew his brains out! The men were not only covered with vermin, but said that the ground at Belle Isle was a moving mass. A man had been injured in both hands, so that he could not use them. He had a long, close beard, which he again and again begged might be cut. This was refused; and, upon his release, his face was found to be eaten to the bone! One man said to me, "When I first came here, I used to dread going to sleep, for fear I should wake up in Richmond;" while another said, that, for a long time, he felt that it was only a dream.

I have never seen happier or more grateful men, men more tenderly ministered to in every way, than these returned

prisoners. They were as fine-looking men as any I have seen. One feeling predominated, — “No more Richmond.” It was battle, death, but no more imprisonment.

No hospital has pleased me more than this. Very little seems left undone. The lady-nurses are indefatigable. Before the stars go out, they are every morning about their work. They pause at nothing; while the fatigue and exposure must be very great, from the immense grounds to be traversed in all weathers, as well as from the pressure of their duties. Many of them were from Maine and Massachusetts; and it was pleasant to be with those to whom I was not wholly unknown.

More than ever am I satisfied with the care that is taken of the sick and the wounded; more than ever surprised at that stupendous work the Sanitary Commission does all over this country, without friction or jar. I saw officers, fresh from the field, each of whom had his tale of it; while one of large experience, who was on his way to the front again, having been left at Gettysburg, said, “Sir, I never heard a complaint of it from an officer in service.” More than ever am I amazed at the heroism and self-devotion, not of the field merely, but of the hospital; not of the soldier only, but of those who minister to a soldier’s pains. It is a new and grand developing of this grand human nature God has created in us. The war may have developed depravity we did not know, or thought had passed away; but it has also developed a good-will we did not dream to exist. The war has advanced the race. It is one of those strange agencies by which God chooses to forward his ends, — through destruction, construction; through defeat, victory; through strife, peace; through death, life. It remains only for us to be faithful; every man and woman of us to do our duty toward our country for the cause; none idle, loitering, self-indulgent, but all in some way honestly working, — and the new peace shall be at hand, and a new nation made for us, solid, enduring,
ONE.

J. F. W. W.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.*

WE have made no attempt to read and to set down our impressions of this book, in the hope that we should soon have in our hands a copy in the original ; but the translation has so invaded shops and houses, and so taken possession even of novel-readers, that we have been compelled to yield at discretion, and take up the author, as it were, at second-hand. The translator has not done his work with entire accuracy, as one can see without recurring to his text ; but the meaning seems to be, in the main, correctly rendered, and we shall not trouble ourselves about the French : the English is quite enough for us. The importance and the interest of "the Life," as we cannot help thinking, have been immensely exaggerated. We cannot see that any addition has been made to what was already in the hands, whether of orthodox or of heterodox, with reference to the great theme. The learning of M. Renan has been celebrated as large and profound. Our reading of his "Studies in Religious History" had given us this impression ; but this work affords no sufficient proof of it. He makes important concessions to those who claim the earliest antiquity for the three first Gospels ; but, unfortunately, they are the concessions of one who has not thoroughly mastered the facts. Many a humble student of the Gospels themselves could confidently take exception to many of Renan's renderings and interpretations of the story : his knowledge of his theme is, in truth, superficial, spite of the show and the reality of scholarship. He seems actually, at times, "to have got up" the subject. What careful and habitual reader of the New Testament could possibly, to take a single example, imagine that Jesus, in saying to his disciples, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother," &c., meant to urge any thing more than the necessity of loving the dearest in and for God ? And yet, writes M. Renan, "his

* Published by Carleton, 418, Broadway, N.Y. ; sold by W. V. Spencer, Boston.

demands lost all bounds. Despising the wholesome limits of human nature, he asks that men should exist only for him; that they should love him alone." What woodenness of interpretation! Again: "For a moment, Jesus thought of taking precautions, and spoke of swords. [!] There were two in the company. 'It is enough,' said he. He did not follow up that idea." The "idea" is unmistakably M. Renan's. Who does not see that the "It is enough" was an expression of his impatience at the very literalism which repeats itself in the French student? Let alone the irreverence of it, and the cruel and revolting imputation upon the characters of Jesus and his friends, what can be more *absurd* than the explanation of the miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus? When a man tells us that he cannot believe such stories, we are not accustomed to reproach him for his unbelief: we try to find some things in the Gospel which he can believe. But, when unbelief becomes thus outrageously explanatory, there is no demand for silence, however peremptory or seemingly applicable only to the most foolish talkers, that we should hesitate to press. "Hold thy tongue, then hast it a-holding!" until the spirit of foolishness has been cast out.

Renan's grave mistakes have been abundantly exposed by many able reviewers, some of whom, at least, will not be charged with writing in the interests of a stupid conservatism. We shall not try, within our narrow limits and with our unequal steps, to follow these critics. One thing has, however, so impressed itself upon us, that we must give expression to it. We have often found ourselves saying, If only this scholar would review this whole matter again, he would become a Christian. He is as serious as he knows how to be: but he does not comprehend his subject; and, as yet, the spirit of him whose life he has aimed to write has not got possession of his mind and heart. Sometimes, for brief sentences, he gets above himself. It is amazing to note how clearly he will see for a moment, how stone-blind he presently becomes! Now, for an instant, he is in sympathy with the most elevated Christian thought; and, again, he is the man of letters, looking only from the outside, and, even so, surveying only a part

of the surface. He is a beginner, without a beginner's humility; not without a beginner's conceit. He misapprehends Christ, in many particulars, as utterly as the dullest of the early disciples. He has preconceptions about miracles and the like to get rid of; his world is a very contracted world; his moral sense is very partially educated. He is insane enough to believe that the Christ whom a world reverences was partly cheated, and partly a cheat. He has "spoken a word against the Son of man;" and yet, somehow, as we read his book, we say, "It will be forgiven him" as Jesus said. He has had glimpses of the truth, even from this poor following of Christ, which will grow into visions. He has, thus far, seen through a glass darkly; yet, even so, he has written greater words than he knows: as thus, "There were then some months, perhaps a year, during which God really lived upon the earth. The voice of the young carpenter suddenly assumed extraordinary sweetness. Infinite charm exhaled from his person, and the companions of his youth no longer recognized him."

M. Renan, as we understand him, spite of his unfair and careless criticism of the Christ (to describe in the mildest possible language his deplorable offences in this way), does, nevertheless, place the Saviour at the head of our humanity. "We may call him divine in this sense,—that Jesus is that individual who has caused his species to make the greatest advance towards the divine." So far, so good. But one question more; one which concerns us all most nearly; one which moves us almost to agony sometimes, when "the divine" in us also asks, Is there a Divine, a God over all for ever blessed and helpful, whose children we are; who hears us, succors us, strengthens us with strength in our souls? Or is it true, as our author sometimes intimates, that man is at the top of creation, alone conscious, and calling in vain upon the impersonal Life, out from which he has come at last into open-eyed manhood, from blindness into vision? Is there a God whom all of us may worship? "Oh that I knew where I might find him! then would I go to his mercy-seat." Christ spake divinely, says Renan. Yes; but did

he speak from God, or from himself? Was it an illusion, that belief of his in the Father? Was it only the projection of his own being beyond himself? If he was right, and if we can know that he was right, what unspeakable comfort! Now, there is but one way to attain to this knowledge. It is not the way of what are technically called "Evidences." Christ has marked it out; Christ walked in it; Christ is that Way. If we will all take it, whether we are wise or simple, we shall reach the great conclusion; and M. Renan will neither hinder nor help us. "If any man will do the will, he shall know the doctrine, whether I AM OF GOD, or whether I speak of myself." That is what our modern world, with its pantheistic dreamers, needs more than any thing else to know.

E.

"I WENT TO GATHER FLOWERS."

[This little poem — on a picture entitled "I went to gather Flowers," which represents a child sitting at the foot of a tree in a graveyard, weeping, a basket of flowers in her hand — was written by one who died in early manhood.]

Joyous design! why tearful at the fate
Which led thee hither in thy search to stray?
Is it the stern, chill contrast thou hast met, —
Young Life 'mid Death's array?

For thou hast come where gloomily a truth
Shall e'en in Childhood's hours the thoughts engage,
And sad presentiment give gladsome Youth
The pensiveness of Age.

Thy tears are sacred: beauteous tendrils bind
Thy heart, sweet child! to God's creation fair;
And Nature's homage to the Eternal Mind
Hath utterance there.

Yet to thy grief my solace I would bring:
Weep not, weep not; for thou hast gathered flowers!
And from the grave's drear loneliness shall spring
The soul's immortal powers.

J. W.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY ON THE DESERT.

OUR party, bound for Jerusalem over the long desert, consisted of six persons, — a Scotch gentleman and his wife, a clergyman of the Church of England, a Presbyterian minister from the State of New York, and two preachers of the Unitarian denomination. We four clergymen had been members of another party, that had been sailing up and down the Nile for sixty-five days. I shall never forget the delightful Sunday services we all enjoyed, in that little cabin saloon of our good boat "Union," on every sabbath day while we voyaged the glorious old river. Representing three different denominations as we did, we yet all participated in the exercises of each service as freely, earnestly, and harmoniously as if we had belonged to one and the same sect or church. These exercises were variously distributed amongst us from Sunday to Sunday, without reference to this or that member's doctrinal belief; and we all united with each other in effectually obliterating every party name and line that might hinder our common worship together of our common Father. Presbyterian and Unitarian joined with the Episcopalian in a modified service of the Established Church; Episcopalian and Presbyterian knelt together with the Unitarian, as he led the devotional exercise, and invoked a blessing upon the little band of voyagers, and upon the two great countries which were ever in our minds; and Unitarian and Episcopalian listened with interest and profit to the readings and remarks of the Presbyterian. There seemed to be nothing wanting in this full, free communion and fellowship of soul with soul. We all felt happier and better for thus casting aside, as it were, denominational relations, ties, and prejudices, and allowing our sympathies to become enlarged, and our love to become ennobled, by this simple exercise of Christian charity. We were thus not only brought nearer to each other, but nearer to the great Master himself. We were a little church by ourselves; and were a church, we imagine, far more acceptable

to Him who is the Head, than we should have been had each one retired to his own private room, and, declining the common service, worshipped God in his own way and by himself alone.

Having returned to Cairo, we there made our preparations for our long desert tour. We were to start from that city on Monday, the 16th of February, 1863. Ere we entered upon that "great and terrible wilderness" that lay beyond us, and ere we pressed with our feet the sacred land of Palestine, we desired to partake of that simple, precious sacrament of our Lord's Supper, which had its archetype and origin in the memorial feast observed there, near where we ourselves were, by the ancient Israelites, as they, too, were to pass out of Egypt, and wander over the desert until they reached the promised Canaan.

The Church of England, to its lasting honor be it said, has established its little churches in all the great towns and cities of the Continent and the East, where Englishmen travel or reside in considerable numbers; so that in hundreds of places, far from home, it is permitted these wanderers to repair on Sunday to some neat little chapel, or convenient place of worship, and hear their own familiar service read in their own native tongue. There is a church of this kind in Cairo. Our English companion voluntarily sought an interview with its minister, and the two readily arranged for the communion service which we were all to enjoy. It was to take place at the chapel, at an early hour of the day before our departure. This was Sunday. Notice was given at the hotels, so that, in case others would like to be present and to participate, they could have the opportunity. Yet, as it was a special service, only one other attended. The four clergymen, representing three denominations very diverse in their ecclesiastical government and theological views, knelt side by side at the altar, and received together the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood from the hands of the rector and regular preacher of the church. The spirit in which all entered into the observance; the thought that we had come together thus from different, not to say hostile, sects and parties; the strange ex-

periences that so soon awaited us ; and all the circumstances of the hour and the place, — combined to make the service most affecting and beautiful.

The next day we rode by railway to Suez, and in the afternoon mounted our camels, and were on our way towards Sinai. We spent several Sundays, also, on the desert ; and, as we had worshipped together before in the cabin saloon of our *dahabieh*, so we worshipped together still in our tent, out there upon the great waste of sand and rock. Beneath the palms and tamarisks of Feiran, on the burning plain of Wady Ghuzaleh, by the shore of the Red Sea at Akaba, and under the shadow, as it were, of Mount Hor, we pitched our tents, and lifted up upon those desert airs the voices of prayer and the songs of praise. Unitedly we read the story of the wandering children of Israel, along whose track we ourselves were daily marching ; and together we hymned the fervent supplication, —

“ Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land.”

The Sunday we spent at Akaba was rendered peculiarly sacred and solemn to us by the visit we made to the grave of Rev. Dr. Lunt of Quincy, who died there, far away from home, six years ago, while journeying across the desert to Jerusalem. Before we reached Akaba, remembering that Dr. Lunt was buried at that place, I asked Hassaneen, our dragoman, if he knew of the circumstance of his death, and where his grave might be found. I was glad to find that he knew all about the sad event, and that he would be able to conduct me to the spot where the interment took place. Hassaneen and his party were only five days behind the party with which Dr. Lunt was connected. When he reached Akaba, he learned the details of his sickness and death, and also where our revered countryman was buried. Indeed, Dr. Lunt, they told us, was the only American who ever died at Akaba. There was, accordingly, but little difficulty in ascertaining the immediate locality of his grave. Hassaneen spoke to some of the principal villagers upon the subject, and they at once conducted us all to the spot.

The Bedouin village of Akaba is quite near the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and close to the shore. Just north of it, and separated from the sea by a long, narrow grove of palm-trees, is the desert cemetery, with no fence or wall to mark its boundaries, and with only a few rude monuments to tell where repose its dead. Separated at some little distance from these graves of the natives, and at the top of quite a large mound on that arid waste, was the resting-place of the eminent Christian minister who had here fallen on the way, while on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Standing above the centre of the mound, the natives made known to us, that just there, beneath them, was the body of our friend, although no object had been placed there over his grave to mark the spot. The readiness with which the villagers hastened thither to show us where he lay, and the concurrent testimony of Hassaneen himself, left us in no doubt that here was the sacred place we sought. We could not think of leaving Akaba without erecting some simple stone to the memory of the dead; and we therefore went into the fortress of the village to see if we could find any thing that would be suitable for such a memorial. We procured two of the best stones we could find, and had them brought down to our tent to be inscribed. We had also set some men at work to make excavations, with the view of rendering it certain that the memorial should be placed directly over the body: but finding that the excavation would have to be quite extensive, and that the work was likely to attract a large crowd of Bedouins to the spot, we ordered the men to throw back the earth; feeling sure, that, by erecting the stone over the centre of the mound, we should, at any rate, set it within a very feet of its proper place. This was on Friday.

The next day, at the door of our tent, we cut out on the larger of the two stones which we had procured the following inscription, — "W. P. Lunt, U.S.A., 1857;" each one of the four clergymen contributing his part to the simple work.

• Considering that the inscription had to be executed with nails and knives, we thought that its letters and figures looked very

well; and when we had blackened them with ink, and thus made them more legible, we felt quite satisfied with the result.

The following day was Sunday. After breakfast, we had the two stones carried out upon the desert burial-ground; and we all followed on to set them in their places. Digging down several feet into the sand, we laid some small stones in as a foundation for the larger ones; and over them we placed horizontally the shorter of the two we brought from the tent. Upon this we raised, in an upright position, the one which we had inscribed; and around the part of it which was to be below the level of the surface-ground above we piled a quantity of stones we gathered from the surrounding desert, and pressed hard down upon them the earth, so as to make the rude monument as firm as possible. We had provided for no additional ceremony; but as we stood quietly circling about the spot, filled with emotions not unsuited to the circumstances in which we were placed, it was grateful and touching to us to hear the subdued voice of our good Presbyterian companion break the silence with these words from Holy Writ: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit: they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We then withdrew from the grave, and returned to our tents; Hassaneen promising us, that, as often as he might come to Akaba, he would have a care for this humble tombstone, and would not fail to direct to it the attention of all Americans whom he might guide to Palestine by the route which we had travelled. Later in the day, we had our regular Sunday service; and closed it, as usual, with one of the many appropriate hymns with which the collection we had with us abounded:—

"Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God."

The next morning we struck our tents, and were winding our way up the great Wady Arabah, towards the hill-country of Judæa.

Just before Dr. Lunt's departure from home, I received a note from him, saying that he should be obliged to give up an exchange for which we had arranged, in consequence of a sudden decision to take a vacation and go abroad ; but adding, that he would renew the engagement at some future time, if Providence should spare his life. How little it occurred to me, that he was to lay down his life far away in that distant desert land ! How much farther still from my mind was the thought, that I myself should, not many years afterward, stand there above his grave, and assist in erecting a stone to mark the place of his burial ! and how remote from me the thought also, that it was necessary for us to wander thus away from home in order to find illustrations of Liberal Christianity, such as it is scarcely possible to meet here in our own Christian community ! Verily, the desert blossomed as the rose. In that desire of the ministers of another persuasion to inscribe the tombstone of an honored defender of the Unitarian faith, in those sacred utterances made above his grave when the memorial was erected, in our united services on successive Sundays during months of travel in the East, in that commemoration of our Lord's death just before our departure from Cairo, and in many other similar acts and words, we saw exhibited on the part of our companions, whether they were Episcopalians or Presbyterians, the true spirit of Christian charity and love. However denominational ties may have hampered the minds and souls of any of our party at home, the desert certainly did something in setting us free. Its wide, illimitable expanse proved to be favorable for the realization of a *broad church*, although only two or three were gathered together as its members.

How fortunate a thing it were, if Christians were always as liberal at home as they are abroad ! What a pity that at home they so often suffer church associations, sectarian sympathies and ties, and all the artificial and conventional arrangements to which they have been accustomed, to check their better

impulses, and do violence to their better natures ! There is more real Christian charity and love in the souls of Christ's disciples generally than we think. The false, external relations they sustain towards each other hide it all from the view. It needs only sometimes a change of circumstances, needs only that they should be thrown together out on some desert plain or distant river, in order that they may realize how near and dear to each other they are. Why were it not well, also, to lay aside our sectarianism, and to break loose from the bondage of creeds, while voyaging the great river of life, or while making the pilgrimage of earth ? Thrice happy are they who can rise above these false and conventional relations that war against their real nobility and peace. Blessed indeed are they who can, in one place as in another, be obedient to the higher teachings of the spirit, and true to the best promptings of the soul.

A. P. P.

JOYFUL TESTIMONY. — "It is a cold, lifeless thing to speak of spiritual things upon mere report ; but they that speak of them as their own, as having share and interest in them, and some experience of their sweetness, their discourse of them is enlivened with firm belief and ardent affection : they cannot mention them but their hearts are straight taken with such gladness as they are forced to vent in praises."

A BISHOPRIC OFFERED TO JOHN KNOX. — John Knox might have been an English bishop, had he willed it. It is matter of history, that the offer of a diocese was made him at the special request of Edward VI., backed by his council ; and could honors and emoluments, and the favor of royalty, have biassed the reformer, Puseyism would now be looking up to him as one of her transmitters of the apostolic virtue. — *The Headship of Christ*.

THOU camest from heaven to earth, that we
Might go from earth to heaven with thee ;
And, though thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.

RANDOM READINGS.

GLORIFICATION THROUGH SUFFERING.

THIS is the paradox of Christianity, that through weakness we put on divine strength; through poverty, grasp the divine riches; and through pain are borne into the fullest, sweetest experience of the divine love. This passes with very many for the talk of the pulpit, till in some rare example it stands out manifest before us. Suffering, if prolonged, has a twofold tendency. Some it makes morose, selfish, and atheistical; with others it unfolds freely and more freely the angel within, till it irradiates the poor worn bodily frame, as if the immortal life were dawning through it before death. "There are bodies celestial," says Paul. In chronic disease, we sometimes see them forming brightly and more brightly within the natural body; those waxing as this wanes toward dissolution. Since we wrote "Exaltations at the Approach of Death," we received a communication illustrating the truth, that the gradual putting-off of this vestment of mortal decay may help on mightily our spiritual renewal, albeit through chronic disease and suffering. One such example ought to teach us a divine patience; knowing that we may not only triumph over pain, but make it our ally and helper. The following description will be readily recognized by the good people of Framingham, as applying to one who not two months ago ceased to be mortal from among them at nearly threescore and ten, but who, much of that time, might say with Paul, "I die daily:" —

"For nearly thirty years she was confined almost wholly to her dwelling, with scarcely the power of locomotion, with crippled hands and perpetual ill health; yet nobly and gloriously was she upborne by faith and love. Her life was one of rare industry: all the time, while she had power, she busied herself in constant devotion to the good of all around her, making garments for poor little children, and presents of beautiful needlework to her relatives and friends; and, when she was too feeble to work any longer, she wept that her season of service was past for those whom so dearly she loved. In the beautiful autumn-hours, it was touching and helpful to hear her speak of the loveliness around she so truly felt she should never see again: then she added, "The good Father gives us all more of sunshine than of cloud all along our life, if we would but see

it. She was a constant reader : in her wheel-chair, with a little frame for her book, she read long after the power to turn the leaf was gone. Shut out from the world, she retained the innocence of a child to the last ; and was so grateful for every smile of God, every word or act of love, that her presence was an inspiration of all the beatitudes. To one who asked her, near her closing hour, if she felt prepared to die, she turned with a look of surpassing peace and power, and replied, ' Do you think I could have lived the life I have, if I were not ? ' Her home was glorified by her being, her neighborhood taught and rebuked and blessed by such a spirit, so patient, so strong, so serene, so hopeful, so cheerful, so heroic. That is the soul the Father loves, chastens, only to be made perfect."

S.

GARMENTS OF MOURNING.

" PUTTING on black " as signs of mourning was an essentially heathen custom, indicating the horror of death, and that all beyond the grave was a blank. Christianity abolished death, and along with it the customs of the heathen funerals, — wailing, grovelling, and sackcloth. We relapse into these customs just in the degree that we recede from the Christian faith. Mrs. Ware, in her very useful little book, " Death and Life," has some excellent remarks upon these customs : —

" The early Christians recognized the new aspect which the knowledge of immortality gave to the death of the body ; and they soon ceased to use the signs of mourning for the dead that till then had been universal. They felt that it was wrong to mourn for the dead ; and their epitaphs in the Roman catacombs still testify to the peaceful trust and the hopeful assurance that animated the minds of those who there deposited the mortal remains, often sealed with the blood of martyrdom, of those they held most dear. Among the thousands of inscriptions still to be read there, there is no allusion to be found to the grief of those who were left to perform the last offices to their friends. No inconsolable relatives immortalize their tears on those walls. The simplicity of a childlike faith, that to die here was to live in the mansions of the all-loving Father, seems to have been the abounding source whence flowed the countless phrases that speak of death as always a good, rather than evil. The bad Latin in which many of the inscriptions are couched proves that a large proportion of the dead were of the lower and little educated classes ; but all ranks seem to have been animated by the same spirit. Selfish grief finds no expression there ; and the historians tell us that all signs of mourning in dress were deemed unfitting in those who believed in the Christian immortality."

S.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

HIS INQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

But the father wrought out consolation for himself in his own way. A fortnight after the death of his child, he records : —

"Feb. 15, 1829. — The death of my dearest daughter on the first day of this month having made it impossible for me, at present, to resume the task of composition, I have been naturally led to more serious reflection than usual, and have occupied myself with reviewing the grounds of the decision which I made in 1819 in favor of the evidences of the Christian revelation. I have endeavored and shall endeavor to prosecute this examination with perfect impartiality, and to guard against the present state of my feelings influencing my mind any further than by leading it to give to the subject a more serious attention. And, so far, such influence must be salutary and reasonable, and far more desirable than any counter influence which might be exerted by any engrossing occupation with the cares and dissipation of the world. So far, I believe, I have conducted the matter with sober impartiality."

What he did on this subject, as on all others, he did thoroughly and carefully. His secretary read to him the principal books which it was then considered important to go through when making a fair examination of the supernatural claims of Christianity. Among them, on the one side, were Hume's "Essays," and especially the one on miracles; Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, and parts of the sixteenth; Middleton's "Free Inquiry," which, whatever were its author's real opinions, leans towards unbelief; and Soame Jenyns's somewhat easy discussion of the "Evidences," which is yet not wanting in hidden skill and acuteness. On the other hand, he took Watson's "Apology," Brown's "Lectures" (so far as they are an amplification of his admirably condensed "Essay on Cause and Effect"), several of Waterland's treatises, Butler's "Analogy," and Paley's "Evidences," with the portions of Lardner needful to explain and illustrate them. The last three works he valued more than all the others; but I think he relied mainly upon a careful reading of the four Gospels, and an especial inquiry into each one of the Saviour's miracles as related by each of the evangelists. This investigation he made with his father's assistance; and, when it was over, he said that he considered such an examination, made with an old and learned lawyer, was a sufficient pledge for the severity of his scrutiny. He might have added, that it was the safer, because the person who helped him in making it was not

only a man of uncommon fairness of mind, perspicacity, and wisdom, but one who was very cautious, and, on all matters of evidence, had a tendency to scepticism rather than credulity.

The conclusions at which he arrived were, that the narratives of the Gospels were authentic; that, after so careful an examination of them, he ought not to permit his mind to be disturbed on the same question again, unless he should be able to make an equally faithful revision of the whole subject; and that, even if Christianity were not a divine revelation, no system of morals was so likely to fit him for happiness here and hereafter. But he did not find in the Gospels, or in any part of the New Testament, the doctrines commonly accounted Orthodox; and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them. On one minor point, too, he was very explicit. He declared his purpose to avoid all habits of levity on religious topics: and to this purpose, I believe, he adhered vigorously through life; at least, I am satisfied that I never heard him use light expressions or allusions of any kind when speaking of Christianity, or when referring to the Scriptures. His mind, in fact, was reverential in its very nature; and so was his father's.

HIS MORAL SUPERVISION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

But there is another side of his character, which should not be left out of view, and yet one which I cannot approach except with misgiving: I mean that which involves the moral and religious elements of his nature. Of these, so far as a belief in Christianity is concerned, and a conscientious and repeated examination of its authority as a revelation, I have already spoken. His life too, devoted to hard labor, — often physically painful, — with the prevalent idea, not only of cultivating his own faculties and promoting his own improvement, but of fulfilling his duties towards his fellow-men, was necessarily one of constant, careful discipline. But behind all this, and deeper than all this, lay, as its foundation, his watchfulness over his moral and religious character, its weaknesses and its temptations.

With these he dealt to a remarkable degree in the same way, and on the same system, which he applied to his physical health and his intellectual culture. He made a record of every thing that was amiss, and examined and considered and studied that record constantly and conscientiously. It was written on separate slips of paper, done always with his own hand, seen only by his own eye. These slips he preserved in a large envelope, and kept them

in the most reserved and private manner. From time to time, when his sight permitted, — and generally on Sunday, after returning from the morning service, — he took them out, and looked them over one by one. If any habitual fault were, as he thought, eradicated, he destroyed the record of it; if a new one had appeared, he entered it on its separate slip, and placed it with the rest for future warning and reproof. This habit, known only to the innermost circle of those who lived around his heart, was persevered in to the last. After his death, the envelope was found, marked, as it was known that it would be, "To be burnt." And it *was* burnt. No record, therefore, remains on earth of this remarkable self-discipline; but it remains in the memory of his beautiful and pure life, and in the books that shall be opened at the great day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made manifest. — *Ticknor's Life*.

THE ORTHODOX DILEMMA.

THE Orthodoxy of the present day posits itself mainly on its doctrine of the Atonement as the prime essential of salvation. Said a venerable divine to us a short time since, "I don't see how any man can get to heaven without believing it." Now, every scholar knows that the ancient theory was totally unlike the modern, and laid the main stress of the Atonement on the fact, that Christ descended into Hades and overthrew Satan, or paid a price to him which cancelled his claims. Rev. Charles Beecher drives the exclusive Orthodoxy of the day upon this wonderfully sharp dilemma. "If a belief in a theory of Atonement be made essential to salvation, we fall into a dilemma. Here is a theory (the ancient), held by the Church for a thousand years, about which the Church now knows nothing. And again: the Church, for more than six hundred years, has held a theory of Atonement about which the ancient Church knew nothing. Now, if one of these theories be true, the other is false, and *vice versa*; and, if a belief of the true is essential to salvation, the belief of the false must be fatal. Hence we have our choice of alternatives. If the modern theory of Atonement be true, the whole ancient Church for more than ten centuries is lost; and, if the ancient theory be true, then the whole modern Church is lost."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

WE rejoice that the Pantheistic cultus has at length got a thoroughly consistent exemplification in this scoffer at the rights of man and the laws of God. In his earlier writings, especially his article on Burns and his "Sartor Resartus," there is a use of words which in common apprehension represent moral distinctions, and imply moral responsibility. In hero-worship, it begins to appear that inspiration, whether from God or the Devil, is all the same thing; since those two terms are alike mythical, and one as sacred as the other. In the "Life of Frederick the Great," this is more fully manifest, and the hideous atheism and the fraternization with scoundrelism are poorly concealed in the wordy phantasmagoria which he tries to play off upon his readers. Between slave-labor and free-labor he sees no moral difference; though he knows very well, that, under the former, women are degraded into breeding animals, and planters sell their own children at auction. In the New-York riots, Governor Seymour's "friends and immediate constituents" carried out the doctrine of Judge Taney — that negroes "have no rights which white men are bound to respect" — by burning asylums, and snatching babes from the arms of their mothers, and rending them limb from limb. Thomas Carlyle looks on, and calls it a "hideous joke." These are exactly such jokes as his morality, and that of Satan, his favorite model, have for their appropriate ultimatum. It is said that incendiaries always run, and bawl "Fire!" and try to put it out. Mr. Carlyle has spent his life denouncing shams; not seeing that the most stupendous sham imaginable is he from the core of whose being the Divine and the human have both emptied themselves so entirely, that he stands the negation of both, — a hideous Egoism, into which no throbs from either can find way, — and that such a sham pre-eminently is Thomas Carlyle. "That which shows God out of me," says Emerson, "makes me a wart and a wen." These show both God and humanity "out of" Thomas Carlyle, the biggest wen on the nineteenth century. s.

SCOTCH METAPHYSICIANS.

SCOTLAND has been exceedingly prolific in metaphysicians; and a Scotchman's definition of a metaphysician could not be better applied than to some of them, especially those of the latest school: "It is ane mon expleening to anither what he dinna weel understand himsel'."

THE NEW JERUSALEM DESCENDING.

REV. B. F. BARRETT concludes his letter to Dr. Thomas Worcester in this elevated strain. After describing a hard personal experience from petty persecution for opinion's sake on minor points and from sectarian exclusiveness, he says,—

"Yet, for all this, my belief in that New Jerusalem, whose descent from the celestial realms, arrayed in bridal robes, is foretold in the Apocalypse, has suffered no eclipse, nor is it in any degree disturbed. I never enjoyed a more serene and unwavering faith in the New Dispensation than at the present time. I never saw the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven with more unclouded vision than I see it now. But the New Jerusalem that is bursting on my view is quite another than that which you behold. It is not a new sect,—a new church-organization, with new formulas, a new ritual, new ordinances, and a new priesthood,—more exclusive, too, in its practices, and more sectarian in its spirit, than the sects which have gone before. By no means. It is the new and higher views of religious truth which I see dawning on all humble and waiting minds, and diffusing themselves throughout all the churches. It is the new light and the new life which I see descending into the heart of humanity; the new light and life which I see descending into existing institutions, revealing whatever of rottenness or wrong there is in their foundations, and conserving whatever there is of eternal truth and equity; descending into science, utilizing and humanizing it; descending into literature, purifying and refining it; descending into art, exalting and ennobling it; descending into politics, remoulding governments into freer and more popular forms; descending into the churches, uprooting there old prejudices, and exposing and driving out old errors; introducing a larger toleration; begetting a gentler, sweeter, and more benignant spirit; and impressing the conviction more and more strongly upon all good men, that the various Christian sects are but the diverse members of one body, whose soul and inspiration and illumination is the Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is thus that I behold the New Jerusalem 'descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God;' not as a new sect, but as a new light dawning, and a new light pulsating in all the sects; not as a new religious organization, but as a fresh outpouring of the Spirit into those already existing: and, in this view, I find unspeakable satisfaction and comfort. It is not difficult for me, therefore, to be reconciled to what I might otherwise have felt to be a hard experience. For while seeing myself rudely and uncharitably thrust out of the little body over which you have so long presided, and which you vainly imagine to be the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, I still rejoice to see and feel myself in communion with a broader, freer, and more majestic New Jerusalem, over which you have never had the honor to preside, and from whose sacred enclosure neither you nor your Convention have the power to exclude me."

OUR WAR: THE END SURE.

EVERY thing that I have seen makes me sure that the cause of the North will triumph. It is the cause of God and of mankind. There is inherent in Southern society, and in the machinery in motion to accomplish the desired result, the prophecy of failure. No people ever disturbed a nation with so little cause. No people ever resorted to so many artifices to support their alleged rights. I feel hopeful that the beginning of the end is at hand. The Confederacy is pretty well worn out. It is now clearly enough proved that the heart of the people is being gradually loosened from the influence of the large land-owners and the politicians, and will be ready in good time to open itself to a holier reverence for the old flag, outside whose benignant shadow it has never known peace or joy.

Let but the North be still a unit, a magnificent unit; let it be patient a little longer; let it keep up its faith in the Providence that is leading us through this struggle; let it demand that all its ministers of vengeance shall act with promptness and energy, not seeking to conciliate, but determined to conquer; let it pour out its wealth a little longer, and tell its sons to tarry yet a little while on the bloody field; let, in one word, the whole North act with decision, and a firm, unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of republicanism,—and the clouds will be sure to roll away; the good old flag, the flag of Washington and of liberty, covered with powder and glory, will wave proudly over a people who have been tried with fire and the sword, and found faithful.—*George H. Hepworth.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO GO TO HEAVEN ALONE.

JOHN WESLEY, during his rural retirement at Epworth, had yielded still more to his mystical tendencies under the influence of à Kempis and Law. The turning-point which was to fit or unfit him for the task of his life had not yet been passed. He had desired at one time to try the tranquil life of the Catholic recluses: "it was the decided temper of his soul," he said. Seclusion from the world, for at least some months, might, he hoped, settle his thoughts and habits. A school in one of the "Yorkshire dales" was proposed. His wiser mother again stepped in to save him for his appointed career, prophetically intimating that God had better for him to do. He tells us himself, that, before his re-

turn to the university, he travelled some miles to see a "serious man." "Sir," said this person, as if inspired at the right moment with the right word for the man of Providence standing before him,—"sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions, or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." Wesley never forgot these words. They perhaps forecast the history of his life. On reaching Oxford, he found "companions" already prepared for him by his brother's agency. — *History of Methodism: Dr. Abel Stevens.*

THRILLING SCENE UPON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ONE of the young heroes of the 35th Mass. Regiment writes home, describing a scene on the Mississippi, near Cairo, which made him take a new vow of consecration to the good cause:—

"We had not gone far before our eyes met one of the most harrowing sights that could be imagined. Huddled together upon the levee, just as they had been landed that morning, were a hundred and fifty women and children. A little inquiry told us that they were Union refugees from Alabama and Tennessee. Collecting the little baggage that the rapacious vengeance of the rebels had left them, they had left their homes, and had succeeded in making their way north amid uncommon suffering and peril. They were now to be sent to Central Illinois, where Government had furnished them with a temporary home until they could return to their own States. Words fail me to describe adequately their miserable condition and their suffering. I wish that every copperhead, every clandestine traitor, could be forced to witness that spectacle as I witnessed it that sabbath morning. The aged grandmother was there, rocking to and fro in her seat, hardly life enough left in her poor old frame to enable her to realize the suffering. Beside her sat her daughter nursing her child, whose fevered face, and rapid, forced breathing, told of a deliverer near at hand. Here was a young woman whose untold suffering had so enfeebled her, that she could not walk without aid. There lay a little boy, the hope of his mother: that hope was soon to be blighted. As I walked through that miserable crowd, and listened with eager interest to their tales of woe,—how their sons and husbands and fathers, inspired with a fervent love of the old Union, had escaped the reign of terror and tyranny that intralled them by fleeing to the mountains, or, making their way through the Union lines, had enlisted in our ranks; how the rebels, in return, had plundered their homes, taking from them their only means of sustenance; and how at last they had been driven from their homes by the rapacity of their merciless persecutors or the fear of starvation,—I thought how little, how very little, the people of the North realize how great a calamity war is; and I silently and solemnly vowed in that presence, never again to think of peace until this Rebellion has met its merited reward."

GOOD OLD CATHOLIC TIMES.

THE abuses of saints' days, of which Huss complained in his sermons, were by no means exaggerated. The evil throughout Christendom had grown to an enormous magnitude. Almost at the same time that Huss was calling for a reform at Prague, Clemengis, studying the Scriptures at Langres, had his attention forcibly drawn to the same subject. The ex-rector of the University of Paris is not one whit behind the ex-rector of the University of Prague in the severity of his rebuke. "From sunrise to midnight they (the multitude) loiter, swear, blaspheme, curse God and all the saints, shouting, disputing, quarrelling. With their clamor, tumult, and excess, they seem to rave like madmen. They strive to see who can drink the most, pledge one another in their cups, become drunk, and fall to violence and bloodshed. Passions are roused, threats uttered, injuries inflicted. The wretched criminals are brought before the courts, found guilty, and fined so heavily, that the loss of one day cannot be made good by a month's labor. — *Gillett's Life and Times of John Huss.*

A PICTURE-SERMON.

WICKLIFFE's writings had been condemned in 1403. In the following year, two learned Englishmen, James and Conrad of Canterbury, came to Prague, and became members of the University. From policy, it may be, or under fear produced by the sentence of condemnation, they spoke but little of Wickliffe, while they maintained some of his most objectionable doctrines in public thesis before the University.

Among the questions they discussed were these, — whether the pope is possessed of more power than any ordinary priest; whether the bread which he blesses in the mass has any more efficacy than when blessed by any other priest. They professed it as their purpose, in these discussions, only to settle more firmly their attachment to the faith. Yet silence was imposed upon them, and they were compelled to spread their views in secret: even thus many of the teachers of the University were found ranged upon their side. The method which they were driven to adopt to maintain their views was certainly one more effective with the populace than public disputation. The name of their host was Luke Welensky. They gained his consent to their spreading a painting

on the walls of a room in his house, in the outskirts of Prague. That picture was, in fact, the contrast of a pure with a corrupt Christianity, and spoke its lessons to every eye. It could be comprehended at a glance. Men crowded to see it, and heard a sermon while they gazed in silence and made their own comments. On one side of the picture was Christ, in his humble entrance into Jerusalem, seated upon an ass, while the people and children surrounded him, casting olive-leaves and branches in his way; and his disciples, with their feet bare, followed after.

On the other side was pictured the procession of the pope, mounted on a large charger, which was covered with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones; while soldiers with drums and trumpets, spears and halberds, were in attendance; and behind followed the cardinals, mounted on horses in golden trappings. It was a pictured sermon. Huss spoke of it approvingly from the pulpit as the true antithetical representation of Christ and Antichrist. — *Id.*

MARTYRDOM OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.

WHEN the fagots had been piled to a level with his head, his garments were thrown upon them, and fire was applied by a lighted torch. But the executioner who bore the torch approached from behind, unwilling to be seen. "Come forward boldly," said Jerome: "apply the fire before my face. Had I been afraid, I should not have been here." As the flames began to spread, he exclaimed aloud, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commit my spirit." When the fire began to penetrate to his flesh, he prayed again, "O Lord God, Almighty Father! have compassion on me, and forgive my sins. Thou knowest that I have ever delighted in thy truth." His voice was now lost, for the smoke and flame had become suffocating; but, though no words were heard, all could see, by the motion of the lips, that he was still engaged in prayer. The agony of his martyrdom was protracted: it was unusually long before life was extinct. Blisters of water of the size of an egg might be seen over his whole body. "One might have gone," says a spectator, "from the St. Clement Church at Prague to the bridge over the Moldau, before he ceased to breathe."

At last, all that belonged to him — his bed, cap, clothing, shoes, and whatever he had with him in prison — was brought, and

thrown upon the blazing pile, to be consumed with him. His ashes, like those of Huss, were carefully gathered up, borne away, and cast into the Rhine. The council were apprehensive lest some fragment or relic of their victim should find its way back to Prague, and be cherished as the memorial of a condemned heretic. The least particle that could be associated with the names of either of the sufferers was sought out, and carefully burned, lest it should become an object of veneration. But all their precautions were vain. The soil which their dying feet had pressed—in lack of other objects—became the prized memorial, and was borne to Prague to be guarded with religious care. But more than the portraits even of the departed was the image of themselves which these men had enstamped upon the minds and hearts of their countrymen. When the last surviving member of the council that sentenced them to execution should have been laid in his grave, the memory of these two Bohemian martyrs would still bloom fresh and green upon their natal soil. — *Id.*

BRAVERY OF HUSS AND JEROME.

“THEY went,” said Æneas Sylvius, who afterward filled the Papal chair, and who knew all the circumstances of the execution of Huss and Jerome, — “they went to their punishment as to a feast. Not a word escaped them which gave indication of the least weakness. In the midst of the flames, they sang hymns uninterruptedly to their last breath. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as they endured the flames.” — *Id.*

CHRISTIANITY IS SPIRITUAL LIFE.

“METHODISM reverted, in fine, the usual policy of religious sects, who seek to sustain their spiritual life by their orthodoxy: it has sustained its orthodoxy by devoting its chief care to its spiritual life; and for more than a century has had no serious outbreaks of heresy, notwithstanding the masses of untrained minds gathered within its pale, and the general lack of preparatory education among its clergy. No other modern religious body affords a parallel to it in this respect.”

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Redeemer and Redeemed. An Investigation of the Atonement and of Eternal Judgment. By CHARLES BEECHER, of Georgetown, Mass. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Very earnest and glowing piety is combined in this book with most audacious speculation. Three Orthodox theories of the atonement are stated and rejected, — that of the ancient Church, which taught that it consisted in demolishing Satan in Hades; that of the mediæval and modern Church, that it consists in providing a substituted victim to satisfy the divine law; that of the New-England divines, that it is mainly an exhibition of God's anger, and hatred of sin. Mr. Beecher builds a new theory, wherein he combines some of the provisions of the other three, and in which his notion of pre-existence has an important place. He believes that Christ existed in his human nature before the incarnation; that Satan and his angels were cast down from heaven, not before man was created, as Milton says, but by Christ after his death and ascension. His expositions of Scripture are sometimes ingenious, sometimes fantastic, and sometimes plausible; his spirit generous, genial, and devout; his book readable and interesting from the very boldness of his flights, and the evidence of a strong and earnest mind struggling towards light, — passing through the doors, if they are open; but, if not, scaling the walls. s.

Death and Life. By MARY G. WARE, author of "Elements of Character," and "Thoughts in my Garden." Boston: William Carter & Brother. — Mrs. Ware dedicates her book "To the army of mourners whose tears are the price of our national existence." It consists of seven different essays; the first two of which, "Death and Life" and "Mourning for the Dead," are written more specially for the bereaved. All of them have Mrs. Ware's clear and compact style; and her little book of one hundred and seventy-four pages has more of thought, suggestion, and urgency towards a regenerate life, than we often find in twice the same compass. s.

The Unfinished Volume. Jerry; or, The Sailor Boy Ashore. Being the seventh — a fragment in the series — of the "Aimwell Stories." By WALTER AIMWELL. To which is added a Memoir of the Author, with a Likeness. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — A sad

interest attaches to this little book. It contains the author's last story, and other hands have appended the tribute of love to his memory. It will be found very serviceable in both its parts, and not the least in the record of young Simond's youth and early manhood, and timely consecration to our Lord and Master. E.

Soundings from the Atlantic. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.— Nine articles from the "Atlantic" appear in this volume; among which "My Hunt after the Captain," "Sun-painting and Sun-sculpture," "Doings of the Sunbeam," will be sure of a reperusal. Added to the "Soundings," we have the "Inevitable Trial;" under which title, Mr. Holmes reproduces his Fourth-of-July Oration, one of the most eloquent and timely utterances which the Fourth of July has produced. s.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by GEORGE LANG. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.— Henceforth we can have at hand a book which we shall place by the side of St. Augustine's "Confessions," Luther's "Table-talk," "Theologica Germanica," and "Thomas à Kempis," near the study-table. It is a *Gentile's* contribution to severe meditation. Yet he also received the Word, and was thereby made a son of God and a true teacher of mankind. E.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Moscow. By SARAH W. LANDER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company, 245, Washington Street. 1864.— A book that the young people will seize and devour, almost, alas! at a sitting. E.

PERIODICALS.

The North-American Review commenced the new year with a new volume and new editors, — Prof. JAMES R. LOWELL and CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq. It shows this table of contents: Ticknor's Life of Prescott, the Bible and Slavery, the Ambulance System, the Bibliotheca Sacra, Immorality in Politics, the Early Life of Governor Winthrop, the Sanitary Commission, Renan's Life of Jesus, the President's Policy, Critical Notices. The questions of the day pertaining to our troubled national affairs are handled with exceeding ability and in a hopeful spirit. Critical notices are unflinchingly judicial, and in the interest of the soundest learning and good morals. Gillett's "Life and Times of John Huss" is unmercifully condemned, with too little allowance towards the popular merits of the work.

The Universalist Quarterly also starts anew, under the editorial charge of Mr. THOMAS B. THAYER. It sets forth the denominational life and doctrines very forcibly, and in a genial and charitable temper.

The Christian Register also began the year with a new editor, — Rev. SOLON BUSH; and a list of able, regular contributors. The freshness, breadth, and vigor of its editorials are immediately apparent. Unitarians are wretchedly remiss in supporting their periodicals. They ought to be ashamed, with the new effort and auspices of the *Register*, not to give it a fair field, with at least ten thousand subscribers. S.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Sisters Abroad, or An Italian Journey, by BARBARA H. CHANNING, published by Crosby & Nichols, is a book of travels pleasantly described for young people.

In School and Out; or, The Conquest of Richard Grant. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard. A young critic at our elbow, just emerging from its contents, calls it "first-rate." It does not merely interest: the moral lesson is excellent.

Contraband Christmas, by E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, illustrated by Hoppin, is a Christmas-story, good at any time.

Hand Shadow Stones. Boston: Taggard & Thompson, 29, Cornhill. *Robert Merry's Third Book of Puzzles*. Sold by Taggard and Thompson, 29, Cornhill. — Two very entertaining books for the little folks.

Rich and Humble; or, The Mission of Bertha Grant: a Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of the "Boat Club," &c., &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, successors to Phillips, Sampson, & Company. 1864. — The name of Oliver Optic always arrests the attention of children; and, as they read, they are not disappointed. This story is specially intended for girls; but, as the author with good reason ventures to hope, the boys will not allow it to remain unread. E.

Little Anna: a Story for Pleasant Little Children. By A. STEIN. Translated from the German. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — This is an exceedingly "pleasant little" book, written in a style pure and simple. It will soothe instead of exciting, and will be a great favorite with the small people. The print is very clear, and the book of a most convenient form. If we had more such quiet and quieting little volumes, it would be better for the overwrought brains of the children.

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The Life and Times of John Huss; or, The Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century. By Rev. E. H. GILLET. 2 vols. royal octavo. \$6.00.

An important work, of absorbing interest, giving a sketch of the life of John Huss, with a history of the Bohemian Reformation; revealing the powerful influence, earnestness of purpose, lofty aims, heroic faith, and martyr-death, of Huss, in that great struggle for truth and religious freedom.

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THE
MONTHLY
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VOL. XXXI.—No. 3.

MARCH, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,
134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

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FOR 1864.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

The object of this Periodical is to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, to quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." It will sustain no representative relation to any sect or party, but gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men,—the living Shepherd of a living fold.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

MARCH, 1864.

No. 3.

THE TWO ROADS.

"We reach a spot, O gentle friend!
In life's young pilgrim days,
Where heaven and hell within contend,—
The parting of the ways."

THERE are three decisive epochs in our human life. When, where, and with what surroundings, a person is born, under what roof and by what hands his cradle has been rocked, will inevitably have a plastic influence over all his future development. "Had they changed cradles, they might have changed characters and epitaphs," was written of two persons who came to their graves, one in peace and honor, the other with defeat and failure. Not so, however. We are prone to exaggerate the power which circumstances have in our moral training, and to make character the mere *resultant* of the physical forces which projected us into being. This is the monstrous fallacy of Mr. Buckle; and it re-appears in Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." It is the ~~new~~ form of fatalism which puts the soul in bondage to matter, when materialism presents about the only power for belief and worship. Birth, with all its concomitants, hereditary and circumjacent, will certainly give texture and coloring to all the *externals* of our life and character; but they cannot decide the intrinsic character itself, since there are spiritual

forces which re-act upon the physical sometimes with mighty energy to shape and combine them anew.

Death is another epoch of our being, whose power over us we are prone fearfully to exaggerate. That somehow it is to decide the eternal destiny of the soul ; that somehow all the laws of our being are then to be reversed or broken up, and the conditions of our happiness or woe determined by arbitrary appointment, and not by unchanging laws, — the same before death or after, — has been the delusion of superstitious minds in all ages. One moment's rational reflection should convince any one, that death, too, can affect only the *externals* of our life and character. It touches not the centres of our being. Its changes are physical, not spiritual. It is a vastly important epoch, as affecting us outwardly and visibly, to be contemplated as the traveller contemplates a new opening in his pathway ; changing his horizon, and commanding a new expanse where all before was wonder and mystery.

There is, however, another epoch of our history, where the changes are not external, but radical ; not temporal, but eternal : and this third epoch, where all our fears ought to be gathered and centred, is the very one which is most neglected. It is where a man comes to "the parting of the ways," and chooses finally the road he will travel. It is called by different names, — repentance, conversion, self-consecration, the new birth ; but, under all these, the one essential reality is the same. To every man that has a probation, there comes a time when he chooses what end and object he will live for. He decides under what class of motives he will act ; and, having decided, they draw him with more than magnetic force, and determine, not the externals of his character, but the intrinsic and central life of all his being. The circumstances under which this is done are not important. The thing itself is of everlasting moment. It may be with the spasms of a Methodist conversion ; it may be in the calmest moment of thought and contemplation ; it may be very early in the process of our education, when the moral will of the child bends, and gives up to the Eternal Will that henceforth sways it as the wave the lily on its bosom. It all comes back to the

same thing: self in all its specious forms is renounced, and God is chosen, — God as he comes to us in his Christ, claiming all our service; coming with the two opposite alternatives presented, — “He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.”

There is a kind of preaching which ignores this eternal distinction between Christ on the one hand, and self on the other; which regards men, however depraved, as only saints in the rough, destined by the necessary tendencies of human nature to emerge out of this hard covering into angelic fruition and glory. Sin is only a marring and wrinkling of the rind: it does not reach to the core and essence of the soul. Men are to be developed upward under general culture and an educational process, that the saint and the angel may be released. It is some proof, we think, of the utter shallowness of this theory, that no preaching or culture under it ever converted a single soul, or produced any radical change in human character. At best, it only covers up a man's selfishness, and smooths it over with a show of respectable moralism; but it cannot even do that with men who have gone down into the depths of sin. These men *know* that such a euphemistic gospel as this is as powerless to save them as the moonbeams of a winter's night are powerless to melt the snows. They know that it must be a gospel which cleaves their being asunder, bringing the divine law within the consciousness in its dazzling holiness, and setting the divine splendors face to face with their own unchanged and unsanctified nature. They know that this self is not to be developed, but altogether renounced; and that, until this is done, all changes are only on the surface, and reach not the fountains of the heart to cleanse and to heal. They know, that until the promised Holy Spirit comes, cleaving down and melting in its fires this self which before had been the central motive and spring of all their conduct, enthroning God in its place, and making him the motive and end, their moralism, if without gaps and rents, is at best but a beautiful shell. This gospel, which comes first with a two-edged sword to divide and cleave asunder, showing that in human nature which is to

be renounced, denied, and crucified, and showing the Christ so revealed as to be made a new power within, transforming with sovereign energy, has changed the worst men into the most devoted Christians, and, in all ages, wrought the greatest miracles in proof of Christianity.

"What did you think of the sermon?" was the question coming out of church after an able preacher had delivered his message. Answer: "Oh! well enough; but the man didn't speak *as if he had any thing at stake.*" That is just the defect of all preaching which aims only at superficial, but not at radical changes. You see by his eye and tone, before he has uttered ten words, how the preacher estimates his calling. We have a great deal of cant about earnestness. There is no pulpit earnestness which is profound and real, unless the preacher sees "the parting of the ways." It will not be loud nor boisterous, nor careful about mannerism, for the very reason that it bears a message of life and death; but it will be pervaded, unconsciously perhaps, by that tone of ineffable concern so marked in all the discourses of the Saviour, whose open vision disclosed the two roads out of time into eternity, both thronged with immortal travellers. If his preachers see men as he did, not a promiscuous throng to be developed by self-tendencies, but all going on to a point which marks the parting of the roads, the weakest man, with a still small voice, will have a message which will pierce to the inward ear, to alarm, persuade, and win to the heavenly paths. He will see through all the shams and shows of life, whither its rapid travellers are going: whereas the preacher, without his vision, and deceived by surface appearances, may try to be earnest, but his hearers will know and feel that "he has nothing at stake;" he may try to be eloquent, but it will be the eloquence which Dr. Channing compares with the northern blast of winter, "which freezes as it roars."

The three eras in human life, which mark our birth into the world, our decisive moral choice, and our exit out of it! Only the second named affects vitally one's character and destiny. Death is not the entrance-gate to heaven or hell. Before that event, every man who has passed through his

earthly probation has by internal assimilation been formed into the image of the one or the other. Death simply removes the veilings of our mortal existence, and shows us already among the blessed or the unblessed societies. The call of Christ is self-consecration to God and humanity ; and the point where that call comes to us distinct and audible, to be obeyed or rejected, marks "the parting of the ways."

8.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD THEME AND TUNE.

(Portuguese Hymn.)

ATTEND, all ye faithful, your Leader's command !
His trumpet is sounding on sea and on land ;
The cross in his banner is blazing afar ;
His armies are marshalled for labor and war.

Put on then, ye faithful, the arms of the Lord, —
Salvation your helmet, the Spirit your sword ;
With truth and the gospel your sinews be steeled ;
Be justice your breastplate, and faith be your shield.

What soldier of Jesus shall shrink from his side,
By armies though threatened, by perils though tried ?
Our Captain we'll follow to conflict and death,
And shout in his triumph while yielding our breath.

The hosts of the alien with terror shall view
The ranks undismayed of his followers true :
His anthems of glory our shouts shall begin,
While charging resistless the legions of Sin.

And when to our prowess each traitor shall yield,
And, laden with spoils, we return from the field,
To Jesus our laurels we'll gratefully bring,
Exalting the name of our conquering King.

Dear Captain triumphant, we offer to thee
The heart of the faithful, the arm of the free :
Thy word be our guide in thy warfare below,
And ours be the glory thy promises show !

W. E.

THE SUBORDINATION OF SCIENCE TO RELIGION.

THE different provinces of science and religion have been, in recent days, set forth in such terms as to make them altogether too strongly antagonistic; and any reconciliation of the two seems to be regarded by some leading minds as a hopeless problem. Let each go their own way, it is said. Let science pursue the path of rigid investigation of natural phenomena; let it ignore all mere hypothesis, even the hypothesis of a Deity; let it confine itself to what the senses recognize, and not pretend to know more. Thus the whole realm of alleged spiritual existences is alien to Science: she neither affirms nor denies any thing about them. Here let Religion step in; let her assume the sublime office, to announce God; let her declare what Science can never be enlightened enough to perceive. Faith alone could ever have known that there is a God. "By faith, not by sight," the Christian is to walk, if he would ever know the glories of the unseen world.

There is something in these conclusions welcome to those who would gladly be spared the *necessity* of reconciling science and religion. If their departments are so wholly distinct, how can they ever interfere with each other? Each arrives, by its own method, at perfectly legitimate results; although each may recognize nothing of the other's truths. When, however, we come to apply these views and principles to particular cases, some grave defects are found in them. In theory, we may make science and religion entirely independent of each other; but, practically, this is often impossible. Suppose, for example, the question of miracles is brought up. Science is more and more committed to the decision, or, to speak more exactly, most scientific *men* are, that there are no miracles (in any distinctive sense of the word), and can be none. It may, indeed, use more modest language, and say, "We do not know of any;" but the meaning is well understood to be essentially the same. *So far as* they are scientific men, they have nothing to do with

alleged miracles, — they studiously ignore them : they would expect to have their reputation as men of science seriously damaged, if, on scientific grounds, they should avow their belief in miracles. But as Christian believers, or, to speak more definitely, as believers in the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, they must admit that certain deeds were wrought by Jesus of Nazareth, which cannot without violence be deprived of a supernatural character. What, then, is to be done? Plainly here is a conflict, a clashing of two rival interests; and one or the other must yield before there can be peace. One thinks, that, as a man of science, he must look at least with distrust, if not with contempt, upon all stories of miracles; but he sits down to read the New Testament with the faith of his childhood, and, behold! his science is confronted with a new order of facts. Shall it deny them to be facts? Then where is his faith? It must either retire to some new stronghold, or else he must boldly affirm, "Science is wrong, and faith is right: I declare myself on the side of faith." Instead of saying, therefore, that science and religion are wholly independent of each other, the true doctrine seems to us to be, that science is subordinate to religion. Miracles may be believed for legitimate reasons, in spite of the objections of science: for there is a higher court of appeal; viz., religion; and that which is impossible to a purely naturalistic view becomes altogether probable to faith.

To declare that religion and science must be in perpetual conflict, that their dicta are irreconcilably opposed to each other, that to devote one's self to science is to forsake God, that to become religious involves the abdication of all scientific rights and privileges, — these are among the most poisonous of the infidelities of the day. They are apparently made in the interests of faith; at least, they sometimes are so: and yet they really put weapons into the hands of those who would assail the foundations of all faith. "Our holy religion," said Hume, "is built, not upon reason, but upon faith." Who can fail to see that this was but mock-reverence? Who can doubt that his meaning was, Christianity is built upon — nothing? So, at the present day, if you tell the man of science

that religion is not in the least dependent upon his researches, and cares nothing for them, his secret thought, if not his open speech, will probably be, "So much the worse for religion!" Yes, so much the worse, say we too. Religion is not only the highest, but the most comprehensive, of all the interests of man. It therefore includes science, not excludes it. "Ad majorem Dei gloriam" is the purpose it would impress upon every human pursuit. It levies contributions upon every branch of knowledge and industry for the building of a holy temple to the Lord; and this temple is to become even more beautiful and majestic, as, one after another, the wise men come hither to bring their gifts. When we say, therefore, that religion includes science, we mean that scientific truths, rightly interpreted and applied, confirm and illustrate the doctrines of religion. As the most important of all instances, let us see how it is with the existence of God. It is very true, that science, in and of itself, would never find out God; and this has been abundantly verified by the course of modern materialism. Confining the use of the term to *physical* science, we see that there has been an increasing tendency among scientific men to the rejection of a personal God. With some, this is simply involved in their rejection of all spiritual being; that is, they are atheists because they are materialists. With others, not disinclined to admit the fact of spirit, a personal God is displaced by impersonal law. Their researches disclose to them everywhere the prevalence of order, regularity, invariable sequence; but of *cause* they speak timidly, and of "*final* causes" with not a little contempt. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc," is an antiquated logic. "Design" and "contrivance" are mere unwarranted hypotheses to the new physicists. Treatises of natural theology assume what they pretend to prove. Nature, whether organized or unorganized, never so much as whispers the word "God." Certainly all this seems to indicate that physical science, even if not absolutely hostile to religion, can be of little use to it. But once admit the proper subordination of science, and this apparent indifference and hostility are removed. Whatever takes us even but a part of the way on our jour-

ney, surely helps us to the journey's end. The railroad must stop at the sea-shore ; but the steamer bears a heavier freight across the trackless deep, because it was easier to come to the place of embarking. As the natural is first, and then the spiritual ; as the exercise of the senses must precede that of the intellect : so science, in a *true* order, would lead one up to the heights of religion. Thus while it is still true that science, independently of religion, knows no God, yet, as the "handmaid of religion," it may wonderfully enlarge our conceptions of him, — those conceptions themselves being elsewhere derived. Cowper is hardly an authority with those who are justly indignant at his contempt for natural science. But his oft-quoted line is pertinent here : —

"Acquaint thyself with God, and thou shalt taste his works."

"The heavens declare the glory of God ;" but it requires an *instructed* eye to see it. Just as natural sight involves far more than receiving the image of an object on the retina, and there are persons with their eyes open, whose *inattentiveness* renders them blind to many things daily passing before them ; so spiritual vision is necessary to *interpret* the facts of science, and put its letters in such order that they shall spell God. Art helps us unquestionably to see more and more meaning in nature ; and so faith helps us, through the science of nature, to behold Him who made and fills it all. "His invisible things," those qualities which are hidden from the ignorant and unspiritual eye, are, nevertheless, "from the foundation of the world clearly seen, being understood through the things that are made." The apostle knew what he was saying. The divine care and providence, in pre-Christian times as well as since, has ever been most effectually brought home to men by ten thousand instances from the natural world. Men whose vision was not distorted by a theory have always delighted to recognize the "power, wisdom, and goodness of God," in the forms and uses of the vegetable kingdom, in the instincts and habits of animals, in the adaptation of man to the world he lives in, in the magnificence of the starry heavens, in the richness of the all-nour-

ishing earth. It has become, alas! almost fashionable, in certain circles, to slur at "Bridgewater Treatises" and other efforts of so-called "natural theology." But how can one do this who does not pretend to be wiser than the Great Teacher? Have we outgrown or forgotten those familiar words, "Your Father feedeth the ravens; he clothes the lilies: how much more will he feed and clothe you"? It is true that our Saviour is not here or anywhere arguing for the existence of God, but only for the Divine Providence. He leaves us, however, to make that natural inference of every unsophisticated mind, that Providence implies a Provider. Not only would it have been irrelevant to the spiritual condition of those whom our Lord addressed to answer purely metaphysical objections, but it would also have been foreign to the eternal purposes of his mission. The gospel ignores metaphysical difficulties now and always. If the speculations of philosophers bar the way to faith, other speculations must remove it, if it is to be removed at all. Now, Bridgewater Treatises are not intended to meet purely abstract and metaphysical doubts, any more than the New Testament is; but they have this in common,—that they appeal to facts in the natural world for proof that the world is made and governed by Infinite Wisdom for purposes of Infinite Love. That Love and Wisdom it is the highest glory of science to unfold and illustrate; and, this being admitted, one cannot deny that science leads *to* God, not *from* him. Yet it is at the same time true, as already said, that science alone would never give us the idea of God: that comes through what is properly called faith; which is none other than perception of spiritual truth, antecedently to all argument, and independently of all. But it is the part of *true* science to accept this idea, as no less legitimate than its own researches and observations; nay, more, as being the nucleus around which they all crystallize. It is the part of true science, in other words, to recognize its own limits, and not to deny that beyond those limits may lie a boundless world of truth. Still further, it is the part of true science to affirm that there *must* be such a world; to account for natural phenomena; that,

without the assumption of something deeper and higher than matter, the laws of matter cannot be explained; that, without a soul, man would be the darkest of all mysteries; that, without a God, the universe could be only blank and chaos. True science, then, is simply science baptized by faith, and not ashamed to avow that it works in the interest of faith. Thus understood, there can be no possible jealousy between science and religion, whether in relation to the question of miracles, or any other question which touches the foundations of faith. Geology, the great bugbear of the theologians, has made it ridiculous to every schoolboy to assert that the world is but six thousand years old; but geology has not invalidated a single doctrine of Christianity, — not even a single text of the Bible: it has simply made it necessary to interpret the Bible differently. We are not called upon, as Christians, to throw discredit upon any ascertained fact recorded by the “Medals of Creation.” We ought even to give as hearty a welcome to these facts as to any other. But we are bound to rebuke equally the sceptical sneer on the one side, and the faithless timidity on the other, which can identify every alleged discovery in this science with a damage to true religion. Christians must be bolder for Christ, not with an ignorant and unreasoning boldness, but as distinctly understanding that the Head of the Church is also “Lord of the sciences;” that “out of Zion” must go forth *the law* in its widest sense, — the law which shall give unity to all man’s endeavors after the truth, and cause all forms of truth to work harmoniously to one great end.

W. H. S.

A FACT FOR TEMPERANCE MEN TO PONDER. — The other day, at a Temperance meeting, we expressed the belief, that there had been a decided re-action within the last five years, a going-back to the old abuses, because reliance is had too exclusively on legal measures, to the relaxation of individual influence and effort. This was eloquently denied. Since then, one, who has investigated and knows, gives us this fact: Five years since, the number of persons who needed help by reason of intemperance, in the county of Suffolk, was *five hundred and sixty*. Last year it was *twelve thousand*.

S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. III.

"WARUM SOLLT' ICH DENN MICH GRÄMEN?"

BY PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.

WHEREFORE, then, should I be gloomy?
 Still have I Jesus nigh:
 Who shall take him from me?
 Who shall rob me of the heaven
 Which God's Son For me won,
 And through faith has given?

I began our life-scene trying,
 Poor and bare; No strength there;
 Only want and crying.
 Nought can I of all its heaping
 Bear away In that day
 When to earth I'm creeping.

Goods, nor blood, nor frame, nor living,
 Are my own: God alone
 Glads me in their giving.
 What he gave when he erases,
 Part or whole; Heart and soul
 Still shall hymn his praises.

Should he give a cross to carry,
 Send amain Woe and pain,
 Ought my trust to vary?
 He will rule them in the sending:
 He well knows How to choose
 What shall be the ending.

God has oft with many a blessing
 Crowned my lot: Shall I not
 Feel some burdens pressing?
 Good is he, not always chiding:
 His decree Works for me
 Comforting and guiding.

Death has not the power to slay us ;
 Does but snatch From their catch,
 When life's ills waylay us ;
 Shuts the door of bitter grieving,
 And makes way For the day
 Of the heavens' receiving.

What is all we here inherit
 But a hand Full of sand,
 Weariness of spirit ?
 There, there, is the noblest treasure :
 Shepherd-wise, Christ supplies
 Without end or measure.

N. L. F.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.

AMERICANS visiting London, who go to see the two sorry figures of Saxon warriors, commonly called Gog and Magog, at Guildhall, very seldom, we suspect, observe an old stone church a few rods distant, which yet is worthy of notice. It is the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, in King Street, Cheap-side.

There is nothing very remarkable in the structure itself, though it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was the first church erected after the great London fire. Still less is there any thing attractive in its present appearance. Huge warehouses shoulder it on all sides. The whole neighborhood is given up to traffic, and this one spot for quiet reflection seems like a small embowered island in the midst of a tumultuous sea.

What gives it any interest ? Something more than the fact that here Archbishop Tillotson preached his memorable sermons "on the Divinity and Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour," at those Tuesday Lectures founded by Elizabeth, Viscountess Camlden ; lectures which, as his biographer says, "were attended by a numerous audience brought together from the remotest parts of the metropolis, and by a great concourse of the clergy who came hither to form their minds."

Nor would one visit it merely because here Tillotson was married, and here he was buried ; and Bishop Burnet preached his funeral sermon, " interrupted by sobs of the congregation ; " and a marble monument perpetuates his name in a church for which he always felt a peculiar affection.

I sought the old sanctuary eagerly. I attended service in its hallowed walls. I walked reverently around its aisles, observing its monumental busts ; and, in the vestry, I obtained leave to examine its old church-records. In these I saw the large, round handwriting of Tillotson's most intimate friend, the former rector of that church, — a renowned preacher in his day, who, marrying the widow of the first Governor of the Company of Massachusetts Bay, had, two hundred years ago, a tie of interest to a young colony which has now, I fear, almost forgotten his name.

I wish to offer a few words about one who is every way worthy of a fresh remembrance.

Benjamin Whichcote was born in Stoke, county of Salop, March 11, 1610 ; and graduated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, 1629, of which he was afterwards tutor. Ordained priest in 1636, he was a lecturer in Trinity Church, Cambridge, for more than twenty years ; aiming, as we read in Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, " to perpetuate and propagate a spirit of sober piety and rational religion in the University of Cambridge, in opposition to the style of preaching and doctrine then in vogue." Subsequently he became Provost of King's College, and Regius Professor of Divinity.

It was here he formed his acquaintance with Tillotson, who graduated at Cambridge, 1650. Birch, in his *Life of the archbishop*, says, " There was then a set of as extraordinary persons as perhaps any age has produced, — Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Master of Christ's College ; Dr. Benjamin Whichcote, Provost of King's ; Dr. Henry More, Fellow of Christ's."

At the Restoration, Dr. Whichcote was deprived of his office ; but, in 1662, he was chosen Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, where he continued till his church was burned " in the great and dismal fire " of 1666. He was then called to the vicarage of St. Lawrence, Jewry, which had also lost

its church. During the erection of a new one, he preached before the city corporation at Guildhall "with great approbation." The new church, the present edifice, was dedicated Dec. 7, 1668. In 1673, Dr. Whichcote preached before the House of Commons; and in May, 1683, he died at the house of his friend Dr. Cudworth.

On the north side of the church is a large mural monument, with a long inscription in most affectionate and respectful praise of Dr. Whichcote, of whom "*fama magni nominis longe lateque divulgata est.*" His funeral sermon was preached by Tillotson, at that time Prebend of Canterbury; who said, "Though he had a most profound and well-poised judgment, yet he was of all men I ever knew the most patient to hear others differ from him, and the most easy to be convinced when good reason was offered, and, which is seldom seen, more apt to be favorable to another man's reason than his own." And Bishop Burnet wrote of him: "He was much for liberty of conscience; and, being disgusted with the dry, systematical way of these times, he studied to raise those he conversed with to a nobler set of thoughts, and to consider religion as a seed of 'a deiform nature,' to use his own phrase. In order to this, he set young students much on reading Plato, Tully, Plotin, and on considering the Christian religion as a doctrine sent from God both to elevate and sweeten human nature, in which he was a great example as well as a wise and kind instructor."

These hints as to the temper and theological position of Dr. Whichcote awaken our interest in him, and suggest that he must have occupied a position of great influence in that age of furious dogmatism on the one side, and of sneering scepticism on the other. A proof of this may be seen in one of the most interesting incidents in the life of a distinguished person, whose real character has often been misrepresented, and whose alleged infidelity was, to a great degree, only his aversion to the corruptions and abuse of Christianity. We refer to the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury.

The sister of that nobleman tells us, that as he was one day on a visit to his grandmother, the countess dowager, widow

of the first earl, he found her reading a manuscript. Curious to know what it was that interested her so deeply, he was informed that it was a sermon. He expressed surprise that she should take so much trouble to read a manuscript sermon, when there were so many discourses in print. The countess replied, that she could find none so good as this. Upon this, the earl desired to read what had been so much praised. He at once asked for other sermons by the same author; and, in 1698, there was published a volume of sermons of Dr. Whichcote, with a preface by the Earl of Shaftesbury, dictated from his sick-bed to his sister, who wrote it for the press.

This preface is remarkable both on account of its author and its opinions; and I feel sure of being pardoned for giving some extended account of it, quoting chiefly its own words.

It begins by observing that it seems strange, when we consider the excellent order and establishment of preaching, and how it is raised and magnified in the Christian world, that we see not greater and more happy effects thereof. The fact suggests the possibility of some defect in this great affair; so that the causes may not be altogether in the depravity, perverseness, or stupidity of mankind. A part of this defect may perhaps be found in the unfortunate union of the arts of government and the mysteries of religion, but much more in the prominence given to the motive of fear, and the little account made of kindness, love, and the natural affections. It should have been the business of those who have managed the cause of religion to have contended for their better dispositions, and to have shown how deep a root and foundation they had in human nature, and not just contrariwise to have built on the ruin of them; for, with some people, this had become a method to prove Christianity. Revelation was to owe its establishment to the depression and lowering of such principles as these in the nature of man, and the weakness of these was made the strength of religion. As if good nature and religion were enemies, — a position essentially atheistical. Men who deny all natural principles of goodness construct their idea of God after the same pattern, who becomes a self-

ish tyrant, instead of a loving Father; and the very religion which professes so much regard for love, charity, good-will, is used chiefly as an engine of fear, of rewards and punishments. Hence there is the more need of a preacher like the author of these sermons, who contends that there is a secret sympathy in human nature with virtue and honesty, and who shows that happiness and misery spring from living in accordance with or in violation of our human nature. This is taught by our excellent divine and truly Christian philosopher, whose happy temper and God-like disposition, whose meekness, learning, and piety, drew to him the respect of all parties. Though there are many who are prejudiced against all pulpit discourses, yet perhaps even they may meet something here to make them like Christianity better. Were there beside ours any religion which had so good a man as this to show, these very men would admire and reverence him, — perhaps be the foremost to extol his works; and it is hard indeed if they will not treat a Christian as fairly as they would a Pagan. At any rate, the believers in Christianity will find in these discourses the fairness and impartiality, the equanimity and good nature, which they may learn from thence to be a security against the contrary temper of the irreconcilable enemies to our holy faith.

We have room to indicate only a few of the points so well expressed in this preface; enough, however, to show how unjust to his memory is the popular impression in regard to the writer, and enough also to awaken profound sympathy with his state of mind.

The sermons recommended to the public by such a preface soon attracted a wide attention, and other editions of them followed. In 1701, three more volumes of Whichcote's Sermons were published by Dr. Jeffery, Archdeacon of Norwich, the friend of Sir Thomas Brown; and in the preface he says, "The reverend and learned author, through the advantage of just freedom, a strong judgment, and an unfeigned piety, has established such a notion of Christianity from the Holy Scriptures, according to the moral perfections of God, as cannot possibly be false; and has laid his foundations of religion so

deep in the nature, reason, and necessity of things, that it cannot possibly be subverted." In 1707, still another volume came out, edited by Dr. Samuel Clarke. In 1742, a portion of these discourses was republished at Edinburgh, with a recommendatory preface by Dr. Wishart, Principal of the College of Edinburgh; and, in 1751, an edition including all Whichcote's Discourses, in four octavo volumes, was published at Aberdeen, edited by Dr. George Campbell.

Our readers know the significance of the above names. Discourses which they commended, and endeavored to circulate, must have some special merit. Let us here give them a brief review.

We are first of all struck with a rare freedom and freshness of utterance. Nothing could be in greater contrast with the formal and pedantic style that marked the pulpit two hundred years ago. Instead of retailing in endless subdivisions the traditional commonplaces and platitudes of the homilies, here was a man who gave a natural expression to original and profound thought. It was a new phenomenon in the pulpit, — even greater than Buckminster's sermons fifty years ago.

These discourses are not polemic. They make no assault on any dogma of the Church. They find their way down to that innermost consciousness which underlies all dogma; to that primitive reason, that *raison non raisonnée*, which is God's revelation in the soul; and they aim to inspire a desire to know that, to study it, to reverence it, and a conviction that God has not contradicted it, and we must not make its dictates a lie. When men first heard or read these sermons, there must have been a repetition of the astonishment at finding one who taught with authority, and not with the word-catching, hair-splitting, and pettifogging spirit of the scribes.

In what we call the best religious literature of the last half-century, there has been nothing more original, free, courageous, noble, than some of the utterances of these sermons; and they are marked by a profound and tender conviction, a modesty and true wisdom, which find their way to the heart. Every now and then we meet a passage which makes us think

of Bishop Butler, a successor *longo intervallo*, but better expressed than in his involved and scraggy style.

If our readers will turn to our "Random Readings," they will find some short extracts from Whichcote's Sermons. In calling their attention to them, let us ask pardon for the folly of supposing that they can judge of a house by seeing these few bricks.

Leigh Hunt, in his preface to the plays of Wycherly, says, "The two best sermons I ever heard (and no disparagement to many a good one from the pulpit) were a sentence of Dr. Whichcote against the multiplication of things forbidden;" and, after reading the extracts referred to, we think there will be no wonder at the distinction which Hunt accorded to the preacher at St. Lawrence's, though some surprise may be felt at his naming as the second best sermon he ever heard, "the hearty and soul laugh of Dorothy Jordan." Not that we would speak irreverently of Dorothy's effusion, which we are quite prepared to believe had more soul in it than many sermons it has been our lot to hear.

These volumes of sermons, such as we have described them to be, among the most free and outspoken utterances of the pulpit in any age, — these volumes of Whichcote's discourses were among the books which Thomas Hollis selected to be sent to the Library of Harvard College. There they may be found to-day, in the thick covers and strong and handsome binding which that eminent benefactor of the college so much loved. Of what spirit must that man have been who took pains to send such a work as this for the young men of New England to read?

Another fruit of Dr. Whichcote's mind has been published. In 1688, there appeared "Observations and Apophthegms," taken from Dr. Whichcote's lips by one of his pupils. It passed through two editions, if not more. In 1703, Dr. Jeffery, before referred to, published "Moral and Religious Aphorisms," collected from Dr. Whichcote's manuscript papers; and, in 1753, another edition was printed by Dr. Samuel Salter, preacher and master at Charter House, London, and editor of the famous "Letters of Ben Mordecai."

A copy of these "Aphorisms" has come into my possession from an old clerical library in the interior of Massachusetts. It is probable that there are other copies of this curious book in this country, though I have looked in vain for it in many of our public libraries. It is an 18mo of a hundred and forty-four pages, and is divided into ten centuries—that is, hundreds—of aphorisms; so that we have one thousand in all. An address to the reader is prefixed; and a prayer of rare excellence, for morning and evening, is subjoined.

The "Aphorisms" are of unequal merit, as one would expect in so large a number; but they are all original, and have the clear impress of Dr. Whichcote's mind, while many of them are full of weighty thought. It may not be displeasing to the reader to cast his eye over a few of them:—

"Did Christians live according to their religion, one man would be a God unto another.

"The natural knowledge of religion is as spiritual as any knowledge that belongs to us.

"It is not to be expected that another man should think as I would to please me; since I cannot think as I would to please myself.

"When a man consents to any thing that is contrary to the reason of his own mind, he begins a disposition contrary to virtue and religion.

"Some are worse for their religion. The good nature of a heathen is more God-like than the furious zeal of a Christian.

"We must now naturalize ourselves to the employment of eternity.

"A man is not well settled in his religion until his religion is the selfsame thing with the reason of his mind.

"The sense and meaning of Scripture is Scripture.

"If you only say you have a revelation from God, I must have a revelation from God, too, before I can believe you."

Before we close, we must offer a word or two upon that event in Dr. Whichcote's life which connects his name with the early history of Massachusetts.

Our readers well know, that Matthew Cradock, a wealthy London merchant, was the first Governor of the Company of

Massachusetts Bay, and held that office in London until John Winthrop succeeded him, at the time it was resolved to transfer the charter to this country. He was one of the most liberal promoters of the colonization. He owned two of the ships of Winthrop's fleet; and, though he never came to this country, he had here extensive possessions, — such as a house at Marblehead, another at Ipswich, a farm of over two thousand acres in Medford, on which he erected a dwelling, still standing, as we believe, and the oldest house in New England, if not the oldest in the United States.

Gov. Cradock died probably in 1642; and, in 1644, his widow married Richard Glover. Ere long she was a widow again, and she was married to Dr. Whichcote.

By his will, dated Nov. 9, 1640, Gov. Cradock left one-half of his New-England property to his widow during her life; and one-half of the plantation, called Medford, she subsequently rented to Edward Collens of Cambridge, with all its "houses; edifices, buildings, barns, stables, outhouses, lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, findings, woods, highways, profits, commodities, and appurtenances."

It appears, however, that all this long catalogue of possessions did not yield the returns which Gov. Cradock's advances were thought to merit; and so, in 1650, his widow petitioned the General Court for an allowance of £676, which she alleged to be due to his estate. This brought her name, and subsequently the name of her third husband, into the records of the court, where they may be read in those fair quarto volumes which have been printed. We there learn that the court refused the petition, on the ground that it was "never concerned in Cradock's adventures."

This seems rather a gruff answer when the colony owed so much to his exertions and beneficence, though it may have been good against the specified claim. In 1657, the petition was renewed, and again refused. In 1670, it was urged once more, and at first denied: but finally, in consideration of the "great disbursements of Mr. Cradock in planting the colony," it allowed Dr. Whichcote and his wife Rebecca "one thousand acres of land in any free place," subsequently laid out on the

Piscataqua River, "above Dover bounds;" and they relinquished all claims on the Massachusetts Government.

We are glad to know, that, when Dr. Whichcote's thoughts were directed to this country, it was probably with no anxiety as to any pecuniary success; for Archbishop Tillotson tells us that he had a "plentiful estate," and that, at his death, he left legacies to Emanuel College, King's College, and the Library of Cambridge University. In Emanuel College he founded, before his death, three scholarships; and was, throughout his life, very charitable and generous.

Infinitely better than any returns from all those lands, tenements, findings, commodities, and appurtenances, he would doubtless regard a widely diffused sympathy with the free and noble spirit which he aimed to encourage, and better also than any honors which might follow his name and memory. On the occasion, before referred to, of my attendance upon the services at the Church of St. Lawrence, there were some thirty worshippers; and, at the communion which followed, five old women in calico, church-pensioners, with me received the sacred elements. The rector seemed to know but little of his predecessor two hundred years ago; while the gray-headed beadle thought it strange that I should take such an interest in the dusty old records he brought out for me to examine. But the faith and spirit of Whichcote are becoming every day, more and more, the property of the Christian world; and it is only a tribute to their power if names or sects pass away through the general acceptance of truths once peculiar to them.

H. A. M.

WHAT good doth it to me to go to the material churches of stone, and there fill my ears with empty breath? Or to go to the Supper, and feed nothing but the earthly mouth, which is mortal and corruptible? Cannot I feed and satisfy it with a piece of bread at home? What good doth it to the soul, which is an immortal life, to hear the bestial man observe the form of Christ's institution, if it cannot obtain the jewel of the institution? For St. Paul saith of the Supper, "You receive it to judgment, because ye discern not the Lord's body."

"FOLLOW ME."

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

MATT. iv. 19: "And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

THESE words were addressed to Simon and Andrew at the beginning of our Saviour's ministry, and they show the habitual method by which he gained disciples. He spoke to these humble fishermen precisely as he spoke to Philip of Bethsaida, precisely as he spoke to the rich young man, precisely as he spoke to him who would first go and bury his father. The injunction was the same to all, — equally imperative, equally unqualified. There was no mistaking its meaning; there was no mistaking the authoritative tone with which this new Teacher called on men to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands, to become his disciples. There was at the beginning no formal explanation of his doctrine, no labored justification of his mission, no arguments to show men why they should receive his sayings, but simply the command addressed to every man alike: "Let him deny himself, and take up the cross, and follow me."

In its immediate, literal sense, the command to follow Christ implied that men should forsake their common pursuits, and go with him as he went from city to city and from village to village preaching the kingdom of heaven. In this sense, Andrew and Peter understood it; for in the next verse we read that they straightway left their nets, and followed him. And, even in this literal and limited interpretation of the command, there was implied an exercise of faith that can hardly be enough appreciated. Who was he for whose companionship Andrew and Peter were thus required to give up the little on which they depended for their daily bread, and Levi to give up his official rank, and the young man to sell all that he had, and give to the poor? Had Jesus any outward means of supplying their wants? Had he wealth of his own with which to feed and clothe them? Did he pro-

mise any immediate recompense for the sacrifice they were called on to make? He only said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

To follow him, therefore, simply in the outward and literal sense, implied the highest exercise of faith. Called on to live by faith of the Son of God, at the very threshold their faith was subjected to the severest test. They were required to trust in him for the barest provisions of life: at the outset, not for the living bread alone, but for that daily bread which was needed for their most crying wants. They were poor men, living from day to day on the proceeds of their daily toil. Simon and Andrew had this to think of when they left their nets to follow him. But, besides requiring them to relinquish their subsistence, the command to follow Christ required also that they should face certain and immediate danger. It was no light thing to go about with one who preached the kingdom of heaven. The first time that the Son of man proclaimed in his own city the acceptable year of the Lord, an angry mob rose up in wrath to hurl him headlong from a rock. Wherever he went, the prediction of Simeon was fulfilled, — that the marvellous child was set for the fall as well as for the rising of many in Israel. He who spake as never man spake excited everywhere the bitterest opposition. Men who could allege no cause of hatred, save that he was better than they, took counsel together how they might kill him. He was driven from place to place, a homeless outcast, a friend of publicans and sinners. Those who followed him, of course, must suffer with him. The servant was not greater than his lord. They were forewarned that men should revile and persecute them, and say all manner of evil against them falsely, for his sake. If escaping actual violence, they could not escape the scorn, which pride and bigotry in every age lavish with so profuse a hand on such as venture to believe that a good thing may come out of Nazareth. Looked at, then, in this simple light alone, the injunction had a meaning to which this later age in which we live can scarcely furnish any parallel. So much of sacrifice, so much

of suffering, was implied in the narrowest, most literal compliance with an injunction that was addressed by Christ to all alike who would enter that heavenly kingdom which he proclaimed as so near at hand.

But the injunction was never meant to be taken in this literal sense alone. Andrew and Peter indeed thus at first obeyed it. They straightway left their nets, and followed him. But the Lord, in thus calling them to such daily and familiar fellowship, had another and deeper end in view. Himself manifestation of the true life, he knew that they could only know and share that life when brought into daily contact with it. It was needful that they should go about with him; that they should see him as he was. Giving up all that they had for his sake, they were admitted to a closer communion than those could be admitted to who only saw him afar off and on rare occasions. The command to follow him was, therefore, not simply a test of faith: it was just as much a condition of spiritual growth. They could only feel his influence by thus being always with him. His daily walk was a gospel that could not be preached in words; his acts were sermons; his self-denying life was full of a subtle power that flowed, as it were, from the very hem of his garment. Men must be with him to see all this.

To follow Christ in the deeper and truer sense in which the command was meant, it was needed that men should share, not simply his outer, but his inner life; that they should receive his spirit; that they should have the same mind that was in him; that they should be consecrated to the same holy work; that they should taste his mysterious trials; be tempted as he was, that they might be made perfect through suffering; in short, that they should yield themselves up in all respects to the power of his example, and make him the mark of their high calling.

If, then, they would follow him, besides having to fight with foes without, they must wage a yet sorer conflict with foes within; they must wrestle continually with their own easily besetting sins,—with pride, with selfishness, with appetite, with envy. In imitation of his example, they must

make themselves of no reputation, and become the servants of men; they must meet not merely the scorn and contempt of others, but learn, by a bitter study of their own hearts, to loathe and hate their own corrupt and evil tendencies, to realize with painful earnestness their own unworthiness. All these hard conditions must be met, would men set out to follow Christ. They could not be put in daily contrast with his spotless purity, without being made, like the patriarch Job in presence of his Maker, to abhor themselves; and in the effort to become like Christ was involved all this weary struggle, all this long experience of weakness and insufficiency. It was hard to give up all that they had to follow him; but it was harder, far harder, to endure the anguish of that daily crucifixion, without which they could not become his disciples indeed.

Well did the Master say, in view of all these things, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." To the weary, indeed, and the heavy-laden, the yoke is easy, and the burden is light; for such as these gladly embrace the divine conditions. They know their divine Leader, and are known of him. But many, we are warned, of a different spirit, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. In vain shall they say to the Master, "We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets;" but he shall say, "I tell you, I know not whence ye are."

What, now, was our Saviour's meaning in exacting this hard condition? Why, instead of explaining his doctrine, why, instead of seeking to recommend it by any appeal or argument, did he adopt this unprecedented course of requiring that men first should follow him? Why, when men came to him with mere impulses of curiosity, desiring to know what these things were which he taught with such authority, did he refuse to answer them, or answer them in parables which he well knew they would not understand? What deep intent was hid in this strange procedure? For this, if we consider it for a moment, was the striking feature of our Saviour's teaching. This, more than all else, marked him from

other teachers. When he ended his sayings, the people, we are told, were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes. And precisely that which gives his teaching such authoritative tone was this unvarying, unqualified condition, on which all his sayings rested, — that men must believe him in order to understand him, and follow him in order to know him. This, was, in fact, the key-note of all his teaching.

Had the claims of Jesus meant no more than the passive, unthinking surrender to an outward authority that so many religious systems claim of their devotees, it would have had nothing in it to excite surprise. Long had the world been used to such assumption. But the great Teacher set out with wholly a different end in view. He came as the Light of the world, to bear witness to the truth, and to bring all men to the knowledge of it. He came, not to cramp and repress man's nature, not to stunt his spiritual stature, not to bind him with any chains of religious despotism, but to give to all his spiritual faculties the largest and freest scope, to endow him with a glorious liberty, to incite him to an infinite advance, to spread out before him the profoundest mysteries of being as objects of his ceaseless study. While refusing to enlighten those who came to him from mere curiosity, to his disciples he said, "To you it is *given* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." Vulgar spiritual despotism aims to keep men in perpetual ignorance; but the whole stress and motive of Christ's ministry was to bring men out of darkness into new and marvellous light.

Let us guard against the grave error of confounding Christ in this respect with others who have claimed blind, implicit surrender from their followers. It was one great misfortune of the Son of man, that even the words and forms of speech he was forced of necessity to use were tainted with associations of human wickedness; but when he so often used the words "Follow me," making this the first and indispensable condition of discipleship, it was not a path of unreasoning ignorance that he pointed out, but a path on which the light was meant to shine more and more till the perfect day.

What, then, let us ask, is the great and peculiar lesson taught us in this method pursued by the Son of man? Let us not think that his words come to us to-day with any less force than they came to the two brethren who on that day were casting their nets into the Sea of Galilee. If any of us would become his disciples indeed, we must comply with this condition. Before we can receive his sayings aright, before we can understand his teachings, we must obey, if not in the literal, yet in the spiritual and deeper sense, this first command, "Follow me."

If, now, we study the reasons of this command, we shall find, that, like all the divine commands, it is not arbitrary, but grounded in the nature of things. Expressed in other words, it simply means that the primary conditions of belief are moral, and not intellectual; that a right temper of heart must pave the way for mental illumination; that our progress in pursuit of truth will be proportioned to our practical compliance with it. We must heartily surrender ourselves to this divine law before the inner eye can be ravished with the beatific vision.

It is sometimes asked, "How am I responsible for my belief?" "How can I control my convictions respecting truth?" "Why should I be blamed because on some subjects I cannot see as others see?" "Why must I be held responsible, if, after diligent investigation, I cannot reach the same conclusions that others have arrived at?" As these questions are often put, they are very likely to mislead such especially as aim to be honest with themselves, and shrink from the first step towards unreality in their religious life. How, then, does the great Teacher answer these?

In the first place, it is clear that he does hold men responsible for their belief. Whatever may be the grounds of this responsibility, the fact cannot be denied. In his instructions to his twelve apostles, he uttered the solemn words, "Who-soever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment

than for that city." Surely such a fate would never have been denounced against men who were guilty of no sin. Throughout our Saviour's life, we may trace the anguish of this bitter consciousness, that men *would* not come unto him that they might have life; and those mightier issues of life and death foreshadowed in all his teaching, that dread, unerring judgment with which, in the end of days, the Son of man will judge the world, all have their tests in this fearful responsibility for our belief which the gospel imputes to every soul that is brought in contact with its light. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life."

But, while thus holding all men strictly responsible for their belief, it is not because they arrive at false conclusions, but because at the outset they were unwilling to follow a right method. He did not call on his hearers to believe the whole truth. Far from this, he communicated it only by slow degrees even to a chosen few. Even when one so well instructed as Nicodemus came to him to ask what his doctrine was, he only answered, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He nowhere blames men for not believing the deeper mysteries that were unfolded in his last discourses. He nowhere utters a reproof for mere abstract or speculative error. He seems not even to recognize those difficulties, that, in later days, have been deemed so hard. Nothing can be farther removed than were his discourses from mere theoretical discussions of Christian truth. He gives his disciples no formal statement of his doctrine; he fortified his Church with no articles of faith; he required submission to no creed; he made no reference, in fact, to questions that have since excited the most angry controversies.

What Christ did hold men responsible for was not being willing to make a practical trial of the truths he taught. "If any man," said he, "will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here, then, was the ground of responsibility. Men might not be able to control their intellectual conclusions;

but they were able to control their practical compliance with the divine commands. At the outset, it is clear that the apostles themselves had no full assurance respecting the Son of man. Through the whole of his earthly ministry, their convictions respecting him were vague, fluctuating, and imperfect. They doubted his express predictions; and not until he had risen from the dead, and showed them his hands and his feet and his wounded side, did a full sense of his divinity dawn on their halting comprehension. But were they rejected on this account? Were Peter and Andrew blamed, because, when, in their simple faith, they cast aside their nets to follow him, they did not even stop to ask by what authority he uttered such imperative command, and required such immediate compliance?

What our Lord at first required was a practical compliance. He did not undervalue truth. What he meant was, that truth could be arrived at only by a single way. "I," he said, "am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh to the Father but by me." In other words, except a man follow me, except he keep my sayings, except he imitate me in his daily walk, except he yield himself to my guidance, become like me, share my life, be filled with my spirit, — except he do this, he cannot come to the Father of lights.

Christ did not call men to believe that they might follow, but to follow that they might believe. He held up belief as of vital consequence to every soul. By it every man's destiny was shaped. In it the issues of life and of death were all involved. Yet it was not itself the first step. It followed as the result of something else. If any man would know the doctrine, — that is, if in his own experience he would prove its reality and power, — if he would win a conviction far deeper than any reasoning could reach, he must first do the will.

Respecting this there are two erroneous extremes. On the one hand are those, who, in their excessive zeal for truth, make agreement respecting it the condition of all practical co-operation for extending it. With them belief in certain

truths is the beginning and end of Christian life. In their haste to prevent the least admixture of erroneous doctrine, they fence the Church about with such ingenious safeguards, that one who would set out to follow Christ must first give his adhesion to a whole system of metaphysical theology. Nothing is so precious as truth. "Buy it," says the wise man, "and sell it not." Nothing is so noble as the search after it. We come to the stature of perfect men, only as we cordially embrace it; but experience has shown that this way of getting it which we have just considered is fruitful rather of bitter controversy than of any real progress. No careful student of history can doubt that the growth of the Church has been very much impeded by this defensive armor in which she has been arrayed. Some of her worst foes have been they of her own household.

But, on the other hand, in revolt from this extreme, men have run into the other, — of denying the supremacy of truth, and making mere practical well-doing the whole of Christianity. The profound mysteries of our religion are lightly spoken of as relics of ignorance or superstition; the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, the "truths that wake to perish never," that have power to mould the entire destiny of man; the leaven which alone by its regenerating influence can leaven the whole mass, — all these are put aside as having no relation to man's actual wants. A large part of religion consists in practical well-doing. Without this, mere profession of religion is worthless. "The tree," said our Lord, "is known by its fruits." It is only by our practical compliance with his commands that we prove our discipleship; but here, too, experience shows that a religion which is mere well-doing lacks motive and rule. It either evaporates by degrees in sentimental philanthropy, or blazes in some rash reform of human evils, when often one devil is let out, at the expense of letting seven others in.

How wisely the sound Scripture method avoids both these extremes! It insists on the supreme worth and authority of truth. "To this end," says the Saviour, "was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear wit-

ness unto the truth ;" but it does not require men to receive it, without first making a practical trial of it. So, on the other hand, the gospel just as much insists on practical well-doing. It is the meek, the merciful, the peace-makers, who are truly blessed. "Whoever," said Christ, "shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother ;" but, at the same time, it teaches that practical well-doing is not itself an end, but only a means of making us like God. It is ultimately for our own good that we are called on to war with the evil that is in the world. It exists, not simply that it may be removed, but that we may be made wiser by removing it. What gives its real worth and grandeur to all well-doing is, that by it we ourselves are made to know the deep enduring truths of the spiritual world ; that we are made partakers of that eternal life, which is simply the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

We see, then, how broad and lasting is the lesson of our text. Our Saviour, in uttering these words, published to every age the right method of spiritual life. Anselm felt its deep meaning when he wrote the memorable words, "I do not seek to understand that I may believe ; but I believe, that I may understand." And the wise and thoughtful Neander echoed it, when, with all his rare mental culture and unequalled learning, he chose for his motto the modest maxim, "It is the heart that makes the theologian." Philosophers have speculated much respecting modes of investigating truth. Both Bacon and Descartes sought to initiate their grand revolutions in human knowledge by the application of new methods. Both were persuaded that the human mind must be put on the right track before it could reach the goal ; though what that right track is, men are not yet agreed. The Scripture method, by which we may compass, not mere human science, but those eternal mysteries into which angels desire to look, is very simple. It sums itself up in those few words spoken to Andrew and Peter : "Follow me."

Let us not, then, suffer ourselves to be disturbed by alleged difficulties in revelation. What if there be difficulties ?

Are there are not difficulties just as great in all nature, in all human life? Do we wait to solve these difficulties before we eat our daily bread, before we learn to love and to be loved? Do we insist on having every mystery around us explained, before we make trial of good and evil? The method of religion is in precise analogy with this method of common life. The gospel requires of us no more than is required by those natural arrangements which all acknowledge to be reasonable. If we are in earnest to know the truth, let us follow Christ. At first, indeed, we shall know in part; we shall see as through a glass darkly; we shall meet with many things to try our faith: but if we follow on, gathering in daily experience lessons of divine wisdom, eating that true and living bread which consists in fellowship with the Son of God, we shall come at last to know as he knows, and to see as he sees. Not by a single bound, but by many painful steps, do we reach the mark of the prize of our high calling in him.

PEACE.

AN INVOCATION.

COME, white-winged Peace! our hearts are sick for thee;
 Yet come thou not too soon, lest, like the dove
 Sent out upon the waters still undried,
 Thy foot shall find no rest, and thou return,
 Baffled and worn, thine errand incomplete.
 But when the tender plant of Freedom shows
 Its leaves above the waste, then go thou forth;
 Go, and return not. It shall be a sign
 That the great curse is lifted, and the earth
 Shall yet become the garden of the Lord,
 Fit for his angels, Righteousness and Truth,
 To walk in as of old, when Eden bloomed,
 And man held converse with his Maker, God.

C. A. M.

WEISS'S "LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE
PARKER." *

ONE of the editors of this little monthly has already set down, as he was able, upon these pages, his estimate of Mr. Theodore Parker's place and service in our community. We do not know that these two octavos of "Life and Correspondence" contain any thing which requires a revision of that estimate. These volumes bring to light at once the admirable qualities and the limitations, the gracious and the ungracious things, of the "Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston," much as they appeared whilst he was yet with us in the flesh. He was not one of the men who live in a corner. His story was familiar to a large circle of hearers and readers. As is likely to be the case with those who have made their own way, Mr. Parker was free to declare his personal experience; and what he omitted to do, his friends proudly did for him. We have none the less been glad to be reminded again of his youthful energy and intrepidity in the pursuit of good learning. In this respect, his example will be of the highest value to all young students. So much of the "Life" as is devoted to this great fidelity is especially interesting and profitable.

We have not called attention to this book because we have any thing to write about Mr. Parker. It is with the "Life" as written, not with the "Life" as lived, that we are concerned; and, in recording a few words of frank criticism both of the matter and the manner of these volumes, we shall express ourselves the more freely, because the writer with whose work we have to do is plainly not one of those who believe in euphuisms. Given to plain speaking himself, he has a right to plainness of speech from others; and it is but just to him that any who do not like what he has done should say so.

* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

We are of that number, — do not like what he has done; not because we cannot accept what we suppose to be his opinions upon religious subjects, — that was not looked for, — but because, where there should be liberality, there is only liberalism, and that of a bigoted, supercilious, and superficial kind. Wisdom will not die with the so-called progressive, any more than with the so-called conservative. There are some wise and honest persons in this community besides the few or the many who share Mr. Parker's denials and difficulties; and they are to be found not only amongst those who utterly disown rationalistic opinions, but amongst others also, who need not feel bound to go all lengths with our modern Deist or Theist because they have journeyed a little in the way of his choice. Moreover, we are old-fashioned enough to be disappointed and annoyed by a flippant treatment, both as to matter and as to manner, of religious subjects; and cannot see the necessity of employing language, which, however it may be intended to enlighten, can only offend believers, who, much as they may be mistaken, are none the less sincere. Liveliness may decline into buffoonery; and, of all buffooneries, that which expends itself upon sacred themes is the most offensive. As it is easy to be solemn and dull, so it is not hard to be trifling and wearisome.

Our objections will perhaps be brought out more intelligibly than in any other way through a few instances of Mr. Weiss's grave offences against charity and courtesy. "Only one of these Parkers," he writes, "so far as is discernible now, ever joined the Church. He married the daughter of an Orthodox deacon, and is suspected of a weakness for his wife's conventionalities." Reverse the case. Suppose one should say, "All of these Parkers, with one exception, were communicant members of the Church. He married the daughter of a leading member of the Standing Committee of the Twenty-eighth Congregational, and is suspected of a weakness for his wife's crudities." Is church-membership a conventionalism? Sometimes, undoubtedly; but is it so essentially and of course, and so that this must be henceforth the biographic and historic word for it? So to write, seems

to us simply insolent. But again: Mr. Parker "tried at first, by asking the Lord to forgive his sins when he had none 'to speak of,' to pray himself into the conviction, that his nature was depraved, and that damnation was a thing to be remembered in the days of his youth. This came from a catechism that was lying about the house. These old bundles of rags which emigration brings over will carry infection for a long while. Quarantine and a thorough smoking-out is the only remedy." The "bundle of rags" is the Westminster Catechism; the emigrants are such men as Winthrop and Carver; what the smoking-out may be, the reader must guess. Again: those who still think it worth while to appeal to Holy Scripture, in confirmation and illustration of their thought upon the highest themes, "japan their systems with scriptural phrases," and "rain dull texts upon the head." Those who "appear to suffer under conviction of sin" "are afflicted with the sin of a traditional theology rioting in morbid conditions of the mind or body. If they become clergymen, and continue their bad health, they will continue to use bad language, and defame human nature; but their sweet and blameless life totters under the ponderous phrases, and shoots *naïve* glances at the listeners." We read further on of "the truculent sentimentalism of conferences and revivals." Mr. Weiss inserts on the 151st and 152d pages of the first volume a very unworthy letter from Mr. Parker to Dr. J. F. Clarke, upon "Sin," in which "Deacon Wryface of Hellfire Church," to adopt the letter-writer's very refined and classic style, is made to figure. The letter is a very offensive production, besides being exceedingly shallow. Mr. Weiss's preface runs thus: "Whoever has a great deal of natural piety for sin is advised to pass this communication by." We should say that it would do no harm for a much larger class of persons to pass it by. What claim can he have for a wide and deep knowledge of what is in man, who could write, "I think the thing which ministers mean by *ngsin-n-n-n* (an attempt, we suppose, to indicate what is called a nasal pronunciation) has no more existence than *phlogiston*. I find *sins*,—i.e., *conscious violations of natural right*,—but no *sin*; i.e., no conscious

and intentional preference of wrong (as such) to right (as such),—no condition of 'enmity against God'?"

In Mr. Weiss's choice vocabulary, a candidate for settlement as preacher and pastor over one of our congregations is "an itinerant vender of the gospel." What may be meant by the following, some of our readers may be able to discover. We confess that we are a little at fault. "Men hang his presageful heart on the hooks of their parochial steelyards, and narrowly scrutinize the figures. He pockets his presage, and it makes no difference in the weight." A wharf covered with hogsheads of molasses and boxes of sugar, and swarming with petty thieves, supplies the figure by which those who made the earliest essays in German belles-lettres and theology are brought to our notice. They are "a few boys operating with straws and gimlets, not unseasonably whipped by critical officials." Speaking of the revival of 1857-8, Mr. Weiss discourses in this wise: "Of course, the theology which invokes a Providence to dissipate a whitlow, &c., &c., ascertained that the work was supernatural and special."

It is as impossible for the biographer as it was for Mr. Parker to understand, that men may have difficulties and entertain doubts as students of theology, which, as pastors and teachers of practical religion, they are neither called upon nor at liberty to spread before the people. Of course, if a man who does not believe in "the miracles" affirms a belief in them, and charges those who reject them with infidelity, he is a dishonest preacher, and ought to be denounced; but what if, whilst he has difficulties in receiving some of the signs which are set down in the record, he does believe with all his heart that God was in Christ, and that what the world needs to-day, beyond every thing, is to be regenerated by the ever-living Spirit, which was Christ's legacy to our race? May he not fairly decline either himself to parade his difficulties in the pulpit, or to join with one, who, instead of honestly stepping out upon the village-green, and hurling his missiles at the Church from the outside, avails himself of his place within to break the windows from the inside, not sparing the

poor superstitious folk who unhappily are not out of the range of his stones? Is he to be called a hypocrite because the chief end of the preacher does not seem to him to be a crusade against "the supernatural;" because the miracles are to him objects of faith, if not grounds of faith? There is a vast deal, in the "Life," of that shallow assumption to which Mr. Parker was so often left, — that his brethren who could not or would not go along with him (and such was the case with almost all of them), either knew no better, or, if they did know better, did not dare to confess it. Undoubtedly there were those, who, had they been logical, should have been with him. This might be said, we think, of very many, who, like him, were called Unitarians; and of this our own times afford abundant illustration. But men, even pastors of churches, are not always logical, thank God! Sometimes they are lifted above the sphere of logic, above their barren opinions, into a higher life of thought and feeling; are born into the kingdom of truth and love; and as children of believing fathers, and as subjects themselves of the Divine Grace, can sing and pray and preach out from the abundance of the heart a creed which is superior to their formal statements of doctrine. Moreover, there are those, sturdy men, not to say obstinate, who will cling to their position on an inclined plane all the days of their life, and never realize that their feet are not planted on an even place. The time has undoubtedly come at last, when those who believe in the Word made flesh, and to whom, accordingly, the Scriptures, with their stories of mighty signs, are credible and edifying, are to be separated from those who do not believe in the Incarnation, and who will be compelled to allow that the record and its wonders are neither credible nor edifying. It has been found impossible to separate the human from the superhuman in the New Testament. It has been found that Theist is only Greek for Deist, and that between humanitarian Unitarianism and Deism there is no difference worth speaking of. We live fast, and we have moved on so far as this; but it was not so when the South-Boston sermon was preached. There were those, who, without any consciousness of insincerity, accepted

Mr. Parker's premises, but shrank back from his conclusions, and were neither "amateurs" nor "dilettanti" nor "Pharisees," as the iconoclast and his life-writer charitably suggest. Is there any worse bigotry than the bigotry of liberalism, which insists that all, save a few *illuminati*, are fools or knaves; that it is an offence when a Christian pulpit is closed against one who tells you that the sinlessness of our Lord is but a girl's imagination; and proposes that Christians should come together, and "eat baked apples," instead of receiving from one another the bread and wine of the Last Supper? Are we to have respect for every other man's opinions and feelings and claims, and to have no respect for our own? Unlike Mr. Weiss, we do think it "wonderful" that so sensible a man as Mr. Parker, one who ought to have been so catholic, should have characterized a refusal to exchange pulpits with him as "a timidity to be despised." Was it not just possible that some of his brethren did not approve of his words and ways, did not wish to hear him preach, did not wish to obtrude him upon others, who liked him as little as they did? Am I at liberty to choose my physician, — to be allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, as I see fit? and may I not choose my minister? Because he claims to be a Christian, must I ask him to come and preach to me or for me? Are there no other opportunities for discussing the validity of religion, that the hour for worship and for the gospel-lesson must be seized by those who wish to show how the transient and the permanent, the body and the spirit of Christianity, may be deftly separated, and the concrete truth live on unharmed its earthly life? But they who bring new things are to be privileged beyond the rest. Why not? Are we not gravely told that Mr. Parker, at the time of the Burns rendition, "believed more than all the supernaturalists in Boston, and believed it more deeply"? In the chapter which is devoted to that sad matter, there is not a word to show that any other clergyman in the city said a word or prayed a prayer in behalf of the poor fugitive. One word more. Who are or were the "amateurs," that, in Mr. Weiss's irreverent phrase, were "just baring their breasts with *abandon* to the universe,

and calling to the 'over-soul' to come on, when Mr. Parker's sermon of the 'transient and permanent' struck their bellying sails with a sudden dismay, and they [the dismayed sails] were never hoisted more"? Eighteen forty-one was about our time; but we cannot recall the "amateurs" whose voyages came so suddenly to an end.

We had intended to protest against the involved and affected style of this biographer, — a style not to be pardoned in one of such excellent gifts and liberal culture. We cannot understand why a man who has so much to say, and such power to say it withal, should choose to renounce simplicity and clearness, and compel the reader to wind his way slowly and circuitously into his meaning. This may be excused where the writer has the gifts of dryness and dulness; but how shall we suffer it in one so abundantly endowed with imagination and eloquent speech as this biographer? One volume instead of the two, and that a volume revised and composed in a truly catholic spirit, would be a better tribute to Mr. Parker's memory than these octavos, which, had they been written by an "adversary," could not have confirmed, as these must, the unfavorable impressions which qualify the world's estimate of services in so many respects so valuable.

R.

THEREFORE we ought to consider well what man is, and how he is a man; and then we may perceive that a true Christian is not a mere historical new man. As if it were enough for us outwardly to confess Christ, and believe that he is the Son of God, and hath paid the ransom for us: for righteousness, availeth nothing, if it be imputed from without; that is, by believing only that it is imputed. But an innate righteousness, or the righteousness born in us, in which we are the children of God, — that availeth.

AND that Christianity doth not consist in the mere knowing of the history, and applying the knowledge thereof to ourselves only, in saying that Christ died for us, and hath destroyed death, and turned it into life in us; and that he hath paid the ransom for us, so that we need do nothing but comfort ourselves with this, and steadfastly believe that it is so.

P A I N.

WHEN all the troop of earthly joys
 Affrighted fly from Pain's stern face ;
 When Love outstretches powerless hands,
 That cannot reach my darkened place ;
 When Sickness weaves her sackcloth garb,
 And lays the spirit low in dust, —
 I, breathless, gasp one struggling prayer, —
 "Through pain my soul would trust!"

And, while earth's long-familiar vales
 Are shadowed more and more,
 The everlasting mountain-peaks
 Rise clearer than before.
 By trial-fires of cruel pain
 Comes wisdom to discern
 The fleeting from the permanent :
 "Through pain the soul can learn."

When agony has had its will,
 And only rest I crave,
 And pray to drop the flesh for aye
 Within the painless grave,
 The faithless dread of longer years,
 All-Merciful ! forgive :
 Accepted be the Christian truth, —
 "Through pain the soul must live."

And when across the transient lull
 The storms returning come,
 And toss me, weary, to and fro,
 But will not bear me home ;
 Then through the open gate of woe,
 My Father ! from above
 Thou comest ; and my soul can cry,
 "Thank God ! through pain I love."

ERNEST RAY.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

THOUGH we, most of us, have no pedigree, yet we all of us have ancestors, and very remote ones too; and among them is the Norseman of a thousand years ago. And we are to be known as descendants of his by better proofs than parchments, — by our looks, and by some words which we use even without knowing whence they first came.

The English and the Americans call themselves Anglo-Saxons; but they are as much Norsemen almost, if not altogether: for all the northern and eastern parts of England were colonized by the Northmen. Danes, Northmen, Norsemen, are all nearly the same in early history. And at the conquest of England, when the Normans entered, they were simply Norsemen, the better part of them, grown a little French, though still able, perhaps, to speak their old Norse language, like William, their duke. And also throughout those two-thirds of England, which in the year 900 still remained Saxon, there were interspersed many Danish or Norse settlers. And then, too, from 1003 A.D. to A.D. 1041, the country was ruled by Danish kings. And so the English people are as much Norse as Saxon.

But, indeed, the Saxon is but one of several progenitors of ours. Among our forefathers are ancient Britons and Romans too. For ancestors we have some who had Druids for priests, and Caractacus for king; some who saw the Emperor Severus buried at York, or who dwelt as legionaries at Roman stations, *castra*, — Doncaster, Manchester, Dorchester; and some who were from Germany, and who sailed from the mouth of the Rhine to land in England as guests, but to stay there, though, as victors; and some too, no doubt, who crossed the English Channel from Rouen, and who fought at Hastings, and who shared in the Conquest; and along with these, and as influential as any of them, is our ancestor the Norseman.

He is a man worth knowing, for many reasons. He is one of our ancestors, and he was nearly the last of the Pagans

in Europe. He was a man whose influence is on us at this day, quite directly and very powerfully. Also he is a man worth knowing on his own account. That Anglo-Saxon should be a synonyme for English, is discreditable to historians; because in spirit, and perhaps even in blood, the people of England are possibly less Anglo-Saxon than Anglo-Danish. From almost any History of England it might be inferred that the Dane did little else in England than burn, kill, and steal, and that now there is hardly a trace of him left. But the Dane, the Norwegian, of to-day, wandering through England, finds surviving the influence of his Norse ancestor, everywhere,—from the Houses of Parliament, by the Thames, to the cottages of the peasantry in Northumberland; in the names of towns and villages; in the dialects of wide districts; in the phraseology of the courts of law; in the names of places all along the coasts, ports, promontories, creeks, and rocks; and in the language used in the dockyard, on ship-board, and among fishermen. It is not without Danish influence, that there is trial by jury; and, all over England, it is round the Danish hustings that the people assemble to elect their members of Parliament. Of Danish antiquities in England, there are many,—on the sea-shore, barrows, high mounds of earth, within which the sea-kings were laid for burial; in London, churches consecrated to St. Olave, and to St. Magnus the Martyr, and to St. Clement; at Winchester, in the Cathedral, the tombs of Canute and Hardicanute; and at York, in the Minster, a horn which was given to the church, along with a large estate by Ulph, a Danish chieftain. Also there are in existence thousands of coins, minted in all parts of England, and bearing the names of more than fifty different Scandinavian artists.

The description here given will be of the Norseman as he was between the eighth and twelfth centuries; because he is to be known of as he really was at that time. Though, at an earlier period, he was no stranger in Europe; for his country was known to the historian Pliny, in the second century, as a very large island which had been then lately discovered beyond Germany, and which was called Nerigon, or, as we

should say, Norway. But who the inhabitants were at that time, Pliny did not know ; nor do we. Perhaps Norway, Sweden, Denmark, what Pliny calls Scandinavia, was as yet occupied only by the Finns ; and the Norsemen were not yet quite arrived. But a while later than this, and they were well known in Europe, and not in England only.

The Norseman was not without his influence on Europe, while Mahommedanism was founding cities and spreading empires in Asia, Africa, and Spain ; while the name of Rome was vanishing from the vast space which it had covered once ; and while nations were slowly forming out of barbarian tribes which drifted about Europe, among the old cities, helplessly ; and while the Catholic Church was diffusing her presence everywhere, and becoming what kings bowed down to and savages were constrained by ; while the new and the old were blending in Europe ; while tribes were grouping into nations, and new languages were forming among utter strangers become housemates ; and while Christian ministers were becoming the holy Catholic Church.

The Northmen came within sight of Charlemagne, who wept as he saw their ships from his palace-window at Narbonne. They possessed themselves for a while of Dublin, and ruled there as kings. They ravaged on the coast of Africa, and they fought once with the Moors in Spain. They established themselves in Italy, and were long the allies of the Pope. They drove the Saracens out of Sicily, and founded there a kingdom of their own. They began a new Russian dynasty at Novogorod ; and, in France, of Neustria they made Normandy. At Constantinople, they stood by the throne of the Cæsars ; and, with their young hands, upheld for a while the seat of the ancient civilization. They colonized Iceland, and made of it a Scandinavian Athens ; and they colonized Greenland with a population a hundred times more numerous than what lives there now ; and very likely they were the first discoverers of America.

But whether they did discover it or not, it was by an art of their inventing that Columbus himself was brought to the sight of it ; for, as a good authority will have us believe, they

were the first mariners who learned how to sail on a wind, the first men who are rightly to be called sailors. Yes, by more than his language, which is often in our mouths, by more than historical testimony, even by the spirit we are of, — the maritime spirit, — he is our ancestor the Norseman.

Still it may perhaps be thought that he is not worth inquiring about more minutely ; for his character is suspicious, and perhaps had better not be asked after. Our rude forefather ! Rude ! exclaims more than one historian : he was the Dane ! a man brutishly ignorant, utterly ruthless, a pirate, a perjurer, a church-burner ! Well, so he was ; and that was what he looked to the Anglo-Saxons : but also he was a man with a heart in his breast, and a man of poetic sensibility. He was a man of honor, a man of his word, and, after his own way, a very religious man.

He kept no faith with foreigners ; but he did with his own countrymen. Yet, notwithstanding this faithlessness with foreigners, we must allow him to have been a man, or we shall not have a human ancestor left to us. For only think what nations and ambassadors and kings and churchmen have done and said as regards hostile communities ! He burned churches ; but then they were not those of his own faith. He felt about all other nations in the same manner in which the Christians felt towards the ancient Mexicans ; and a violent Pagan may well be less repulsive to our sympathy than a cruel Christian.

It must be confessed, that he could not read or write to much purpose ; but then he made poems and novels and histories and religious treatises for other men in after-time to write down and read and admire. He had not a law to live by that was written ; but then he had what is traceable after a thousand years on the pages of our own statute-book, in its language, distinctions, principles, and spirit.

The Norseman, then, is not to be judged of as we judge one another, but, as well as we can, by the light in which he lived. And by that light he is a true man ; a man of very many sins, but sins of ignorance mostly ; evidently a man of valor, enterprise, and perseverance ; a man of principle and

order; a man with a history of his own; a man not without religion, and of high poetic feeling; indeed, a man with business of his own to mind, with songs to sing and histories to study, with a church of a kind to go to, with three or four festivals in the year to keep, with public meetings now and then to attend, and with a home of his own to live in; and with a wife also, though sometimes with more than one, but whom, nevertheless, he loved in a truer and far more respectful way than the Greek or the Roman manner.

And now this Norse ancestor of ours, let us see him among his own countrymen. The best accessible account of him is to be derived from the "Heimskringla, or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway," by Snorro Sturleson. The "Heimskringla" is a compilation of narratives reduced into prose by Snorro, though largely sprinkled with what probably were the best verses of the original sagas.

Their land is what lies between the sixtieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude, on the outskirts of Europe; no long way from where winter is one long night. They have traditions of their having come somewhere from Asaland. They have some customs which must have begun in the East: their mythology is not without some little resemblance to Brahminism, and their language has Oriental affinities. They are believers in Odin: a valiant life is the chief worship which they offer him; and their hope of a hereafter is to sit among heroes in Valhalla.

They are divisible mainly into four classes, — kings, bonders, unfree men, and thralls.

And first of the bonders. They were the landowners; but theirs was a peculiar ownership, and with something Mosaical in it: for, among these Northmen, land could not be sold out and out, nor be forfeited, nor given away. On the death of a bonder, his land was inherited equally by all his children; and if he had no children, then he was succeeded by other legal claimants, whose rights of succession no act of his could defeat. The bonders elected the king and made the laws. After the message-token, a stick of a certain kind, had been passed from house to house, and the bonders had been legally

convened, they were supreme; and in their assemblies the king was only a bonder with fellow-bonders,—no more. Met together, they were the sovereign people; but, dispersed, they were subjects, though only according to the laws.

These men were very much alike in their manner of living, and they were all of them farmers; and so were their kings. One king was surnamed Land-clearer and Road-maker; and another was called Olaf, the Tree-feller.

Also there was a class of men — nephews, sons, grandsons, or even remoter descendants of bonders — who had a right of reversion in land, some chance of inheritance; and these were called Ting-men, assembly-men,—men to meet with the bonders.

Among the Northmen, kingship was hereditary in one family; but it was a very extensive one, and the son did not necessarily succeed his father. It was in the power of the bonders to choose their own king out of the royal family, and perhaps more kings than one or two or five. Women could be queens,—single women could be; as Queen Sigrid was, who could drink like a king, and who was the death of King Olaf Olafsson by the war which she instigated against him; and of whom it is written, that “she was a woman of the greatest understanding, and too clever in many things.” The king was paid an annual tax, which was called *scatt*, and was proportionate to the lot of land on which a man lived; and hence, I suppose, the English phrase in regard to taxation of “scot and lot.” The king had to defend the country, and to defray the expenses of certain sacrifices which were offered in the temples. The king had no palace to live in, but went about now and then among his subjects, in guest-quarters; living with one a while, and then with another, and receiving from the neighbors fixed quantities of corn and meat and ale for the maintenance of his court. Perhaps King Olaf was a good example of a Norse king, though more than commonly cruel, Christian though he was. I shall let Snorro Sturleson describe him in his Chronicles:—

“King Olaf was more expert in all exercises than any man in Norway whose memory is preserved to us in sagas, and he was

stronger and more agile than most men. . . . King Olaf could run across the oars outside of the vessel while his men were rowing the Serpent. He could play with three daggers, so that one was always in the air; and he took the one falling by the handle. He could walk all round upon the ship's rails, could strike and cut equally well with both hands, and could cast two spears at once. King Olaf was a very merry, frolicsome man, gay and social; had great taste in every thing; was very generous; was very finical in his dress; but in battle he exceeded all in bravery. He was distinguished for cruelty when he was enraged, and tortured many of his enemies."

The unfree men were those who had no land, nor any chance of any, but yet who were not thralls. Commonly they were mechanics, tradesmen, and sometimes soldiers and sailors. They had no right at the bonders' meeting, no voice in making the laws or electing the king. They were unfree to attend the meeting of the bonders; but otherwise they were free.

The thralls were slaves, — Finns, indigenous inhabitants of the country, some of them, and some of them free men reduced into slavery for crime; some born slaves, some prisoners of war, and some purchases. And they were people who might be killed or kept in any way which their masters might please, so it is said; yet, in the spirit of the times, there must have been what made slavery with the Norsemen be less slavish than it sounds. For one scarce time, about the year 1020 A.D., when corn was prohibited as an export from Norway, one Asbiorn came from the Island of Biarkö to buy from Erling Skialgsson. Erling said that he himself could not sell, but that his slaves could sell him some of their own corn, as they were not subject to law or land regulation like other men. Heathens though they were, yet these Norsemen thought that their slaves did not owe obedience to quarters whence they did not derive protection. How these unbaptized Pagans shame the slave-owners of modern Christendom!

Women had the same rights with men; inherited with them equally; and held property, and even the royal rule, in

their own rights. And the few, who wanted to be inferior in nothing, drank with the men, and fought with them. There were, perhaps, a few instances of their killing themselves in order to be burned or buried with their husbands; but this was not from any custom of society, but only from their own extraordinary attachment. Brynhilda had been betrothed to Sigurd: she killed herself, says one of the more ancient sagas, in order to go with Sigurd; as she said herself, —

"On his heels, when he enters the blessed Valhall,
The glittering portals shall not fall;
For wide the bright doors with the golden ring
Must gape to admit my following."

Kings, bonders, unfree men, and thralls were the classes of society. For the rest, the social state of the Norsemen was much like our own. They had merchants and smiths and builders and tax-collectors: but the women were their surgeons; and, instead of animal magnetism, they had witchcraft and magic to wonder at.

And now for the way in which the people lived. It was by farming and fishing, and by an excursion, now and then, after what was genteelly called "gathering property."

Inside the house, the most characteristic object was the father's seat, which had the images of the gods carved around it. It is significant of their way of enjoying themselves, that a festival was called an *ale*; and, through them, there were in England, within the last two hundred years, even church-ales, and clerk or clergyman ales. A good sword was an object of great regard. Says the old chronicler, "King Athelstan of England gave Hakon of Norway a sword, of which the hilt and handle were gold, and the blade still better; for with it Hakon cut down a mill-stone to the centre-eye, and the sword thereafter was called Quern-biter. Better sword never came into Norway, and Hakon carried it to his dying day."

This King Hakon, from having been in England, and been brought up as the foster-son of Athelstan, was a good Christian, says the historian; but, as many great people were to be conciliated as well as the common people, he resolved "to

practise his Christianity in private." Something more than a Northman's prudence! But his interment is an example of Norse burial, though, for a Christian! "His friends removed his body to Seaheim in North Hordaland, and made a great mound, in which they laid the king in full armor and in his best clothes, but with no other goods. They spoke over his grave, as heathen people are used to do, and wished him in Valhalla. Eyvind Skaldaspiller composed a poem on the death of King Hakon, and on how well he was received in Valhalla:—

"But Hakon in the blessed abodes
For ever lives with the bright gods."

What common life was among these Norsemen, is to be understood from the way in which Snorro Sturleson says that Queen Aasta got her house and her husband Sigurd ready to receive King Olaf and his company who came upon them rather unexpectedly:—

"When the servants told her of King Olaf's approach, and that he might be soon expected, Aasta stood up directly, and ordered the men and girls to put every thing in the best order. She ordered four girls to bring out all that belonged to the decoration of the room, and put it in order with hangings and benches. Two fellows brought straw for the floor; two brought forward cornered tables and the drinking-jugs; two bore out victuals, and placed the meat on the table; two she sent away from the house to procure in the greatest haste all that was needed; and two carried in the ale. And all the other serving-men and girls went outside of the house. Messengers went to seek King Sigurd, wherever he might be, and brought to him his dress-clothes, and his horse with gilt-saddle, and his bridle, which was gilt, and set with precious stones. . . . King Sigurd Syr was standing in his cornfield when the messengers came to him and brought him the news, and also told him all that Aasta was doing at home in the house. He had many people on his farm. Some were then shearing corn; some bound it together; some drove it to the building; some unloaded it, and put it in stack or barn: but the king, and two men with him, went sometimes into the field, sometimes to the place where the corn was put into the barn. His dress, it is told, was this: he had a blue kirtle and blue hose; shoes, which were laced about the legs; a gray

cloak, and a gray, wide-brimmed hat ; a veil before his face ; a staff in his hand, with a gilt silver head on it, and a silver ring around it. Of Sigurd's living and disposition, it is related that he was a very gain-making man, who attended carefully to his cattle and husbandry, and managed his housekeeping himself. He was nowise given to pomp, and was rather taciturn."

But at some periods there were bad times in Norway ; snow-drifts at the house-door in midsummer. The poet Eyvind once was obliged to sell all his movable goods for herrings and other food : —

" Our arms and ornaments of gold,
To buy us food we gladly sold :
The arrows of the bow gave we
For the bright arrows of the sea."

But a shoal of herrings set in upon the fishing-grounds near his house, and out he went with his servants and cottars ; and then he sang : —

" Now let the steed of ocean bound
O'er the North Sea with dashing sound ;
Let nimble tern and screaming gull
Fly round and round : our net is full.
Fain would I know if Fortune sends
A like provision to my friends :
Welcome provision 'tis, I wot,
That the whale drives to our cook's pot."

Of what a good king was, Olaf Olafsson has already been our example. Of what a good bonder was, Erling Skialgsson is an instance : only he was one of the very wealthiest of his class, not to say the most wealthy. And his conduct towards his thralls is perhaps some evidence of what was their condition : —

" Erling had always with him ninety free-born men or more ; and, both winter and summer, it was the custom in his house to drink at the mid-day meal, according to a measure ; but at the night-meal there was no measure in drinking. . . . He never went to sea with less than a fully manned ship of twenty benches of rowers. Erling had also a ship of thirty-two benches of rowers, which was besides very large for that size, and which he used in

viking cruises, or on an expedition; and in it there were two hundred men at least. . . . Erling had always at home on his farm thirty slaves, besides other serving people. He gave his slaves a certain day's work; but after it he gave them leisure, and leave that each should work in the twilight and the night for himself, and as he pleased. He gave them arable land to sow corn in, and let them apply their crops to their own use. He laid upon each a certain quantity of labor to work themselves free by doing it; and there were many who bought their freedom in this way in one year, or in the second year; and all who had any luck could make themselves free within three years. With this money he bought other slaves; and to some of his freed people he showed how to work in the herring-fishery, to others he showed some useful handicraft, and some cleared his outfields and set up houses. He helped all to prosperity."

A good man, yet a Pagan, and sometimes a viking! and it is plain, that, as a slave-owner, he was none the worse for not having been a Christian of the nineteenth century.

From the following piece of grim humor, we learn how a Norseman was expected to die, when the worst came to the worst: "Egil was also led to the gallows; and, when the king's thralls were about hanging him, he said, 'Ye should not hang me; for, in truth, each of you deserves much more to be hanged.'" People sang these verses about it:—

"I hear, my girl, that Egil said,
When to the gallows he was led,
That the king's thralls far more than he
Deserved to hang on gallows-tree.
It may be so: but, death in view,
A man should to himself be true;
End a stout life by death as stout,
Showing no fear or care or doubt."

These were the men that dwelt in the valleys of Norway; and such as these were the men of Denmark and Sweden a thousand years ago; and life like that of Erling was what at that time the Northern lights played and flamed above.

(To be continued.)

RANDOM READINGS.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

IN 1835, if we rightly remember, we used to go into Boston from Cambridge to hear antislavery speakers, the most eloquent of whom was George Thompson. It was when wealth, respectability, and influence were arrayed upon one side, and truth and righteousness upon the other. In those days it cost something to denounce slavery, and lay bare its iniquities; and Mr. Thompson must have a vivid recollection of the evil passions that surged around him twenty-eight years ago, which were sometimes awed by his rebukes, and sometimes charmed into silence by the magic of his eloquence. If he has not, we have.

Comparing Boston as it was *then* with Boston as it is *now*, in regard to this great question of humanity, must convince Mr. Thompson that the seed which he scattered with such a liberal hand must have taken root, and is now ripening for the harvest. The unanimous and enthusiastic welcome which greeted him on touching our shores, and which was echoed so warmly in Music Hall, will show to him the progress of the glorious idea represented by his name. The chords which he struck so long ago with a master hand have never ceased their vibrations, and now they thrill the hearts of twenty millions of people.

Mr. Thompson's appeal to the conscience of the nation in those dark days of the antislavery cause will be recalled by the following lines, published at the time, we think, in the "*Liberator*." It was a tribute as graceful as it was just. It was from the pen of Mrs. L. Maria Child:—

TO GEORGE THOMPSON.

I've heard thee when thy powerful words
Were like the cataract's roar,
Or like the ocean's mighty waves
Resounding on the shore.
But, even in reproof of sin,
Love brooded over all,
As the mild rainbow's heavenly arch
Rests on the waterfall.

I've heard thee in the hour of prayer,
 When dangers were around :
 Thy voice was like the royal harp,
 That breathed a charmed sound.

The evil spirit felt its power,
 And, howling, turned away ;
 And some, perchance, who came to scoff,
 Remained with thee to pray.

I've seen thee, too, in playful mood,
 When words of magic spell
 Dropped from thy lips like fairy gems,
 That sparkled as they fell.

Still great and good in every change,
 Magnificent and mild,
 As if a seraph's godlike power
 Dwelt in a little child.

SELECTIONS FROM WHICHCOTE'S SERMONS.

ON the text, "Never man spake like this man," Whichcote says, —

"No sooner doth the truth of God come to our soul's sight, but our soul knows her as her first and old acquaintance; and though they have been by some accident unhappily parted a great while, yet having now, through the Divine Providence, happily met, they greet one another, and renew their acquaintance, as those that were first and ancient friends. . . .

"Terms more fit, equal, reasonable, were never proposed to men. Neither is this all: they are satisfactory to the reason of our mind. For this is found to be true upon experience, that the mind of an impenitent cannot receive satisfaction or consolation in any other way. Should all the men in the world or an angel from heaven speak pardon to an impenitent, *the sense of repentance* would be better satisfied to his mind beyond any foreign testimony whatsoever. Though God should tell me my sins were pardoned, I could not believe it, unless I repent, and deprecate his displeasure. For repentance is satisfaction to the reason of my mind, is necessary to quiet my conscience; and I should not be rational or intelligent in religion, unless I satisfied my mind. . . .

"If there be a thousand men in a party, it is but one opinion; and one single person is as much as a whole party."

From a sermon on the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel," we take the following: —

"The first motion of religion is to understand what is true of God: the second is to express it in our lives. The former is our wisdom: the latter is our goodness. In these two consist the health and pulchritude of our minds; for health to the body is not more than virtue is to the mind. A depraved and vicious mind is as really the sickness and deformity thereof as any foul and loathsome disease is to the body; and as really as these tend to the death and dissolution of the soul and body, so the vices of the mind tend to the separation of God and the soul.

"The good man is an instrument in tune. Excite a good man, give him an occasion, and you shall have from him savory speeches out of his mouth, and good actions in his life. Religion contains and comprehends in it all good qualities and dispositions of mind. The difference is not more sensible between a man that is weak and one that is strong, a man that is sick and one that is in health, than between a man that is truly religious and one that is falsely so.

"Some think that the hellish state is the product of omnipotency and sovereignty, the effect of God's power; and they think of God as using his creatures as he will, giving no account of any of his matters to principles of reason and righteousness. These are injurious apprehensions of God, and dishonorable to him. They are disclaimed by him everywhere in Scripture. He owns no such power, and doth not clothe himself with such a prerogative. Hell is not a positive infliction; but the fuel of it is the guiltiness of men's consciences, and God's withdrawing because the person is incapable of his communication."

In answer to the old charge, that some do not preach Christ, he says, —

"They do preach Christ, though they do not name him in every sentence or period, who contend for all effects of real goodness, and decry wickedness; for this is the work of Christ. It is not Christianity to use the name of Christ as a charm or spell, or badge of profession, as they do who use it irrationally and insignificantly. The word 'Christ' denotes, as, in one sense, a person engaged for us in a way we well understand and can give account of; so, in another sense, a nature in us which we very well feel and can express."

We select two or three other sentences almost at random: —

"They make not true judgment of religion that take it to be a limitation and restraint upon man's liberty. Yet some are so foolish as to think, that, if God would, we might have lived as we list, and have been released from those many obligations that religion seems to lay upon us; whereas this is as great a lie as ever the father of lies could invent. For religion is not a burdensome and troublesome thing, which, if God had not commanded, might have been forborne, and all things have been as well. No: there is nothing in true religion that is of that nature. And this I dare defend against the whole world, — that there is no one thing, in

all that religion *which is of God's making*, that any sober man, in the true use of his reason, would be released from, though he might have it under the seal of heaven.

"We observe that things are in men according to their temper. What is food, though never so wholesome, if a person be sick? or music to those that are melancholy? What is exercise or recreation to men that are weak and feeble? What are the things of the world to him that hath no power to enjoy them? So they that take no delight in the exercise of virtue in this state, if, after this life, God should remove them to a local heaven, they would take little satisfaction in the place, because of an unsuitable frame of spirit: though, when we speak of heaven, we understand rather a *state* than a *place*; a frame and temper *within*, rather than any thing *without*.

"Consider the unreasonableness of not revoking by repentance what a man hath done amiss. For this second evil is greater than the first; for not to repent is to justify the evil that hath been done, and to stand by it. For the first evil something may be alleged; to wit, ignorance, inadvertency, temptation, and the like: but where men continue in evil, and do not revoke it by repentance, this tends to settle them in a wicked mind."

REAL AND APPARENT DEATH.

THE biographer of Mr. Prescott, the historian, relates that after his death, and before his burial, which was four days subsequent, two wishes which he had earnestly expressed were fulfilled. One was, that his remains might rest for a time in the room "where his intellectual treasures were gathered," in his library, where he had spent so many delightful hours: the other was, that "a principal vein should be severed, so that, if life should again be awakened, it might ebb silently away without any possible return of consciousness." This last request was made because he had always entertained a peculiar dread of being buried alive.

Let no one put this down as an idle or superstitious fear. The instances clearly authenticated of premature burials are probably more numerous than most persons are aware of; and they suggest the thought, too painful to dwell upon, of the instances, more numerous still, which have never come to the knowledge of the living. So little do we know of that mysterious transit from this world to the other, which we call death, or what time may transpire between the last sleep and the waking-up amid the immortal scenery, that the tenderest caution and care should be observed, and real death clearly distinguished from apparent.

A late work, filled with quaint and striking things which were

culled from old authors and new, entitled "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," has a chapter on "premature interment," citing many cases where apparent death was mistaken for real. It will serve a useful and salutary purpose to refer to two or three. Dr. Paris (the same, we suppose, who was the physician of John Randolph) is given as authority for the fact, that the daughter of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American Congress, when an infant, was laid out as dead. The window of the apartment, that had been carefully closed during the progress of the disease, was then thrown open to ventilate the chamber; when "the fresh air revived the corpse, and restored her to the family." Her father was so powerfully impressed with this circumstance, that, in his will, he directed that his own body should be burnt, and enjoined the performance of this wish as a sacred duty upon his children.

A physician of Paris, M. Bruhier, published many years since a work entitled "the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death," in which he proves, "from the testimony of various authors and the attestation of unexceptionable witnesses," that many persons who had been supposed dead, and been passed through the funeral rites, had been providentially rescued from the grave, and lived many years afterward. He condemns the practice of removing the bed-clothes, and exposing the body to the chill air, as soon as the semblance of death appears. Cases are cited of trance, having all the external appearance of death, which continued seven or eight days, followed by a return to life. Sometimes there is a total insensibility; sometimes the consciousness is not suspended, and the subject knows all that is taking place in the room. The following instance of this kind is given from the "Psychological Magazine:"—

"A young lady, after lying ill for some time, to all appearance died. She was laid in her coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed. When the lid was about to be screwed down, a perspiration was observed on the body: life soon appeared; and at length she opened her eyes, and uttered a pitiable shriek. She said she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry; but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral-hymns were being sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be screwed on. The thought that she was to be

buried alive was the one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame." — P. 161.

There are indubitable signs of death, which occur sooner or later; and it is better to wait for them than to incur the awful hazard which such cases warn us against. In 1703, a Dr. Hawes, of the Presbyterian Church, preached a sermon "On the Duty of the Relations of those who are in Dangerous Illness, and the Hazard of Hasty Interment." The facts related in it are sermons in themselves.

Dr. Doddridge, at his birth, was laid aside as dead. One of the attendants, however, took him into her keeping, and warmed the latent spark into flame; and so some of the best hymns in our collections uttered their music on these shores of mortality, instead of breaking first on heavenly air; and some of the most evangelical sermons were preached for the conversion of sinners. The good nurse, whoever she was, deserves a place in the saints' calendar.

COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER thinks that Lord Brougham is no longer responsible for what he says; which means, that he is in his dotage. What he thought and said of the periods of mental vigor and decline, when he was yet Lord Brougham, is of much interest. In his "Discourse on Natural Theology," he urges no mean argument for the immortality of the soul, and its independence of matter. He says that the period of the greatest mental strength and clearness is precisely the one of bodily decline. The strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet "the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty, suffers little or no decline before sixty, and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the acme of the corporeal faculties thirty years before." This doubtless is true; the condition being observed, that neither mind nor body have been abused and prematurely wasted. Moreover, "it is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying between sixty or sixty-three and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; and men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength. And instances are

not wanting of persons, who between eighty and ninety, and even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired."

These are the compensations of life: so much strength of muscle given up for so much intellect and soul, so much of the body put off for so much of immortality put on.

CULTURE OF THE IMAGINATION IN CHILDREN.

ALWAYS true it is, that, where there is no vision, the people perish: they sink into dull, plodding, matter-of-fact, eating, drinking, and sleeping animals. What Sir William Hamilton calls the representative faculty, the faculty which has power to present the absent or the unseen with so much power and brightness as to make it a present reality, is essential to a bright living and operative faith. Any form of religion which does not appeal to this faculty, lift it up, and vivify it, will die out: and it ought to; for it cannot fling the light of eternity over the dusty ways of time. We talk about reason in religion, as if that were the chief means in the discovery of truth. It is only one; and, if separated from the representative faculty, gives us only dead formulas, or, what is worse, barren negations. Reason *and* the representative faculty make the past alive, and bring the future near; making the spiritual world, not a vast inane, but a bright vista of ascending landscapes.

Hence the vast importance of cultivating the imaginative faculty in childhood. There is not the least danger, that, in the Yankee character, it will outstrip and overtop the others. The heresies of the sects arise in part from our plodding literalism, which is totally unfit to appreciate the grand Orientalism of the Scriptures.

Not only the study of grammar and mathematics, but of poetry, should be introduced into the schools, and the passages of the best authors, from Spenser to the Brownings, laid up in the mind as an exercise both for imagination and memory. History should be read; not merely *such* histories as relate past events, but those which make the past present, — under which description come pre-eminently Grote, Macaulay, and Prescott; and Walter Scott and Shakspeare, so far forth as they make the past live again, are better historians a thousand times than the mere annalist who strings facts together, without so grouping and magnetizing them as to make them dramatic.

We hate compilations where the poetry is tinkered, and the imagery enfeebled, to be adapted to children. We have a collection designed expressly for children, which includes "the Sailor Boy." That poem has this line, the most perfect word-picture conceivable : —

" 'Tis the lightning's red glare, *painting hell on the sky.*"

This is toned down, despicably, thus : —

" 'Tis the lightning's red glare, *flushing far o'er the sky ;*"

with a foot-note of apology, that the change was made for fear the original line would present an image which would not be *pleasant* to the children. What nonsense ! As if the children, who are crazy for battle-pieces, and spout "Hohenlinden" as soon as they can talk, needed to be put on this milk-and-water diet.

Burns says, that, when a boy, he used to read the "Traveller's Hymn" of Addison ; and he tells us how the two lines in particular affected him : —

" For though in *dreadful* whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,"

In a single phrase, the whole scene is presented ; the vessel riding the top of one of those awful eddies, hanging from it, and about to plunge into the gulf below. This same hymn is in some of our collections ; but this couplet of incomparably graphic power is spoiled in this wise : —

" Though by the *dreadful* tempest tost,
High on the broken wave."

When Burns sent to the publisher "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the publisher thought it might be improved, and suggested, that instead of the line, "Welcome to your gory bed," it should read, "Welcome to proud Honor's bed." "No," said Burns ; "let it stand as I wrote it ;" and so saved the noblest of lyrics from being spoiled. We have tried in vain to find a genuine, *bond-fide* edition of the "Arabian Nights," containing Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, the Forty Robbers, and the rest. If some publisher would resuscitate the work, and let us have it, well illustrated, he would, in our judgment, do a better service to the rising generation than those who get up goodish stories of goodish people.

Children have a vein of Orientalism in them, and delight to have the representative faculty roused into exercise ; and the danger is, not that thereby the character will lose its balance, but that

it will be lost without it. Reason and imagination complement each other. One is all eye; the other, all wing. With only the former, we see clearly a few feet around us; but only from our mole-hill, where we stick fast. With only the latter, we plunge hither and thither, and see nothing. With both, we rise like the eagle, fronting the sun, all the dominions of noon lying beneath us, all their objects lying in light, their relative distances measured, and all their outlines confessed. s.

PRAYER FOR THE ETERNAL CALM.

FROM among the sweet strains of the "Book of Praise," noticed on another page, we select the following invocation, highly appropriate as a prayer to be breathed by us in these troublous times: —

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow:
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon Earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes: keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the wrestling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health;
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth;
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
 My listening spirit stir, —
 Let not the tidings of the hour
 E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain."

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

REFLECTIONS.

A tragedy, before it is acted, resembles the statue of Pygmalion.
 It is the genius of the actor that gives it life.

"How many men of shining parts,
 To feed their brains, have starved their hearts,
 And climbed the heights of Fame to find
 They've left their happiness behind!"

The author, like the penman, often obscures what he writes by unmeaning flourishes.

The passages in books which produce the most effect are usually expressed in the simplest language, and thus go straight to the reader's mind and heart.

An author cannot judge how his writings will affect others, until he is cool; for others will be cool when they read them.

Many a brilliant writer resembles a fire-fly, — sparkling, but not enlightening.

Many a thought appears to be original only because it is crude.

Many words often darken what a few would make plain.
 Superfluous words smother good thoughts.

Most books are written before the decline of life, and therefore do not give men's last conclusions.

To make wise words weighty, they must be backed by an authority which gives the world assurance of their wisdom.

A mere list of words denoting pleasant objects and kind affections tends to soothe the mind.

Words change their meanings from causes too numerous to be mentioned: so that the old and the young often attach different meanings to the same word.

Genius ripens early ; wisdom, late.

A man's character shows itself in his dreams, and he may profit by their lessons.

The smaller the mind, the greater the pride in petty distinctions.

Many a title-page is a page of titles spread out like a peacock's tail.

Where there is only one side to a question, some men always take the other side.

If a man lives as he ought, the more he is looked into, the better he appears.

Every one totters, at times, under the burden of life.

There is no discharge from the warfare within us.

The circulation of money is to the State what the circulation of the blood is to the body.

E. W.

"HOW LONG WILL THIS WAR LAST?"

ONE of the most protracted wars in all history was that known as the Peloponnesian, between Athens and Sparta. It lasted *twenty-seven years*, interrupted only by a peace of one year, which was only a hollow truce. It did not close because either party was exhausted, but because a third power, that of Persia, intervened, allying itself with Sparta; when Athens lost her navy, and her capital was taken, and she was subjugated. During much of this time, Sparta, which had no navy, was blockaded by the triremes of her enemy.

It may seem incredible that two contiguous peoples could hold out through twenty-seven years of almost uninterrupted mortal strife; but the secret is soon told. Attica, of which Athens was the metropolis, numbered twenty-one thousand citizens and *four hundred thousand slaves*. Grote does not give the number of slaves and free citizens in Lacedæmonia; but the relative proportion probably was not far from the same. The slaves tilled the soil at home, and supplied the armies with bread; and bread, not money, makes up the sinews at least of defensive war. Hence these two peoples not only fought these twenty-seven years, but, for half a century afterwards, we find them raising armies and equipping navies.

Athens was victorious at first, and continued so, while under the guide of her greatest statesman and orator, Pericles, whose advice and policy always were *concentration of the military force*. After she lost him, she fitted out distant expeditions, and, in attempting to capture Syracuse, lost the flower of her army, and never recovered from the disaster.

Notwithstanding the President's proclamation, the Rebel States hold from two to three millions of slaves. With these to supply bread, and build fortifications, they can hold out twenty years, and more, *unless we beat their armies, and scatter or take them*. So says Jefferson Davis; and for once he tells the truth. Universal emancipation, with victory sharply and quickly followed up, are plainly the only ways of peace. That the Rebel States have become nearly exhausted, and that the war will soon end by mere collapse, is a delusion which will be disastrous the more we indulge it. Spite of our blockade, spite of our ridiculous "anaconda" system of operations, the war will drag on to the next generation, unless the government deprives the Rebellion of its slave support, and annihilates its military force. What has been will be. s.

SIMPLICITY OF DR. M'CRIE'S MANNER.

WE were first struck by the great simplicity of his manner. It reminded us of a remark of Robertson's, on his return from his visit to London, immediately after the publication of his "History of Scotland." The extraordinary merit of the work had introduced him to all the more eminent literati of the time; and he was asked on coming back, by a friend in Edinburgh, whether he thought the celebrated men, his new acquaintances, varied as they were in genius and acquirement, had any one trait in common. "Yes," replied the historian, "one trait at least, and a very striking one: all the truly great among them are marked by a child-like simplicity of manner."

The Sunday on which we first heard Dr. M'Crie, was, as we have said, early in the season. There had been a sudden change of weather a few days before, and there was a great deal of coughing in the chapel. We were annoyed by finding some of the pithiest remarks in the discourse broken in upon by some remorseless cougher, and mutilated, so far at least as the listeners were concerned; and the doctor seemed somewhat annoyed too. He knew better, however, than we did, in what degree even coughing lies under

the restraint of the will; he knew, too, what we did not, that, when people are very much surprised, they cease to cough. Suddenly the doctor stopped short in the middle of his argument: every face in the chapel was turned to the pulpit; and, for a full minute, so dead was the stillness, that a pin might be heard to drop. "I see, my friends," he said with a suppressed smile, "you can all be quiet enough when I am quiet." It would be difficult to imagine a better humored rebuke; but certainly never was there a more effectual one. A suppressed cough might occasionally be heard during the rest of the service, but not even the tithe of what had disturbed it before. Simple as the incident may seem, we remember being much struck by it, as illustrative of the peculiar shrewdness of the character. — *Hugh Miller's Witness Papers.*

SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.

WESLEY was a good example of "systematic beneficence." He remarked in early life, that he had known but four men who had not declined in religion by becoming wealthy: later in life, he corrected the remark, and made no exception. He himself, therefore, guarded scrupulously against the danger. When his own income was but £30 a year, he gave away £2; when it was £60, he still confined his expenses to £28, and gave away £32; when it reached £120, he kept himself to his old allowance, and gave away £92. The last insertion in his private journal, written with a trembling hand, reads thus: "For upward of eighty-six years, I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer; being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have." — J. WESLEY, *July 16, 1790.*

ERRATUM.

STORY OF JOE. — The author of the interesting narrative (none the less interesting because fictitious) which appeared in our Magazine, under the above title, wishes "to correct a misprint in the last extract from Mr. Ray's journal, before giving any more of his writings to the public. 'Joe's Hymn' was written by my brother, Mr. Ray, himself. It was never placed by him in his journal, but was inserted there by me when I sent the extract to the Magazine. — HENRY IRVING."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Christian Examiner, whose circular may be found among our advertisements, enters the present year upon its seventy-sixth volume. It has been for forty years the ablest organ of free and liberal thought in America. It has always been the fearless advocate of moral and political reform, and applied itself unsparingly to purge our institutions of their leaven of corruption. It has at no time exhibited the results of more profound and varied scholarship than under its present management. In no American publication do we find a body of such thorough and impartial criticism as the "*Examiner*" has under its "*Review of Current Literature*." In the present crisis of our national affairs, it has published articles, which in weight of matter, and dignity of tone, are better fitted to represent us abroad than any thing we have met with, except in the "*North-American Review*."

We see only one thing to be desired in the "*Examiner*;" and that is a wider range in its theological discussions. It has given us, without stint, the radical tendencies of German Hegelianism: why not give us also its conserving and renewing influence? We want both. The great movement of thought in Germany, called the Renaissance of the nineteenth century, had a twofold drift,—one to sweep away all the old landmarks and all external authority; the other to penetrate the old theology, and transform it with a new and diviner life. As the "*Examiner*" is the organ of no sect in religion, but of all free and liberal thought; not of a school, but of all schools that are progressive,—we are persuaded, that, by embracing the latter more unreservedly, it would speak to a vastly wider circle of readers, and exert a more decisive influence in the reform of Christian theology.

The "*Examiner*," with which the present year opens, has an article on Weiss's "*Life of Theodore Parker*," entirely eulogistic; Uhland, very interesting to all lovers of German song; Arthur Schopenhauer, philosophically profound and discriminating; Our Ambulance System, a plea of humanity for our wounded soldiers; the Two Messages, contrasting the mendacious policy of Jeff. Davis with the emancipation policy of President Lincoln; with shorter articles. The *Review of Current Literature* embraces twelve pages

of genial and scholarly criticism. These articles are richly laden with thought, in the style, clear and sometimes pungent, which characterizes the writers of this periodical. We wish it all success and an increasing patronage. s.

The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn-writers, selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

This collection embraces four hundred and twelve hymns, among which are some of the best sacred lyrics in the English language. They are selected with great care, and after extensive research among works of devotional poetry new and old. The selection is made with excellent taste and discrimination, and embodies some of the tenderest, sweetest, and most fervid breathings of Christian piety. The editor assures us in his preface, that "the text has been verified by collation with the original work of the author or an authentic copy," with some exceptions, which are specified in notes at the end of the volume. This enhances very much the value of the collection. We have now the authentic originals of old hymns which had been mutilated; or where hymns had been recast and adapted by later writers, or where a part only has been taken, we have the fact carefully stated in the notes. So far as theology finds expression in the collection, it is the Trinitarian and sacrificial; but the hymns have the unction of the deepest religious experience. s.

Books for the Camp-fires. Boston: James Redpath. — "On Picket Duty" is a collection of stories of personal experience. "The Rose Family" is a fairy tale. Both by Miss L. M. Alcott, author of "Hospital Sketches." They are pleasant stories, in cheap form, with a good moral tone, well adapted to beguile the vacant hours in the camp or the hospital. The publisher announces three other works in preparation. It is of the first importance that our soldiers should be liberally supplied with reading in this form, to keep out the besetting vices of the camp.

The Color-Guard; being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By JAMES K. HOSMER, of the Fifty-second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1864.

This is one of the best of our soldiers' books. The writer can handle a pen as well as a musket: indeed, we mean no disparagement of his soldierly qualities when we venture to affirm that he is a better clerk than musketeer. He tells his story well, at all events, and he has a story to tell; and his book, besides its great charm for the time, will have an abiding interest and value as a bit of real human experience in a most eventful time. E.

The Poems of Robert Lowell, 'author of "New Priest in Conception Bay." A new edition, with many new poems. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864.

Robert Lowell has done good service in our great struggle by his noble lyrics. These constitute for us the great charms of this beautiful volume, which contains, with the inspirations of a high patriotism, the sweet and faithful words of a genuine poet and a true evangelist. E.

Bertha Weissner's Wish. A Christmas Story. By M. L. B. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., 106 Washington Street. 1864.

We hope it is not too late to call the attention of our readers to this charming little story-book. E.

Papers for Thoughtful Girls. By SARAH TYTLER. By Crosby & Nichols. Excellent advice by somebody who understands girls. We wish the light-headed ones, too, would read it.

The following are books of smaller size, published by the American Sunday-school Union; they inculcate good moral and religious lessons in the form of narrative: "May Chumleigh," "The Transformed Village," "Leonard the Lion-heart," "The Haunted House," "Daily Life of Childhood."

PAMPHLET.

A Plain Letter to Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., in which are recited a few facts touching the author's intercourse with the President of the General Convention, and his connection with and excision from that body. By B. F. BARRETT. New York: Mason & Brothers.

Several articles received from contributors, and omitted for want of room, will appear in the next number.

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Have recently issued the following important Works, to which they particularly call the attention of the Trade and others interested; viz.:—

I.
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This volume contains the grand generalizations of Ritter's life-work, the Erdkunde, in eighteen volumes; his lectures on the relations of Geography and History; and a number of important papers on Physical Geography.

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The Life and Times of John Huss; or, The Bohemian Reformation of the Fifteenth Century. By Rev. E. H. GILLET. 2 vols. royal octavo. \$6.00.

An important work, of absorbing interest, giving a sketch of the life of John Huss, with a history of the Bohemian Reformation; revealing the powerful influence, earnestness of purpose, lofty aims, heroic faith, and martyr-death, of Huss, in that great struggle for truth and religious freedom.

III.
Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By A RETURNED MISSIONARY. With beautiful illustrations, and a map of the Nestorian country. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.00.

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IV.
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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 4.

APRIL, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

“The Church heareth none but Christ.” — MARTIN LUTHER.

The object of this Periodical is to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, to quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain “the life that is hid with Christ in God.” It will sustain no representative relation to any sect or party, but gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

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Three “ “ “ 10.00, “ “ “

LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 134, Washington Street, Boston.

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THE
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No. 4.

THE DECLINE OF FAITH IN PRAYER.

ONE who shall listen to the prayers offered up in most of the "Liberal" churches of the present day, or who shall hear the discussions concerning prayer in ministerial meetings, will hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that there is a widespread and growing disbelief in its efficacy. How little that is really and distinctively prayer, i.e. petition, is ever heard now! The devotional services in most of our churches consist mainly of ascriptions of praise, of thanksgivings, of exaltation of the Divine Being, of acquiescence in his will, with sometimes a confession of sins; but how rarely any earnest supplication, any entreaty of God to give what the heart feels the need of, and knows that it can only have by asking! Now, praise and adoration and confession and submission and thanksgiving ought, of course, to enter into the common worship of the sanctuary; ought even to make a large part of it: but, if they are *all*, then it is not truly and distinctively prayer. In the common language of men, and in the peculiar language of saintly men, to pray is to ask. That is its prominent characteristic; that forms its peculiar value. And asking implies faith that we shall receive in consequence of our prayer. It is not, therefore, simply an expression of our feelings towards

God because duty required it, or reverence prompted it: but it is an expression *for an object*; it is the *heart's way* to attain the good it desires. And this is precisely what so many have lost faith in. They do not believe in this way. They will admit that it is natural and right and good to render homage and gratitude to the Lord of all, to feel our dependence upon him, to acknowledge our errors and faults, and to renew before him our purposes of obedience. Reason can offer no objection to this. Experience seems to show that we are the better for doing it. But asking for distinct blessings, with the expectation of receiving them *because* we ask, — this, to an age calling itself “philosophical,” seems only the relic of superstition, or, at best, an unphilosophical way of expressing the fact, that we give to ourselves what we appear to be asking of another. Here, then, the question comes up anew, requiring a distinct answer to meet the scepticism of the present day. What has a true philosophy to object to prayer? Is the decline of faith in prayer to be ascribed to any legitimate philosophical reasons? or is it rather owing to the prevalence of certain errors in philosophy, as well as to a certain *defect* of religious life? To answer these questions in full would indeed require more space than can be given to them here. The two points which it is proposed to make now are, first, that prayer is indispensable to the completeness of spiritual life; secondly, that prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God, but, on the contrary, is encouraged and justified by the fullest revelation of him.

I. Once it would have been thought a truism to affirm that a man who never prays cannot be a religious man. But now, in the vain desire to enlarge the province and purpose of religion, there are those who insist that religion is not in the least dependent on prayer: on the contrary, that the best and most spiritual men never pray (in the sense of *asking* any thing of God), but simply acquiesce in the will of the Supreme, and ascribe to him all the glory. But this is falsely supposing that one who prays shows himself by that act to be devoid of submission and resignation to the Divine Will. No such

result follows from true prayer ; for the highest end of praying is, that we may be perfectly conformed to the will of God, and brought into the closest possible union with him. It is therefore true, as Schleiermacher says, that "piety and prayer are properly one and the same thing." As it is surely of the very essence of piety to acknowledge one's entire dependence upon God for every thing, so it is of prayer. How could we ask him to give us our daily bread, if we did not believe ourselves dependent on him to sustain both our bodies and our souls? But much more than this: asking implies a filial "confidence towards God." It supposes that we come to him as a father; and such a father who can never be wearied by our entreaties, but whose delight it is to bestow his best gifts upon all that are prepared for them. Now, one of the indirect though most valuable benefits of asking is, that it helps us to keep in mind so constantly the paternal character of God. We appreciate in this way more fully how near the Lord is to us, how full of sympathy and tenderness, how ready to forgive, how "rich in mercy to all that call upon him." Daily and hourly "seeking his face," we can never feel ourselves far from him; we shall be more quick to recognize his hand in the ordering of our common life; we shall learn to associate him with all our joys; we shall feel him to be indeed "an ever-present help in trouble." It was well said by Schleiermacher, "That would be a despotic family where children were not allowed to express their wishes in the presence of the father, because he was wiser than they." And what is prayer but the expression of our wishes before our Father in heaven? Surely the encouragement to do this must incalculably strengthen the bond between us and him, confirming us in the persuasion that he is no hard and stern master, but truly a most loving and gracious friend; a father who pitieth his children, and would have them trust in his willingness to give. But "the life of religion is to do good." How does that depend on prayer? How are works of charity connected with acts of devotion? Alas! have not the latter frequently been offered as a substitute for the former? And what wonder, then, that some philanthro-

pists have been driven to the extreme of disparaging all prayer as mere sentimentalism, and unmanly shrinking from hard work? "Pray less, and work more," would be their charge. "Ask not God to do something for you or for others: go, and do it yourself." There is no such antagonism as here intimated. Work more *and pray more* would be the Christian injunction. We shall work a great deal better (who can doubt it?) when we know that God is working with us, and when we can appeal to him with confidence to supply what our own labor shall fail to accomplish. It would be difficult to find men who ever worked more faithfully for a great cause than Wilberforce and Buxton for the abolition of slavery. Yet what men of prayer they were! How strong in the faith that God would carry out every good work by them or others as his instruments! Prayer was their life: without it, they never could have had the courage and constancy to overcome all the formidable obstacles to their success. They could "ask in faith, nothing wavering;" for asking was never with them a substitute for working, but rather a new incentive to more strenuous and patient toil. The same thing is exemplified continually in common life. The mother devoting herself to the charge of a wayward and disobedient child; the visitor to the poor, seeking to aid them in trouble; the nurse in the military hospital, weary and exhausted with her incessant work; the teacher in the Sunday school, eager to lead his young charge heavenward, yet painfully aware how difficult the task, — how much are all these refreshed and invigorated by an hour of earnest prayer; yea, by even a few pious but inaudible ejaculations to "the Father who seeth in secret"! In fact, nothing can seem more unnatural to a Christian view than the separation of work and prayer. That which we ask God to give us, or to give others, how can we avoid using our own utmost exertions to attain? With what consistency shall one pray for the success of any righteous and humane cause, and yet refuse to do any thing himself to bring about the desired consummation? That cannot be a prayer from the heart which ends *only* in prayer.

II. Prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God. It is indeed frequently asserted, that prayer in the strict sense is vain, because God is unchangeable, and cannot be moved by human entreaty ; because he is all-wise, and does not need to be informed of our wants ; because he is infinitely just, and would not give any more to those who asked than he would to those who did not ask ; because, too, he is always perfectly disposed to bestow on every human being the fullest amount of good which he is capable of, and is, in fact, at every moment opening his hand to "satisfy the desires of every living thing." Now, a great deal of the weight which is attached to these objections would be at once removed by the simple consideration, that a finite being cannot *know* what constitutes the infinite perfection of God. If, indeed, prayer depended upon this knowledge ; if one had no right to pray until he knew certainly all that pertains to the nature of the Being he prays to, — then no prayer could be justified by sound reason. But this is not so : all human analogies teach us otherwise. To obtain a request from another, we need only to know two things about him : Is he able, is he willing, to give it ? What more can we need to know of God, in order to address our prayers to him with confidence ? We might, it is true, run into many errors and superstitions, if that were all we knew. The more we can learn of the Divine Being, the more reverently shall we come to him with our petitions. But the true knowledge of God, however it may increase our reverence, cannot take away our trust. Whatever leads in the direction of mistrust, whatever makes us less willing to pray, is by that very fact convicted of error and ignorance. Is this a mere dogmatism, or begging of the question ? No : it is affirming in another form what Christ said, "I thank thee, O Father ! that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The intuitive knowledge of God, on which our anti-supernaturalists rely with so much confidence, is not one whit more certain than the instinct which leads all men to pray. We do not more surely know that God *is*, than that "he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." And the practical

inference from this is, that no objections brought from the mere understanding can deprive us of the privilege of prayer, any more than the arguments of an atheistic science can deprive us of God. We are indeed bound to show that prayer is not an irrational act; but if one shall say to us, "Satisfy me that prayer is a 'reasonable service,' and I will pray," the answer must be, "No man can ever be satisfied of its reasonableness on grounds of pure intellect alone." The truth is not to be sounded here by that line. If there is no recognition of its necessity to the soul's hidden life, no consciousness of "heart and flesh crying out for the living God," vain is every attempt to *satisfy* one of the duty of prayer. Let one, however, come *hoping to find so great a privilege true*, yet troubled by many misgivings, and unable to answer many perplexing questions, and to him it may be profitable to hear how these intellectual difficulties can be disposed of. For the sake of such a one, therefore, the attempt shall be once more made to answer those old objections to the efficacy of prayer.

God is *unchangeable*, it is affirmed, and cannot be moved by human entreaty. Mr. Parker, in his lately published correspondence, among many other instances of his contempt for "ecclesiastical theology," mentions the case of the deluded people of Santa Cruz, who, "on Sunday, prayed to the Unchangeable, 'that it would please thee to send us timely and gentle rain'!" We may as well accept this illustration as any other for an *experimentum crucis*. The intimation, of course, is, that rain is always given or withheld in fulfilment of irrevocable natural laws, — laws established by an all-wise Creator, pronounced by himself to be "good," and therefore never in all time to be interfered with or suspended, however earnestly man in his ignorance may ask it. But *how* is God unchangeable? Not surely by treating all men alike. It is no evidence of wisdom in an earthly parent to follow one uniform and unalterable course towards all his children. Neither can it be a proof of perfection in the heavenly Father to deal with "all sorts and conditions of men" after one and the same measure. The immutability of God re-

quires simply this,—that, in every thing he does, he shall never vary from the dictates of Infinite Wisdom and Love. In other words, it means that he is *never less than God*. If this be admitted, we have no right to say that God can in no instance alter the course of natural law without becoming mutable, and therefore imperfect. It is very generally acknowledged by theists of the present day, that all the laws of the universe, natural as well as spiritual, are only modes of the divine operation. Now, it has been observed through many ages that rain (to recur to this illustration) is the result of certain well-known atmospheric conditions, and that these conditions are apparently quite independent of human character and wants. “He maketh his rain to descend on the just and the unjust.” Nevertheless, the appearance may not represent all the truth. Should it come to pass in any case, that some spiritual good might be effected by a change in the more usual mode of operation, the immutability of God would surely not prevent him from making that change. To bestow rain in answer to prayer is not subverting the order of nature, if nature be indeed simply “the art of God.” The divine order must include an infinite number of things which lie beyond the scope of our observation; and among these, it is reasonable to suppose, are the spiritual wants and exigencies of man. Why may we not say that prayer introduces a new condition into the problem, and therefore that a different solution is required? Human entreaty cannot properly be said to “move” God; i.e., to incline him to vary from his eternal purposes: but it may make man a subject for receiving from the divine hand such gifts as it was his “eternal purpose” to bestow, whenever the true prayer should be made. These are, indeed, refinements which Christian simplicity shrinks from. Moreover, they are mere suggestions, and no solid and established verities; but, as an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, they are valid against all dogmatism of unbelief. They go to show that God, though immutable, *may* yet answer prayer.

God does not need to be informed of our wants. Most true; and therefore those prayers (of which there are too

many) that seem to presume such a need in God are impertinent, if not impious. But how shallow this objection, if applied to all prayer! The language of emotion is never didactic. When we say to a benefactor, "How good you were to do this for me!" who would ever interpret such words as intended to *inform* him of his own benevolence? They are plainly the natural expressions of grateful feeling, and nothing more. When the soul, in hours of contemplation, delights to recall the wonders of Divine Love and Wisdom and Power, who would charge upon it an attempt to *instruct* the All-wise, because it breaks out into the ascription, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints"? And so with supplication and prayer. We long to become more efficient in the Lord's service, or we long to have some terrible calamity averted; and we express these longings as prayers to the All-merciful. Is there any pretence of "information" here? Is it not simply asking *that we may receive*? The Hearer of prayer knows it all before; but he would have us express it in the natural language of earnest desire, that so we may be more vividly conscious of our wants, and may learn the more constantly to recognize our dependence for every thing on him.

God is infinitely just and impartial, and would not give one man, merely for his asking, what he denies to another who refuses to ask, — this is also a difficulty which men have felt concerning prayer. Yet, when fairly considered, there is no more difficulty here than there is in any instance of divine punishments and rewards. When God has given men plainly to understand, "This is the way, walk ye in it," how can they complain if it fares not so well with them for refusing to walk in that way? But if one shall answer, "I do not recognize this as God's way, and therefore I ought not to be liable to those penalties which properly belong to wilful transgression," we have only to say, that He who knows the heart knows just how far ignorance is a sin, and will never punish involuntary error. There may be those, who, through no fault of their own, have never learned the duty and the joy of prayer. Who shall dare to say, that from such the heavenly Father will

withhold any needed blessings, though unasked for, though studiously excluded even from the secret desires of the heart? These exceptional cases, however, are no valid argument against the justice of giving according to the asking. Not that mere words of petition constitute any claim upon the divine bounty. We shall not be heard "for our much speaking;" but the desires which those words represent may be the very means to open the heart for the entrance of light and peace and joy. That is the nearest approach we can make to the philosophy of prayer. In default of any other, that should be sufficient to silence the doubts of those who think God cannot be impartial, unless he bestows equal gifts upon those who ask and those who do not ask.

But perhaps no difficulty disturbs the devout mind more than the last of those above referred to. God is always infinitely ready to give whatever man needs. Why ask him, then? Why anticipate his providential care? Why not leave all to him, and let him do whatever seemeth good in his sight? Nay, is it not confessed that the highest prayer is, "Thy will be done"? Why use any other? Perhaps the reply cannot be more briefly and comprehensively expressed than by saying, what to some may sound too bold and almost irreverent, that he who uses *no other* prayer than this never prays at all. That prayer should come from the heart, as the crown and consummation of all others, not as the substitute for all. Does not that submissiveness border too closely on fatalism, which says always, and says only, "Thy will be done"? For how natural the next step, to cease even this prayer, and conclude that his will, of course, *must* be done! We can do nothing to hasten or retard or avert it: "who hath resisted His will?" And, were the consequences of this strictly followed out, why should we not be passive as the Turks, and fold our hands when a fire is raging, because God will accomplish his will, whatever we may do? Now, the practical common sense of men rejects any such consequences from the divine sovereignty. We know that we *can* do something, and *ought* to do something, to quench the flames, and to arrest a thousand other evils worse than conflagration, even while admitting the

supreme power and the infinite love of our Father. We are sure that he means us to work with him. There is a definite value in our work, notwithstanding he worketh all in all; nay, *because* "he worketh in us both to will and to do." Why, then, should there not be a definite value in our prayer also? The love of God, which is urged as a reason why we need not pray, is surely the greatest encouragement to prayer; for from him must come those very longings which lead us to seek his face. It is with no distrust of his willingness to give that we come and ask him to give us our requests, but rather it is in the full confidence, that, for wise and merciful reasons, he has appointed that they who ask shall receive. Nor can it be said to limit the divine benevolence, that God gives upon conditions. Without attempting to penetrate the deeper mysteries of his providence, we can still see how it should accord with the divine perfections to bestow upon every man that good, and that only, which he is prepared to profit by. Prayer is the preparation; prayer enlarges the capacity of the soul; prayer turns the face upward, to drink in the light and warmth that flow down from the Fountain of all good; prayer (as the elder poets and divines were not afraid to express it) constrains and pledges God to bow the very heavens, and come down to dwell with us, that we might even aspire to be "partakers of the divine nature," while we gladly and gratefully say, "Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things."

W. S.

AND thus it is with absolution: what good doth it me for one to say, "I pronounce (or declare) to the absolution of thy sins," when the soul is wholly shut up in sin? Whosoever saith thus to a sinner so shut up, erreth; and he that receiveth it without the voice of God within himself, deceiveth himself. None can forgive sins but God only.

THE mouth of the preacher hath not forgiveness of sins in his own power; but it is the spirit of Christ in the voice of the priest's mouth that hath the power, if he be also a Christian.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

IV.

"FREU' DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE!"

[CASPAR VON WARNBERG, early in the seventeenth century. It has also been ascribed to Simon Graf. The very favorite melody to which the hymn is set is of French origin, and first appeared in the Calvinistic Psalter of 1655.]

Joy, my soul! O, joy attend thee!
 Hence all thoughts of ill and ail!
 Christ, to whom I do commend thee,
 Calls from out the tearful vale:
 From the troubles of the times
 Leads he to the heavenly climes;
 Bliss beyond the senses' knowing,
 Ever living, ever growing.

As we see the summer roses
 Through the thorns unfold their charms,
 So a Christian worth discloses
 Through besetting threats and harms.
 As the billows of the sea,
 As the windy tempests be,
 So our life's uncertain courses
 Oft are tossed with troubled forces.

Therefore with what glad persistence
 Press I on where thou shalt lead!
 Be not, O my Lord! at distance,
 Who didst save when thou didst bleed.
 Help; that, with thy spirit blest,
 I may reach thy glorious rest.
 Do not then, O Lord! forsake me
 When the shadows overtake me.

V.

"CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN."

FROM A HYMN BY ANNA, COUNTESS OF STOLBERG, ABOUT 1600.

Dying.

IN Christ my life is hidden,
 And it is gain to die :
 I stay where I am bidden,
 And go without a sigh.

When powers of sense and reason
 Are wavering like a light
 That flickers a short season
 Before it sinks in night ;

Then gently come the order,
 In silence calm and deep ;
 And on that trembling border,
 Lord, let me fall asleep.

M. L. F.

O MERCIFUL God in Christ Jesus ! (in my knowledge) I beseech thee, out of thy deep love towards us poor men, which thou hast manifested in me in the hidden man, call us all in thee, to thee. Oh ! stir thyself in us yet once in this last trouble : thy anger being kindled in us, do thou resist thy anger in us, lest it swallow us up, both soul and body.

O thou Dawning of the Dayspring of God ! break forth to the full. Art thou not already risen ? Manifest thy holy city Zion, thy holy Jerusalem, in us.

O great God ! I see thee in the depth of thy power and strength. Awaken me wholly in thee, that I may be quickened in thee. Break off the tree of thy anger in us, and let thy love spring forth and bud in us. O Lord ! I lie down in thy sight, and beseech thee not to rebuke us in thine anger. Are we not thy possession, which thou hast purchased ? Forgive all of us our sins, and deliver us from the enmity of thy wrath, and from the reproach and envy of the Devil ; and bring us under thy cross in patience into Paradise again. Amen. — *Jacob Behmen.*

THE SOUL'S BEAUTY.

AFTER procuring the means of satisfying hunger and thirst, and obtaining shelter from the elements, man next endeavors to surround and adorn himself with pleasing forms and colors. As soon as the prime necessities of nature are met, he devotes his first leisure to the pursuit and creation of the beautiful. Alike in the poor sewing-girl, who, in some attic of a crowded tenant-house, dreams of green fields and flower-gardens as she bends over her solitary geranium or heart's-ease or ver-bena, and in the millionaire whose conservatory is filled with the fragrance and beauty of rare exotics; in the ancient Hebrews, who, in festival or battle, cheered themselves with the discordant notes of rams'-horns and cymbals, and in those whose souls thrill as they listen to the stately harmonies of Beethoven; in the frontier-settler who relieves the roughness of his log-cabin by training some green vine over its white-washed surface, and in the architect of St. Peter's who devised the majestic colonnade and the lofty dome, and who adorned the Sistine Chapel with its unrivalled paintings; in the savage who tattoos his skin with uncouth figures, and in the belle whose natural beauty is heightened by the exquisite elegance and appropriateness of her costume; in the rude rhymster who celebrates the events of his neighborhood in halting verse, and in the poet whose soul is in full sympathy with Nature, and understands the meaning of all her voices, — there is the same desire for the beautiful, and the same impulse to create it. They are all akin by their admiration of what is graceful and lovely. No man is content with that which merely serves the purpose of use. He acts with constant reference to certain laws of order, symmetry, arrangement, and color, which, although he may be unable to announce them in a scientific form, unconsciously regulate his conduct. He does not build the rudest edifice without some reference to proportion and regularity. He manufactures nothing upon which he does not expend some labor for

the sake of ornament as well as use. The housewife does not set the table for the plainest meal without paying a spontaneous deference to that neatness, order, and arrangement which are elements of beauty. The farmer does not plant a field of corn without regulating the straightness of his rows, and the shape of his field, by the same principle which guided Phidias when he built the Parthenon, or the sculptor who shaped the form of Venus or Apollo. Nor is it man only that delights in the beautiful: God himself takes pleasure in it. The creation bears witness that the Divine Mind loves that order, regularity, variety, symmetry, harmony of combination, grace of form and motion, which please the human eye. The hues of the rainbow, the whiteness of the swan, the glowing red of the golden robin, the green verdure of the meadow and the rich colors of autumn, the lustre of gems and the light of stars, the majesty of the drifting clouds and the azure of the open sky, the delicate loveliness of the modest violet, the solemn majesty of forest or cataract, are all proofs that the Divine Architect and Artist takes delight in beholding and creating what is beautiful. "To the attentive eye," says Emerson, "each moment of the year has its own beauty; and, in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which never shall be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other; and the year has room for all." To me, this affluence of beauty in every place, and at all times, is a striking proof of God's goodness. He has not made our earthly abode a dark prison, but has adorned it with colors and forms inimitable by the painter's brush or the artist's chisel. The inhabitant of the meanest hovel has only to go forth beneath the open sky, and he is

surrounded by a splendor unattainable in the palace of kings. He has only to watch the growth of a single plant, in order to witness a mystery of organization, and a specimen of ingenious workmanship, such as no human genius has produced. Through the beauty of the world, God smiles upon us. He attracts us from musing upon our griefs, solaces us in our labors, affords a field in which the imagination may revel, and the wearied mind obtain that recreation which will fit it to renew its toil.

We are not to suppose, then, that external adornment is abhorrent in the sight of God. In order to be religious, we need not disparage the outwardly beautiful. I cannot doubt that gold, gems, and silks were intended for ornament; and that the man or woman who pleases the eyes of others with appropriate costume deserves to share the credit which we freely give to those who delight us with works of art.

Still, we should rather direct our attention to a beauty, before which outward ornament becomes trivial and mean. There is a loveliness of the soul, a spiritual grace, that far surpasses the splendor of gold and apparel.

The great danger which besets us on every side, and into which the majority of mankind fall, is the exaltation of external things, and absorption in them, instead of using them as a means for the culture and discipline of the immortal part of our nature. As when our thoughts are taken up with schemes for worldly success and acquisition, so, when they are occupied with personal adornment, we forget the most valuable portion of ourselves. If, as seasons return and fashions change, we are asking ourselves wherewithal shall we be clothed, instead of inquiring how shall our characters be improved, how shall we correct our faults, how shall we render ourselves useful, we are defeating the purpose for which God surrounded us with beauty, and abusing for our injury what he designed should make us profoundly sensible of his love.

What are those things, then, which make the soul beautiful,—the imperishable robes of righteousness which form the garments of the just?

First, The highest order of spiritual beauty is not found merely in the intellectual part of our nature. A man or a woman may have vast scientific acquirements, may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, be able to weigh the planets, or carry forward those interesting chemical and microscopic investigations which bring results to us which we should have supposed lie beyond the grasp of human intellect; he may have the inventive genius of an Arkwright or Stevenson, and be able to devise those remarkable pieces of mechanism which perform the work of human fingers; he may have a profound insight into the character of individuals, and an irresistible persuasive power, and a charming eloquence; he may, like Moore or Byron or Burns, clothe his ideas with beautiful imagery, and express them in melodious verse: but if, to all this intellectual ability, he should join a depraved character, should show himself unprincipled, selfish, regardless of others' interests and feelings, desirous only to indulge his own inclinations and appetites, and to execute his ambitious schemes, could we respect or honor him? Could we make him an object of our affections? Could we take him as an example for our guidance? Could we not find in some humble person, with little of what is usually called education and culture, but who should be patient and uncomplaining and disinterested, something far more admirable than in the world-renowned Goethe, who was regardless of social obligations, and the claims of patriotism, when they stood in the way of his own promotion, and who violated the confidence of friendship in order to supply materials for one of his literary works?—than in the equally distinguished Napoleon, who threw away the lives of thousands for the sake of his own glory? I have heard of a poor woman who lives in a rugged and almost inaccessible district among the mountains of New England. She knows nothing of prevalent fashions, nothing of literature or art or social culture; but she has an eye for whatever is good in every person, object, and event. She exercises the humble hospitality of her incommensurable dwelling with the largeness of a liberal heart. She possesses that grand principle in the philosophy of living

which the famous and learned have often missed : I mean a cordial interest in the objects nearest to us that will render life attractive. Now, in the eye of God, in the eye of every man who loves what is noble and pure, does not this woman, unknown to fame, and unknown by name to me, possess a higher order of beauty than was enclosed in the graceful outlines of Helen of Greece, or the luxurious form of the Egyptian Cleopatra ? Is there not, in her contentment and cheerfulness and kindness, something more worthy of honor and remembrance and imitation than those qualities apparent in Lord Byron's brilliant but immoral career ?

While, then, we do not undervalue spiritual beauty, nor those ornaments which fittingly accompany it ; while we heartily acknowledge the great worth of the intellectual faculties, and insist upon our obligation to cultivate and employ them, — we do not find in these departments of our nature the highest order of loveliness.

In the second place, as it has been already suggested, it is in moral qualities alone that true and enduring beauty is found. In fact, no countenance, however regular its features, or pure its complexion, or fresh its color, satisfies us, unless there is in its expression something that tells us that it is not the covering of vanity and pride and heartlessness, but the sweet medium through which are manifested gentleness, modesty, and good-will. The basis of spiritual beauty must be *rectitude of character* : that is the vertebral column by which the whole body is upheld. Let a person's feelings be ever so fine ; let his soul glow with reverence and benevolence : still, if self-interest will lead him astray, he becomes like those trees whose foliage is luxuriant, but which are rotten or hollow at heart. The highest standard of moral rectitude presupposes, not merely that a person will surrender his own gain or pleasure at the command of conscience, but that he will withstand far more powerful temptations. He will be faithful to duty, although he receives no human encouragement or co-operation ; faithful, though he is met with reproaches, ridicule, contempt, and persecution ; faithful, though his cherished aims in life are defeated, and his sweetest affec-

tions separated from their object, by his fidelity. Still, sterling integrity, this rectitude that never turns, either from fear or favor, from the right path, is not by itself lovable. It is majestic. It has dignity. It commands our respect; but it does not win our affection. We regard it as we might look upon the rough granite-ledges which underlie our soil, — somewhat awed by their grandeur and ruggedness, but longing that they should be covered with a more gently undulating surface, adorned with grass and trees. The men of the time of Cromwell, the Puritans who settled New England, were noble persons, whose characters corresponded well with the stern and rock-bound coast upon which they landed; but we need other and more genial qualities to complete our emblem of spiritual loveliness. Firmness against temptation, uprightness, a determination to be faithful to duty, — these are indispensable requisites of inward beauty; but they are not the whole. With them must be associated gentler traits. The graces of Christianity must be united with the virtues, before the character becomes wholly beautiful. A man may be strictly upright, and be puffed up with spiritual pride; he may be severe in the judgment of others; he may trust too much in his own strength, and think too little of his dependence on God. But let him join with this integrity a spirit of docility. Let him feel that his knowledge and his powers are limited; that, to the soul that seeks instruction, each day, each object, each experience, brings a new lesson. Let him seek to derive the highest influences from all the relations of life. Let his joys render him grateful, and his afflictions humble and resigned, and his intercourse with his fellow-men genial, cheerful, and sympathetic, and the rugged dignity of armed virtue begins to be clothed with a drapery which joins beauty to strength. Let him add the ornaments of the passive virtues, — patience, forbearance, gentleness, forgiveness, contentment, tranquillity. Let him be modest and unobtrusive; serviceable, but not anxious for the recognition of his services; thoughtful for the welfare and happiness of others, and not eagerly seeking his own enjoyment. Let him be free from resentment, from envy, jealousy,

and all bitterness of spirit. Let him meet all the accidents of fortune with a tranquil trust in a heavenly Father's wisdom, and do we not have a beauty of soul more worthy of our admiration than the most lovely scenes of Nature, or the most majestic and graceful works of Art? Finally, put on the robe of charity. Animate the heart with that spirit of love, which, as the sun, shines alike on the lively brook and the stagnant pool, — flows out towards every human being, however lowly and however exalted. Let him obtain those dispositions which will banish all censoriousness, and cause him to palliate whatever is evil, and to appreciate whatever is good, and to labor to elevate whatever is worthy, in his fellow-men. Let him have that spirit of self-sacrifice which springs from a profound sense of worth of the soul and its capacities, joined with an invincible trust in God, and a thorough consecration to duty, and have we not brought before our minds a picture of moral loveliness, such as no splendor visible by the outward eye, or devised by the imagination, can rival? In these traits of character, is there not an ideal set before us worth our striving after, and seeking to make real within ourselves? Should we find a person in whom integrity and gentleness, purity and charity, activity and patience, trustfulness in God and love for man, were so harmoniously blended, should we not esteem him worthy of our honor, our imitation, and our love? Yet these characteristics have all been embodied in a human form.

“The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.”

In our Saviour appear all the qualities which render the soul beautiful. It is the simple statement of a mere matter of fact, a statement that can be made of no one else, that in him there is neither deficiency nor excess. We may therefore befittingly take him both as the object, next to God, of our dearest affections, and as the standard by which to try our own characters, and towards which to strive. In the language of Paul, we may *put on* the Lord Jesus Christ, have our souls arrayed with his dispositions, clothe ourselves with those

qualities which render God himself the fit object of our adoration and love.

The superiority of spiritual beauty over all in the material world that pleases the senses, or satisfies our ideas, in respect to appropriateness and harmony ; the superiority of an heroic deed over the grandeur of a cataract or a mountain ; the superiority of a lovely character over beautiful form and features and physical grace, — is apparent to any one who knows the meaning of the words *integrity*, *fidelity*, and *self-sacrifice*.

There are three other considerations which enhance the value of these interior ornaments of the soul. First, If we are without them, no external splendor or adornments can make amends for their absence. No personal beauty, no magnificent apparel, no decoration with gems, could make Herod or Judas or Jezebel admirable ; while such a man as Paul, or such a woman as Florence Nightingale, wins our homage and affection, and we forget, in our esteem for their virtues, to be curious in respect to their looks and dress. No loveliness of features, however heightened by skilful and befitting decoration, can compensate for the blemish of a vain, haughty spirit ; a peevish, irritable temper ; a selfish, murmuring disposition ; a censorious, calumniating tongue. It only gives us a greater shock when we find that a beautiful body is the sepulchre of a lifeless conscience and a corrupt heart.

In the second place, physical beauty is a rare possession : it is a gift of Nature, and can be acquired by no efforts. That wealth also which decorates beauty with gold and gems can be gained only by a few persons. Not many can have a grand career ; not many possess great mental powers, or make vast intellectual attainments. But spiritual beauty is within the reach of all. The poorest laborer may have it as well as nobles and kings. The deformed and diseased may have it as well as those who are healthy and beautiful. All, old and young, may have it. They have only to ask, and they shall receive ; only to seek, and they shall find ; only to make a diligent use of their daily opportunities, and the

same Power which clothes the lily with grace and loveliness will work within their souls, fashioning them into the divine likeness.

Finally, physical beauty must decay, and all its external adornments be left behind. Care and age and sorrow soon place their defacing marks on the loveliest features, and leave to the aged man or woman only that higher beauty with which sweetness of temper, rectitude of purpose, faith in God, and purity of heart, light up the countenance; but the nobler beauties of the just shall never fade. Shining here upon the earth with beneficent radiance, they shall have a still brighter lustre in a future world. They will leave behind their possessor a hallowing, renovating influence; and they will be the highest cause of his rejoicing in heaven.

What a motive we have, then, to form the order, the beauty, and the love of the kingdom of God within our hearts! What a motive to banish from the soul all that is base, narrow, and hateful! What a motive to cherish all noble and excellent qualities! What a motive to heed the words of Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"! L.

YET seeing it remaineth true that a true Christian is born of Christ, and that the new birth is the temple of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us, and that the new man only that is born of Christ partaketh of the flesh and blood of Christ, it appeareth that it is not so easy a matter to be a Christian.

FOR the righteousness of a Christian in Christ cannot sin: for St. Paul saith, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence we expect our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Now, if our conversation be in heaven, then heaven must be in us. Christ dwelleth in heaven; and then, if we are his temple, that temple, heaven, must be in us.

LONELINESS.

I AM lonely ; I am lonely !
 O my Father ! 'tis not only
 That I feel no presence with me drawing near my weary soul ;
 But it is that very presence,
 With its quick and subtle essence,
 Touching all the floods of feeling that in anguish o'er me roll.

O my Father ! could my spirit,
 Mounting upward, thus inherit
 Joys of sympathetic nature from a true, accordant sphere,
 Oh how swiftly, oh how freely,
 Would I flee from all beneath me,
 Soaring to the far-off regions and from all that troubleth here !

In that high and sweet revealing,
 Touching all the secret feeling
 Of my soul's imprisoned nature, here in darkness and in grief,
 Should I chance to find the greeting,
 In a true and spirit meeting,
 Of but one who truly knows me, 'twere a sweet and blest relief.

One there must be. And the others, —
 Friends, companions, sisters, brothers, —
 Small the circle, if congenial, that sufficeth for my peace :
 Farewell, then, this earth's confusion,
 Social mockeries, heart's delusion !
 Come the sweet and satisfying soul's communion and release !

Son of God, too, shall I call thee ?
 Lo ! the sin that doth intrall me,
 Still inviting, still attracting demons foul about my way ;
 Ah ! no solitude so dreary,
 And no company so weary :
 Break this bondage, blest Redeemer ! and I rise to cheerful day.

Not then lonely ; lo ! above me,
 Where the dear ones are that love me,
 Gleams athwart my raptured vision, from a bright and blissful
 shore,

Shadowy forms that hover o'er me,
Lights that glimmer now before me,
Waking in my lonely bosom life and joy for evermore.

Hail, my soul ! the blest presentment ;
Learn from it the sweet contentment
Of a life so large and noble, spreading forth from sphere to sphere,
That, when earthly joys forsake thee,
Heaven to its embrace may take thee,
In a grand and high communion, free from all that troubleth here.

F. M. W.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE life of these Norsemen was what it was from what they themselves were in spirit. There was in the character of these men what might be called simplicity ; but it was the simplicity of directness, and not of ignorance. In the old chronicles, it is quite curious how plainly they speak ; and often it is admirable, from their direct way of meeting a matter, how simple it becomes. Perhaps they might be called men robust both in body and mind. Indeed, their simplicity was that of men never afraid. They were so simple because they could look men and danger and death in the face fearlessly every day. It was very much from this directness of mind that they were so effective in Europe ; and what at home was simplicity of life, abroad has been lastingness of influence. Men direct in word, thought, and deed ; able men ; good at the plough, the sword, an argument and a feast ; Norsemen ! — these were they who dwelt and farmed and fished on the shores of Norway eight or nine hundred years ago. And in the winter-nights they listened to the sea, as it roared in the narrow creeks alongside of their farms ; and they took from out of their boxes gold and silver ornaments which had been brought from Novogorod and Italy and Constantinople. They talked about the strange

ways and the magical arts of the old inhabitants, the Finns and Lapps; and they told tales of the Arctic seas; and they wondered what the new world was which Leif Ericson had been to and called Vinland. And they rehearsed sagas of the ancient heroes, their wars and crimes and virtues and sufferings and struggles and deaths, — sterner themes than any other poetry had ever the telling of. Of these sagas, these old poems, there is one which promises for the rest, that “they shall endure in all lands,” — and it has been so; and that in comparison with what horrors they have to tell of “every man’s heart shall be lightened, and every sorrow of woman be assuaged,” — as though, those Norsemen, they had had some dim presentiment of what has happened, of the blending of their history with the world’s history; and of the going-forth from their homes of an influence, which men of after-times and other lands have been the stronger for.

The farms of these Norsemen, in Norway at least, were between rocks, and could not be enlarged in any way very often; so that, for an increase of population or for enterprise, there was no other outlet than the sea. And so on the sea they fished, and across the sea they traded, and over the sea they went to Iceland and Greenland as colonists; and across the sea they voyaged to Constantinople and other courts, with their axes, swords, and spears, to offer themselves as soldiers. And across the seas, too, they looked towards foreign countries, not like members of the Peace Society. Pirates in their foreign relations the Norsemen or the Danes are commonly called. And so they were: but so, too, were the ancient Athenians; and yet the Athenians are not called pirates. The countrymen of Æschylus and Socrates and Plato, pirates? Oh, no! Deeds that would have been piracy now were not so with them. Very true; and though some of those whom history calls Danish pirates were really no better than pirates, yet there were others, like Erling Skialgson, for whose viking cruises some other word than piratical should be found. Remember, that these Norsemen were not Christians, but Odinists; and valor, and not love, was what they were to know one another by. Their Odin was

the God of War, and they were not the followers of the Prince of Peace; and yet, Odinists as they were, they were not more bloodthirsty than the Christians of their time often were. They were not more cruel with the Christians than the Christians with one another. Let it be understood that the Norsemen were always at war with the rest of the world, and so considered themselves as being; and then perhaps there is little reason why they should be called murderers by persons who do make distinctions between murderers and soldiers.

But the Northmen were not altogether selfishly valiant. They were heroically valiant, and religiously valiant. They were warriors; because by fighting there was honor to be achieved; because across the battle-field was the way to their heaven of Valhalla; because they could not keep quiet, and because they hated to die in their beds. A life of glory, and then a death on "the bed of glory," — this was their wish; and so, when they killed a man, they only did as they wished to be done by. Said Egil Ullsark, "At one time, the peace had lasted so long, I was afraid I might come to die the death of old age within-doors upon a bed of straw, although I would rather fall in battle following my chief; and now it may so turn out in the end as I wished it to be." And, when a man did find himself dying on a bed, very often he would gash himself with a knife, or would "make himself be marked for Odin with a spear-point;" and sometimes an old man would throw himself from a cliff, and so "fare to Valhalla." War then, with these Norsemen, was another thing than what it is with Christians. It was even their religion; and so it was what some most unlikely virtues might exist with. But, on this matter of a violent death, hear one of the Norsemen themselves. About the latter end of the eighth century, Ragnar Ladbok was put to death in England; having been shipwrecked on the coast, and so been taken. He died laughing at his enemies, and scorning the fate he died by. A saga, a ballad, was made on his death, that was sung for many a year in every ship and in every house of the North. These are only three out of twenty-five stanzas: —

" We smote with swords. What fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last ?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife,
Nathless must lose his dastard life.

We smote with swords. My parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwell, fair Balder's father dread,
The board is decked, the seats are spread :
In Fjolner's court, with costly cheer
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer
From hollow skull of warriors slain.
Heroes ne'er in death complain.
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

Cease, my strain ! I hear them call
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall :
High-seated in their blest abodes,
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by :
I fall, but laughing I will die.
The hours of life have glided by :
I fall, but laughing I will die."

But this valor which they fought by was what they kept their rights by. This, which was courage on the battle-field, was at home independence that would never brook tyranny. It was to the Norse spirit of his barons that King John yielded Magna Charta at Runnymede. And, in England and here, there is a strain of feeling which is derived to us from men, who, age after age, looked death in the eye steadily, and wrestled with danger indomitably ; and who were even glad of some peril to confront, because it made them feel their souls.

That fierce spirit is not altogether admirable in the Norsemen. But this love of peril, this contempt of death, were what in the Norman blossomed into all the beauties and the virtues of chivalry ; into the magnanimity of Richard the Lion-heart, and the noble soul of the Chevalier Bayard, and into much of what distinguishes the gentleman of to-day from the merely "just man" of the Romans.

But the Norsemen could work as well as fight. A battle was an honor which a man might come to ; but an orderly management of his farm and house was also a great object. By no means were they of an exclusively fighting spirit.

And then, in regard to what they called "gathering property," and what shall here be called viking cruises, they were not all of them prompted by a simply covetous motive. When a Norseman died, a part or the whole of his personal property was buried with him, or burned with him, but only of such property as he had himself accumulated ; and this was burned with him, to go with him : for Valhalla was the hall of the select, and there was a proverb that it was "not good to journey poor to Odin." The wealth of a warrior was one certificate of his courage.

But there were those of the Norsemen who were always at sea, and whose sole patrimony was a ship ; men with no land of their own, and with only the sea to live on. And such a man as this was a viking ; and, if he were a descendant of Harold Harfager, he was called a sea-king. And, says the Yngliga Saga, "They are rightly named sea-kings, who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage-fire."

Let us stand on a beach at Norway with some young man who is elected a sea-king. He looks to the north, and he knows how —

"Miserable they,
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take the last look of the descending sun."

He looks to the south : it is the direction of vast countries, on the shores of which Norsemen have fought and conquered, and fought and been killed, for ages. He can sing a hundred sagas of heroic lives and deaths ; and himself, too, he hopes to be the hero of a saga. He will away and fight in the name of Odin ; and be so valiant as to keep Odin's spirit-messengers about him, waiting for his soul against he falls. It is the way of Harold, and Hakon the Good. It is the way either to live or die. It is the way to a living ; and, what is

better than that, the chance of an honorable death. It is the way of his ancestors and nobleness and fame and Valhalla. It is a way which he will have sung of, for his own glory in it. And so he and his companions start; and they sail away into danger, very much for the sake of danger. For these men, truly —

“ Their march was on the mountain-wave,
Their home was on the deep.”

And it is from men like these that the nations of the world have learned how to sail. The art of the mariner is from these Norsemen, and from the way they were buffeted by northern waves, and the fearlessness which they got inured to, and the maritime contrivances of their inventing, and the strength and the size of the ships which they had to build. And, at this very time, there is not a ship built anywhere, but the skill of the Norseman helps at it. Nor does a ship sail from either side of the Atlantic, but the tactics of the Norseman are in use to navigate it; and the language of the Norseman is heard speaking in its management.

Yes, and politically he is with us our ancestor the Norseman. It is not so much from the Anglo-Saxon, as it is from the Norse spirit of the people, that English institutions are what they are. Indeed, in England, Anglo-Saxon institutions were much decayed before the ninth century; and Laing asserts, what others, too, have stated, that the Anglo-Saxon spirit had at that time become quite effete, quenched in their ecclesiastical relations and feelings as zealous Catholics.

It should be mentioned here, that the Danes or the Norsemen spoke a language which radically was the same with the Saxon: and this makes intelligible the facility with which the Danes, as they were called, and the Anglo-Saxons, intermingled; and the way in which the old spirit was revived in the Saxons by men of a nation, which, somewhere or other, had previously been in affinity with them.

Of Norman, and therefore of Norse, influence in England, it is a curious illustration, that the royal assent to the bills

of Parliament is given in Norman at this very time. Also those parts of England which were most largely settled by the Danes are those in which, at parliamentary elections, the voters are the most independent and liberal; are most numerous Whigs, and not Tories. The Danes or the Norsemen were largely interspersed among the Anglo-Saxon population of the whole country; but yet it is among the more purely Norse population, that, for the most part, there has been, politically, the highest spirit. It is evident as matter of palpable experience, and even of polling-booth testimony, whence it is that the freest influences in England have been derived.

The Saxon Witenagemote was simply an assembly of certain wise men selected by the king to advise with him when he wanted them. But the Ting of the Norsemen was a meeting held for defined purposes, at fixed places and at regular times, or against emergencies; and it met whether the king wished it or not. Certain large classes of men were members of it by right, and it was by them that laws were made and the king elected. It was the original, I suppose, of certain county and town's meetings in England, and, in the spirit of it, of the national Parliament. There is a good illustration of the mutual relations of the king and the people in what passed at one winter's meeting in one of the districts, when the good King Hakon had been rather violent about Christianity.

When the Ting was seated, the king spoke, and said it was his message and entreaty to the bonders and householding men, both great and small, "that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ, the son of Mary." A great commotion this proposal made, especially as there went with it the suggestion of a fast-day every week, by which, it was feared, the land could not be cultivated; and this made it be remembered too, and whispered about, "that it was the character of King Hakon and his father, and all his family, to be generous enough with their money, but sparing with their diet." At last, Asbiorn of Midalhouse stood up, and answered the king's proposal: —

"We bonders, King Hakon, when we elected thee to be our king, and got back our udal rights at the Ting held in Drontheim, thought we had got in heaven; but now we do not know whether we have really got back our freedom, or whether thou wishest to make vassals of us again by this extraordinary proposal, — that we should abandon the ancient faith which our fathers and forefathers have held from the oldest times, in the times when the dead were burned, as well as since that they are laid under mounds, and which, although they were braver people than the people of our day, has served us as a faith to the present time. We have also held thee so dear, that we have allowed thee to rule, and give law and right to all the country. And, even now, we bonders will unanimously hold by the law which thou givest us here in the Froste Ting, and to which we have also given our (yea!) assent; and we will follow thee and have thee for our king as long as there is a living man among us bonders here in this Ting assembled. But thou, king, must use some moderation towards us, and only require from us such things as we can obey thee in, and are not impossible for us. If, however, thou wilt take up this matter with a high hand, and wilt try thy power and strength against us, we bonders have resolved among ourselves to part with thee, and to take to ourselves some other chief, who will so conduct himself toward us, that we can freely and safely enjoy that faith which suits our own inclinations. Now, king, thou must choose one or other of these conditions before the Ting is ended."

The bonders gave loud applause to this speech, and said it expressed their will, and they would stand or fall by what had been spoken. When silence was again restored, Earl Sigurd said, "It is King Hakon's will to give way to you, the bonders, and never to separate himself from your friendship." The bonders replied, that it was their desire that the king should offer a sacrifice for peace and a good year, as his father was wont to do; and thereupon the noise and tumult ceased, and the Ting was concluded.

For place and earliness, it was something peculiar in these Norsemen that they could distinguish obedience from subjection. It was in their spirit. Before a battle, they would all advise together with the king in most thorough freedom; but, after the battle had begun, there was no such perfect obedi-

ence as theirs. And so in regard to government: theirs was not obedience like that of most other nations, with whom subjection to the laws was on account of their being ancient or established, or made by wise men or by their priesthood. These Norsemen could reverence laws of their own making, and live by them.

Self-governed men, and not apathetic men either, but men of intense energy; men of earnest, passionate tempers; and yet self-governed men. The French have been free often enough: why cannot they keep so? Because never yet have they been possessed of the spirit which is both free and obedient at once. They can hardly be said to have the Norseman among their ancestors. The English and the Americans have; and, no doubt, it was not without some influence from these self-governed Norsemen that Sir Thomas More died so nobly, and John Hampden felt in the heroic manner in which he did, and that George Washington's is become —

“One of those great, immortal names
That are not meant to die.”

We have now inquired into what the Norsemen were in life. Let us now think a little of what life was to them. Brave men at least, and sincere men! It is worth while looking into their minds to see how life and the universe and God were imaged there.

From the following passage, we learn the manner of their sacrifices: —

“Sigurd, earl of Lade, was one of the greatest men for sacrifices, and so had Hakon his father been; and Sigurd always presided on account of the king at all the festivals of sacrifice in the Drontheim country. It was an old custom, that, when there was to be a sacrifice, all the bonders should come to the spot where the temple stood, and bring with them all that they required while the festival of the sacrifice lasted. To this festival, all the men brought ale with them; and all kinds of cattle, as well as horses, were slaughtered; and all the blood that came from them was called *laut*, and the vessels in which it was collected were called *laut-vessels*. Laut-staves were made like sprinkling-brushes, with which the whole of the altars and the temple-walls, both outside and inside,

were sprinkled over, and also the people were sprinkled with the blood ; but the flesh was boiled into savory meat for those present. The fire was in the middle of the floor of the temple, and over it hung the kettles ; and the full goblets were handed across the fire ; and he who made the feast, and was a chief, blessed the full goblets and all the meat of the sacrifice. And, first, Odin's goblet was emptied for victory and power to his king ; thereafter, Niord's and Freya's goblets for peace and a good season. Then it was the custom of many to empty the braga goblet ; and then the guests emptied a goblet to the memory of departed friends, called the remembrance-goblet."

It occurs to me, just here, that this word "laut" is the same as a similar Greek word signifying the worship of the gods by sacrifice. For the sprinkling of blood, the same word was used in the Parthenon at Athens, and in the temple at Drontheim. Concurrently with some other things, this would argue a connection of some kind between the Norsemen and the Greeks, and perhaps through a common ancestry in Asia, at a time when young nations were still lingering round their respective cradles.

What is known of their religion is through their poets ; for priests they had none. Let us, then, understand the position of him I have called poet, and who was so ; but who was also a rhyming historian, and a rhymester on almost every subject.

The poet was called a "scald ;" and his poems, like the "Iliad" in Homer's own age, had to be learned by heart. For subjects, he had every thing, — theology, family genealogy, national history, battles, adventures, love, magic, and law. The scald was the poet, the novelist, the historian, and, to a certain extent, the theologian, of the Norsemen. He was highly honored. Perhaps a new poem of one of the better scalds was more generally sought after, and more eagerly, than the last poem of Longfellow or Tennyson.

Eyvind Skaldaspiller was a scald who lived at Halogaland ; and there, says Snorro Sturleson, "Eyvind composed a poem about the people of Iceland, for which they rewarded him by each bonder giving him three silver pennies, of full weight,

and white in the fracture. And, when the silver was brought together at the General Thing, the people resolved to have it purified, and made into a row of clasps; and, after the workmanship of the silver was paid, the row of clasps was valued at fifty marks. This they sent to Eyvind."

To the Norseman, the scald was the spirituality of life. In the poet was the soul of which their adventures and battles were but the transient expression; but in his words flowed for everlasting remembrance that spirit which in them could only strike a momentary blow, or sustain them in an hour's struggle. Their own great deeds could grow immortal by his soul's speaking through them; and, with his celebration of what was heroic in their lives themselves, they felt akin to immortality.

A great amount of scaldic literature was extant in the centuries preceding the introduction of the art of writing in the twelfth century; and this literature was not in books on a few men's shelves, but in men's memories, and nowhere else. Now, for this literature simply to be remembered, think what mental life there must have been!—how often and often these poems must have been repeated by the father to his son, by neighbors to one another, as they sat by the winter's fire, by seamen at leisure times on shipboard, and by the one "professional man" of that time,—the scald in his place of honor, at the table, on the right hand of the king!

Their literature was not on parchment or in bound books, but in their memories. It was inwrought into their souls. It was what made their country feel alive with what was more than human. With the earnest repetition of their poems, it was as though the old heroes were returned; as though their great forefathers might come in at the house-door again; as though from on high the gates of Valhalla might be heard swinging to with a golden clang.

And they honored the scald for his making them feel these affinities of the soul; and, for that, honor to them!

Of the Scandinavian sagas, the most important is the "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson; and, of the style and matter of this work, some idea will have been gained by the

quotations which have been made from it. And, of the poetry of the Norsemen, the best is perhaps in the "Elder Edda." In this collection there is a poem called the "High Song of Odin the Old." For Scandinavia, it was what the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were in ancient Palestine. It was the wisdom not so much of religion as of shrewdness and resolution; and yet some of the verses are oddly contrary to the sentiments of the Preacher, who was King in Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes says, "I praise the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive;" but, says Odin the Old, —

"Better are they
Who live than they who are dead:
The living man may gain a cow."

And again he says in the same strain, —

"The lame may ride,
The deaf fight bravely,
The one-handed tend the flocks.
Better be blind
Than entombed:
The dead win nothing."

For industry and goodness, the author of Ecclesiastes thinks only that a man is envied by his neighbor; and that this also is vanity, and vexation of spirit. But, in the judgment of Odin the Old, —

"The noble, the gentle,
Live happiest,
And seldom meet sorrow."

In this poem, some of the verses are pictures of life: —

"One good house there is,
Though it be humble:
Each man is master at home.
Though a man own but
Two goats and a straw-rick,
'Tis better than begging."

What an exact, vivid metaphor is this! —

"Like to dried faggots
And hoarded up birch-bark
Are the thoughts of a man."

In these lines, how thoroughly Norse is the argument, the illustration, and the object! —

“Betimes must he rise
Who another man's life
And goods will obtain.
The sleeping wolf
Seldom gets bones:
No sluggard wins battles.”

And how well are expressed in these verses the two great ideas of the Norseman, — life here in fame, and life hereafter according to desert! —

“Thy flocks may die;
Thy friends may die;
So also mayst thou thyself:
But never will die
The fame of him
Who wins for himself good renown.

Thy flocks may die;
Thy friends may die;
So also mayst thou thyself:
But one thing I know
Which never dies, —
The doom which is passed on the dead.”

(To be concluded in next No.)

W. M.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

WHILE on his visit to Epworth, Wesley says he rode over to a neighboring town to wait upon a justice of the peace, a man of candor and understanding, before whom their angry neighbors had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics: but, when the magistrate asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length, one said, “Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night.”

The justice asked, “But have they done nothing besides?”

“Yes, sir,” said an old man: “an it please your worship, they have *converted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb.”

“Carry them back, carry them back,” replied the magistrate; “and let them convert all the scolds in the town.”

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THERMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN, AND AUTHOR OF
 "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

XI.

ON THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

It was not enough for thee, then, O Lord! with heavenly grace to direct our destinies, to send us rain and sunshine, and to enrich our life with various joys and gifts. Thou hast also been graciously disposed to share the bitterest portion of our lot, brought upon us by our own fault alone, — the pains of natural and of spiritual death, that thou mightest for ever deliver us from the last. And thy body which died upon the cross, thy blood which was shed for us, thou hast left behind for our benefit in the sacrament of the altar; so that even the least among Christians may receive thee, Jesus Christ, in thy fulness, and is, in this respect, more favored than the holiest angels.

This love, which desired not only to load the beloved one with benefits, but also to enter into the fellowship of his dreadful and ignominious sufferings; this love, which thou, O Eternal Son of God, Creator and Ruler of the world! cherishest for the miserable sinners on the earth, — this love, when I desire to contemplate it, rises before me as an image whose height and whose depth my vision cannot reach; and if thy power has no limits, and thy wisdom no bounds, still more unfathomable and unreasonable seems to me thy love!

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When, therefore, I have extolled thy love, thou inquirest for my love to thee, O Lord! Shall I pass from thee to myself, from the Infinite to the finite, from the Lord of heaven to poor sinful man? Why dost thou desire it? When I can think on thee, then I do not willingly think of any thing else, and least of all of myself.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Thou askest once again, Lord! Why, then, am I required to give a

decided answer? Why cannot the question remain undecided? The child rests upon its mother's lap; it sleeps on her breast; it throws itself, when frightened, into her opened arms: but whether it loves the mother is a point of which it has taken no account, and desires to take none. Let me be such a child, and do not ask me further.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things," I reply with Peter. Thou askest of me what it were better that I should ask of thee. I should ask thee whether I love thee; for thou must know whether thou lovest thyself in me. I myself cannot know it.

Yet what I do know I will tell thee. I know that there is nothing that I desire so much, no bliss which I esteem so immeasurable, as to love thee as thou oughtest to be loved. I know that I envy those who even here felt this love burning within them; to whom it was the life of their life; who never acted but from its impulse, and were consumed in its holy fire. I know that I have the wish and the will to love thee.

I know also, that in heaven, on earth, in this vast and boundless universe, there is only one aim for which I strive, one only whom I desire to seek; and this only one thou art! It is thou, Jesus of Nazareth, who wast born in Bethlehem, who didst suffer under Pontius Pilate, who wast crucified, and who on the cross didst exclaim, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" This can only be true of thee, and by this thou art clearly enough indicated. Thee, and none other, will I seek, if thou givest me grace for it. When a new event occurs to me, I will always put the question to it, What is your meaning? where shall I come out, if I give myself up to your influence? When my fellow-men come into new connections with me, I will ask them, Are you seeking the Lord?—if not, I cannot go with you. When death shall call me away, I will say, Gladly will I follow thee; for thou leadest me to Christ.

I desire also that all whom I love may succeed in coming to thee. I might not venture to say that I loved thee: but I may, perhaps, say that I love them; for I wish them thy

salvation. O thou precious heart of my Redeemer! the iron point of the lance pierced thee, and thou openedst thyself so meekly to it! Open thyself also to my prayers, and cause, through thy almighty grace, that all whom I now name to thee may seek thee with restless zeal and unswerving faithfulness.

And then grant that thou mayest be found of them and of me. Grant that we all may at last behold the face of our Redeemer, and kiss the feet which for us were nailed to the cross. This is now my only prayer: I have no other. Formerly, I cherished many wishes in my heart: they have disappeared; may they never return! Even pious and good men may desire a great variety of things while they are on earth. They wish, at least, to accomplish a great deal for thee and for thy glory. But, what! is it not enough, then, that one is beloved by thee, and that one is striving to reach up to thee? Let me undergo scorn and contempt before the world: if it be, only thy decree and no fault of mine, I will submit.

It is my earnest wish to attain to thee; and, happy that I am, I know that I shall do so! With labor and difficulty, the boatman guides his boat to a point which he often misses. I embark upon the boat of faith; and now I have only to say, Let me to the Lord! At once the boat flies in the direction of my prayer; the breath of mercy swells the sail; I arrive at him whom I seek, at the only place where I wish to be; I succeed in reaching thee!

“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by me.”

Yes: thou art the End, and thou art also the Way. So is a stream both end and way at the same time. Yonder, where the stream pours itself into the sea; yonder, where the Son sitteth at the right hand of the Father, — thither will I press forward. And, in order to arrive there, I set sail with the stream which is my way; and not only a way which leads me, but also a way which bears me. Thus I come to thee through thyself: thou leadest and thou bearest me at the same time.

A GLIMPSE AT THE ARMY, THE HOSPITALS, AND
THE FREEDMEN.

DEMOCRACY can no longer boast its pre-eminence over monarchy, that it needs no large armies and no system of passports, since the ballot-box takes the place of the cartridge-box. The capital has become a vast military encampment. Its fortifications remind one of the walled cities of the Old World. The long trains of military wagons which are constantly passing through it, the squads of rebel prisoners which from time to time are marched along its streets, the hospitals which are so prominent among its public buildings, present a picture, which, a few years ago, an American would not have believed possible. And other changes, equally great, have taken place. In Baltimore, the slave-pen, where formerly fugitives from bondage were confined, is now used to imprison Southern traitors; and, though colored persons must still give bonds before entering the cars, a State Convention has been called, and will meet in April, to amend the Constitution of Maryland, and abolish slavery. In Washington, the statue of Freedom looks down upon the secessionists in the capitol-prison, and the Declaration of Independence is no longer a living lie. In Hampton, the residence of the late President Tyler is occupied by teachers and missionaries from the North. In Norfolk, the churches are used as schoolhouses, where the blacks are taught to read; and the plantation of Gov. Wise, divided into farms, furnishes homes for those who have been made homeless by the wanton insurrection of their masters. Thus does the whirligig of time bring his revenges, and swift retribution overtake those who have openly set at defiance the laws of God and man.

Another noticeable fact is, that, the nearer we go to the seat of war, the more ardent and outspoken is the devotion to the Government. At the Union-League Club in New York, the merchants cheered when Gen. Burnside asked for colored troops. In the Border States, there are now but two

parties, — the loyal and the disloyal. That ingenious fiction of supporting the Government, while opposing those who administer the Government, is there unknown. It is only in those places which are farthest from the great struggle that a third party is found, who, without daring to display their true colors, secretly rejoice over every disaster to our arms, and really sympathize with our enemies. We cannot estimate the exertions and the sacrifices which have been made by the patriots in the Border States. On the 22d of February, whilst the birthday of Washington was celebrated with unanimity throughout the North, in the fashionable part of Baltimore very few Union flags were to be seen, though all loyal persons had been requested to display them. In the churches, it is hardly considered prudent to speak manfully for the country. The sympathies of the wealthy and aristocratic are with the South. The friends of our cause have encountered obloquy and derision, and yet they have nobly persevered. Loyalty with them is synonymous with anti-slavery; and it is a singular fact, that those journals which are now dealing the heaviest blows against the institution of slavery are printed in the Border States, and are edited by Southern men.

I. That part of Virginia where our army is now encamped is very much diversified, broken by numerous hills, and intersected by many brooks, which, with the soft and clayey nature of the soil, make it an admirable country for defence, but a very difficult field for offensive operations. The roads, being made across the fields, and solely for the convenience of the army, are rendered wholly impassable for heavy wagons after a rain; and this would insure the destruction of any force which should unfortunately be entangled in them. No villages are to be seen there, as with us; but the houses stand alone in the midst of the plantations, or a very few together, at the most, in which the owners are still allowed to remain, only the deserted ones having been confiscated by our authorities. The fences have disappeared, and the forests are rapidly following them. The soil, ex-

haunted by slavery and trodden by the hoof of war, yields but little for the support of the inhabitants. Virginia has paid dearly for her folly. Devastated by both armies, she has become the graveyard of the nation. The railroad from Washington is guarded by troops throughout its whole length, especially at the bridges; every train of supplies is accompanied by soldiers; all places containing military stores are fortified with stockades; and yet, every day, some of our men are surprised and captured by the guerillas.

The camps consist of cabins, which are constructed of logs and clay, and covered by tents; the chimneys being surmounted by barrels, and built on the outside of the huts, as is customary with the houses in Virginia. The soldiers appear cheerful and happy, having plenty of excellent beef and bread, but suffering from the want of vegetables; the Government being able to furnish only such food as is the most compact, and, at the same time, the most nutritious. There probably never was a more intelligent army in the world. The men are generous and kind to one another; and, in camp, are free from many vices to which they would elsewhere be exposed. No narrow sectarianism can flourish there. War liberalizes all. The old creeds give way. Christianity, it is felt, must be a life. A catholic spirit everywhere prevails, and the men must be addressed on the broad ground of humanity. A true chaplain is fully appreciated by his men. On the chapel-tent of the First Massachusetts Regiment is the following notice:—

SUNDAY	Divine service at 2, P.M. Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
MONDAY	Singing school at 6½, P.M.
WEDNESDAY	Bible class at 11, A.M. Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
FRIDAY	Temperance meeting at 6½, P.M.
SATURDAY	Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.

"Whoever will, let him come!"

Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the efficient chaplain of this regiment, testifies to a growing seriousness among the men, and to the hallowing influences which many of them have expe-

rienced. And this interest is not confined to the privates. At the headquarters of one of the highest officers of our army, it was no less surprising than gratifying to find a manuscript copy of a recent sermon by the present President of Harvard College, whose words upon the highest themes of Immortality and the Divine Existence were quoted as pre-eminently satisfactory, although the speaker and the writer belong to different communions. Very little rancor exists in the army ; and, on either side, there have been comparatively few instances of barbarity. Yet our soldiers have been very brave ; and it is the glory of the Second Corps that it has never lost a gun or a color, many of its standard-bearers, after they had been shot down, having been found hugging the national colors to their breast. The Army of the Potomac has fought as bravely as any of our other armies ; and it is not the fault of the men that it has not been equally successful. In holding in check the ablest general of the Confederates, it has made it possible that other victories might be gained ; and, as the Rebellion cannot be conquered until the army of that general is subdued, our officers would prefer to fight where they now are, rather than nearer Richmond. We do not appreciate enough the sacrifices of those, who, leaving the comforts of home, have endured the dangers, the sufferings, the long marches, and the hard-fought battles, of the past three years. Our peace and happiness have been purchased by their firmness and courage ; and their valor is attested by their thinned ranks, the First Massachusetts Regiment having only six hundred remaining out of twenty-two hundred, and the Eighteenth Massachusetts having only one hundred and fifty out of fifteen hundred. These heroes deserve all that we can do for them ; and there is not one who has lost a limb, or who bears the scars of wounds incurred in our defence, but should be an object of sincere honor by us all.

And what shall we say of the heroism manifested in the hospitals, — the cheerfulness, the fortitude, the resignation which are there witnessed ? The bravest deeds are done not always on the tented field.

"It was noble to give battle
While the world stood cheering on :
It is nobler to lie patient,
Leaving half one's work undone ;
Or to stand, still cheerful-hearted,
One among the chosen few,
Who, ' detached for special service,'
Are to suffer, not to do.
For God metes to each his measure ;
And the sick man's patient prayer,
No less than ball and bayonet,
Brings the victory unaware.
Eyes that smile on through their anguish,
Sighs on sighs choked bravely down,
All the thin hands folded meekly,
Letting go the wished-for crown ;
All the strong hearts learning patience,
All the faint hearts learning trust, —
Cry out loudly, as a death-cry,
' O great God ! our cause is just !'
And the King counts up his heroes
Where the desperate charge is led,
But writes ' My Best Beloved '
Over the sick man's bed."

II. The Angel of Mercy that follows in the footsteps of the God of War, binding up the wounds which he has made, is the Sanitary Commission. This peculiarly American charity had its origin in the fact, that though our army is the best cared for of any in the world, yet, in every movement of troops, those who are sick must necessarily be neglected, while those who are fit for duty are first provided for. During a battle, moreover, whilst all energies are devoted to forwarding re-enforcements, the medical department is often paralyzed from the want of stores and transportation. The Government, having so much to do, is unable to attend to cases of individual suffering. The Sanitary Commission, with its own supplies, agents, and ambulances, supplements this work ; and, when the Government wagons are detained, it is able to send forward, at the earliest moment, all needful

comforts to the field, and thus save thousands who might otherwise perish from exposure, from wounds, from thirst, from starvation. The Commission also employs sixty Camp and Hospital Inspectors, through whose labors our losses from disease have been considerably less than in any foreign army. The agency for Special Relief, likewise, under its most benevolent and efficient head, by means of which discharged and disabled soldiers are protected from the extortion of swindlers, their back pay procured, those who are sick sent home, those who cannot be removed taken care of, and accommodations provided that their friends may come and visit them before they die, — all these benefits, which are furnished *gratuitously* by the lodges and homes stationed along the Atlantic coast, the Mississippi River, and our inland streams, must be seen to be appreciated; for, in every respect, this agency is the soldier's friend. When the army moves, the field relief-corps move with it, ministering alike to friend and foe, being often exposed to the fire of the enemy, and, as at Jacksonville, being the last to leave the field, even at the risk of capture and imprisonment. On visiting one of the corps-hospitals, it was delightful to hear from the surgeons the acknowledgment of their great indebtedness to the Sanitary Commission for those necessary comforts for the sick and wounded which otherwise they would not have been able to obtain.

Another important department is the Hospital Directory, in which several clerks are constantly employed, the books of which contain six hundred thousand names, and by means of which, after a battle, anxious friends can be informed of the fate of those in whom they are interested. The Commission also aids refugees in coming to the North, sends supplies to our own prisoners, and is always acting the part of the Good Samaritan. By its systematic organization, which overlooks the whole country, every want is relieved, and no contributions of charity are misapplied. Its agents are mostly young men who have been drawn to it by sympathy, and who are heartily interested in the work. Some of them are volunteers, and receive nothing for their services.

There are no more disinterested, discreet, hard-working men than are these gentlemen, who are laboring quietly and unobtrusively, yet constantly and energetically, in this cause. The Commission endeavors to collect and to keep on hand a sufficient number of all things that may be needed after a battle. In addition to these, many articles must be purchased. The money value of the goods issued to the Army of the Potomac, during and immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, exceeded seventy thousand dollars. At Chattanooga, its issues were on a like scale. It is not surprising, therefore, that large sums are needed, and will continue to be needed so long as the war lasts, to procure supplies, to provide transportation, to maintain the lodges and homes, and to support two hundred agents. Yet fifteen-sixteenths of all the eight millions which have been received have gone on to the backs or into the mouths of the soldiers.

Testimony to the value of the labors of the Commission is constantly presented, coming often from the most unexpected sources, and in the most touching way. One boy, who had been brought at night into the hospital, after having been cared for and his bed made comfortable, looked about him in the morning, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "It looks as if mother had been here!" And one of the rebel prisoners, who had been severely wounded, sent for the agent of the Commission, and said to him, "I don't suppose I shall live long; but I want to tell you, that, ever since I have been brought among you here, I have been treated with so much kindness, — all my wants have been satisfied, and even luxuries supplied me, — so very different from what I had been led to expect, that I want to make one more request of you. I want you to write to my wife and four little children, and say I died penitent for ever raising my hand or gun against so good a people as you are." Great praise is due to the faithful surgeons and the indefatigable nurses in the hospitals. One of the latter, who was absent from her post, and who was anxious to return to it, remarked, "It's no sacrifice; it's all pleasure. The men bear up so bravely! they will seldom let their friends know how

badly they are wounded ; and they generally die happy." The spirit of our brave boys is illustrated in the following incident, related by one who has labored untiringly in the hospitals : —

" Send me home to my mother ;
For I am the last of the three ! "
Wasted and wan was the blue-eyed boy
Who begged this boon of me :
" Send me home to my mother ;
For I am the last of the three ! "

No need of words between us,
No need to ask him *when*
I was to send to his mother
Her darling home again ;
For the shadow of Death was stealing
Over his face e'en then.

" Where are your brothers, Willie ? "
" Killed ! both killed in the war.
Two sons has my mother given :
Now her country claims one more.
O mother ! " We knelt beside him,
God's peace for him to implore.

Tall and fair and slender,
With the sweetest, kindest smile,
And a voice whose truthful accents
Proclaimed one " free from guile," —
Oh ! what a loss for that mother,
So far from him the while !

Vain, care and skill and tenderness,
Nurses' and surgeons' love !
Racked with pain from wounds neglected,
His back all bruised and raw ;
For his bed at Savage Station
Had been coarse, mouldy straw.

And never, without weeping,
Can they who watched him speak
Of the days and nights of torture,
For one long weary week,
Endured with holy patience
By that spirit brave and meek.

Once we asked him, "Tell us, Willie,
If God your strength restore,
Don't you think you've done and suffered
Your part in this sad war?"
"No, sister: if ever able,
I would fight as I fought before."

Oh! but his serene countenance,
'Twas beautiful to see,
When God gave his beloved sleep,
And death had set him free!
And we sent him to his mother;
For he was the "last of the three!"

She wrote, "The Lord has taken
The last of my lambs away;
I am left, in my old age, childless;
Yet 'Thy will be done,' I say:
And, that I soon may join them,
Pray for me, sister! pray."

III. There is, however, another cause which presses its claims upon us, and which it will require all the intelligence and all the philanthropy of our people to meet. The Freedmen are already in great numbers within our lines, and they are rapidly increasing. In Norfolk, four hundred men, women, and children, who accompanied our troops on their return from a raid into the interior, arrived on a single day, and were huddled together in the ropewalk; some of them having but scanty food and clothing, others being sick, and all, for the first time in their lives, being without protection and without support. It was truly pitiable to see how they suffered from the cold, and how anxiously they asked, "Are you the doctor?" Military necessity having required that they should be set free, common humanity demands that they should not be allowed to suffer. Moreover, as they are to live with us in the country, it is for our interest, as well as theirs, that they should be fitted for freedom, in order that they may not become a curse to the nation. What the army is doing for the men who have enlisted in it, the schools and the farms will do for the women and children. These people are, for the most part, worthy and well-disposed; and

it is by no fault of theirs that this war has been brought upon us. On the contrary, they are loyal : they assist our prisoners ; and they have fought with unexampled bravery, carrying our flag through the deadliest fire, and planting it on the rebel parapets. In other colonies at the South, they are already self-supporting ; and some of them have purchased lands which they cultivate with profit. They all have an intense desire to learn ; crowding the schools, men and women poring over their books in stables and shops, and one little boy I met on the road crying out, " M-a-n, *man* ! " so proud was he of being able to spell the word. The progress which has already been made by this " inferior race " is indeed wonderful ; and it is no exaggeration to say, that for promptness, accuracy, and enthusiasm manifested by her pupils, the school taught by a free colored lady in Norfolk (who was educated at Oberlin) would compare favorably with any public school of the same grade in Boston. The teachers who are devoting themselves to this work are among the noblest men and women in the land. Some of them are sent out by the American Missionary Association, and others by the American Educational Commission. They teach day, evening, and Sunday schools ; and as the votaries of the goddess Feronia, who, among the Romans, was the patroness of enfranchised slaves, were said to walk unhurt over burning coals, so these benefactors of this defamed race are sometimes called to encounter hardships and dangers which only their self-denying and philanthropic spirit would enable them to surmount. Our soldiers have cut the way for the army of educators. There is as yet only a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains ; but the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

The prejudice against color has always helped to degrade the negro, encouraging the belief that he would neither fight nor work. No other race has been so maligned as this. But as they have waited patiently in expectation of a deliverer, so they are every day proving themselves to be worthy of something better than the house of bondage. There is yet to be a great change in our opinions and treat-

ment of the colored man. A nation is not born in a day. But, as soon as schoolhouses shall have been established throughout the South, slavery will be impossible, labor will be respected, education will be coveted, marriage will be sanctified, the Bible will be read, and virtue and happiness will follow in the train. The present policy of the Government ought not to be interfered with until this great problem shall have been wrought out. Since we have discovered that the negro is a man, let him be treated in all respects as a man. Christianity recognizes no dividing walls of partition. It is to the poor that the gospel is preached. It is the man of a despised race, who has fallen among thieves, that we are bidden to help. It is Jesus who says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me."

It is a privilege to live in such an age. The days of the Revolution were less glorious than our own. Christianity was never before such a power in the world. It is not on the decline among us as a people. It is a magnificent testimony to our institutions, that, while the people have clothed the Government with almost absolute power, they voluntarily support so many national charities. In the midst of this gigantic Rebellion, the Capitol is steadily advancing to its completion, rising in proud defiance of those who would gladly raze it to its foundations. The war is fusing us, and making us one people. If the South should succeed, we should become, like Germany, disintegrated, distracted, a prey to domestic faction and to foreign domination. If we restore the Union with freedom, we shall exert an irresistible influence upon the Old World, whilst slavery in Cuba and in Brazil will be doomed to speedy extinction. It is only by our armies that we can accomplish this. The hardest fighting is yet to come. Let those who have freely received freely give, that none of the instrumentalities of the war may languish, but that every State may return, and sparkle with undimmed brilliancy in the national coronet of stars.

R. J. Y.

DEISM AND HUMANITARIAN UNITARIANISM.

RESPECTED SEMI-EDITOR AND DEAR PERSONAL FRIEND, — I have just finished reading your article in the March "Religious Magazine" on Weiss's Life of Parker. I thank you for writing and printing the article; for I was afraid no one of those, whose opinion might be accounted free from prejudice, would speak out the whole truth about it. Your criticism is just, and not more severe than the case required. But you incidentally say one thing that you ought not to have said. Of course, you believed it: but you ought not to have believed it; for it is not true. You say (p. 174) that "it has been found that between humanitarian Unitarianism and Deism there is no difference worth speaking of." Deism denies the special mission and supernatural work of the Lord Jesus: one form, at least, of humanitarian Unitarianism affirms both. Is there no important difference between the two? — no difference worth speaking of between Henry Ware and English Deists, to say nothing of any other country? Pray, set this mistake right in your next number.

READER.

WE are glad to avail ourselves of our friend's permission to print his kind note; and eagerly seize the opportunity to say, that we could not for a moment confound Henry Ware with the English Deists, or with any other Deists. We should have used language more carefully, and with more regard to technicalities. The matter under discussion was the complaint made by Mr. Parker of his Unitarian brethren, as substantially in agreement with him, and yet refusing to acknowledge him as a Christian minister. This complaint seemed to us without foundation. There was a radical difference between himself and them: they could not profitably occupy the same pulpit. Is it so still? Have not the times changed? We think they have. We think that the lines are drawn very differently now. Deism has become less and less what is known as *English* Deism, — less and less antagonistic to Christianity. Deism denies, indeed, that there was any thing, either in the being or character or words or works of Jesus, which stamps his mission as divine in any transcendent and peculiar sense, or that there was any need of such a divine mission. And yet Deism *in these days* would hardly refuse to acknowledge the fact, that the words and works of Christ do help to write the truths of religion very distinctly upon the minds and

hearts of men ; and that, under God, he has been wisdom and righteousness and peace unto us in a very high degree, as others in a less degree. Deism *in these days* will hardly refuse to admit that Jesus Christ does speak with authority, and not as the scribes, with the authority that belongs to a soul entirely persuaded, and recognizing the voice of God speaking to the inward ear. Deism *in these days* will claim Christ as humanity's noblest expression, its fair consummate flower.

On the other hand, many who claim to be Christians so interpret the authority of Jesus, and criticise with so much freedom the miraculous element in the Gospels, that the Deist can hardly feel that between himself and them there is any great difference. Moreover, it seems to us that the humanitarian Unitarian is more likely than the Sabellian or the Swedenborgian Unitarian to resolve "authority" into the authority of truth, and to lose hold of the miracles. We may find that incredible, when related of a great prophet, which is quite credible when told of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Still we are willing to admit that the humanitarian Unitarian may well find in the divine mission of Christ *a-priori* reason enough for the miraculous element ; whilst, on the other hand, we know very well that extreme rationalists are found amongst those who are nominally attached to the strictest sects. Christianity is interpreted and defended by many persons of various denominations so freely, that one can hardly see why those who so adhere to it should not join hands with the *modern* Deist. We ought to say, moreover, that, apart from any specific Christology, the Gospels do impress our mind as substantially true, both in their natural and supernatural elements ; and that we should find them of the utmost service in authenticating the truths of natural religion, even if they did not seem to us, as they do, to serve a far higher purpose, — in supplying to the redeeming spirit the means of touching the soul. In a word, what we should have said is this : That there are in our day many, who, claiming honestly and eagerly to be Christians, so interpret and defend Christianity, and so eliminate from it the superhuman

element, that they would hardly think it needful or right to disown fellowship, even in preaching the gospel, with Mr. Parker, were he still with us in the body. It has happened to us, as to others, to observe, that many Unitarians hold views substantially the same with those held by Mr. Parker. It has happened to us, also, to observe, that some who at one time entertained such views, and have since returned to their old convictions as to the miracles and the authority of Christ, have adopted, at the same time, persuasions about the essential nature of the Saviour, very unlike those of the humanitarian Unitarian. We have thought that this coincidence was more than accidental; that it pointed to a vital connection; though we are ready to confess that the swarming of ideologists in the Church of England does not go to confirm our theory. One word more. Love is the fulfilment of dogmas as well as of commandments. Whoso believeth in his heart that the infinite love once incarnate in Christ, now, as of old, redeems the world, is a sound Christian believer, and shall be heard gladly by high and low; and, when he rests from his labors, his works shall follow him. E.

ON THE THREE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

SHAKSPEARE, whose life once filled an English home
 With childhood's mirth, and manhood's noble cheer,
 What time our fathers to these wilds did roam, —
 We hail thee, mighty Bard! without a peer.
 To thee did Nature's countless forms unfold
 Their meaning, hidden from the common eye;
 The earth, the sea, the sky, their secrets told;
 And man's deep spirit did to thine reply.
 By Avon's banks we tread, — thy home we see,
 The church where still in peace thy bones repose, —
 Join with the throng that holds thy jubilee,
 And guards thy fame, that with each century grows,
 No longer to thy native land confined;
 For the whole world may claim thy glorious mind.

J. V.

EASTER HYMN.

WHEN shall our longing eyes behold
 The glories of the risen Lord ?
 When from his tomb the stone be rolled,
 And he at length our hope reward ?

Ah ! not to him, to us, the blame
 That still our eyes are closed in night :
 Are not his love and truth the same ?
 Are not all precious in his sight ?

To us, with shame, dear Lord ! we own,
 Belong those clouds that hide thy face :
 Our sins and faithless fears alone
 Have made us question of thy grace.

Yet the more earnest is our cry
 To thee, who art full rich to save :
 Stretch forth thy hand, Lord ! lest we die ;
 Grant what our deepest longings crave.

Touch but our eyes, and we shall see ;
 Cleanse, and we shall indeed be clean ;
 The heavens once more shall opened be,
 The earth all clothed in living green.

And thou, who in the sweet spring-time
 Fillest all Christian hearts with joy,
 Give us with thee to rise sublime,
 Where doubts can never more annoy.

Roll thou that heavy stone away
 That keeps us still in darkness drear ;
 Come forth, all glorious, into day,
 And in thy living light appear.

W. S.

How will he eat that hath no mouth ? How will he hear that hath no hearing ? Can any man eat that food which is so shut up that he cannot get it ? How will he drink that can come by no water ?

THOMAS STARR KING.

THE Congregational Church is at one again, to speak kind words of our departed friend. We have read no more affectionate tributes to his worth than those which have appeared in what are called "Orthodox" newspapers. Those who would feel bound to dissent, and that vehemently, from his theology, are glad — not compelled, but glad — to bear witness to his faith and faithfulness. They see and say that he had accomplished a long time; and that so to die in youth, whilst the eye is kindled with the hope of other worlds, is altogether beautiful. He had not completed the second score of years. The sun of his life dropped, as it were, from the zenith into our golden west; but how few who finish the fourth score accomplish half as much as our brave preacher and patriot accomplished! His monuments are where he fell. Filled with the spirit of him whose coming was the coming of God's kingdom into our world, he threw all his marvellous energy into the task of building our modern Ophir into a Christian State, binding her to the cause of our Christian democracy, and opening her treasure-house for those who have been wounded in fighting the people's battle in these days, when the few and the many are renewing the old struggle. He could be only on one side, and on that side with no less than his whole heart; and, whilst he labored for the State, he did not neglect the Church, as the beautiful house of God, which he was permitted to consecrate with prayer and Christian discourse, testifies. Long life we should have asked for him; but God knows what is best, and no one of us ever dies a moment too soon, or a moment too late. "*Behold, I, the Lord, do all these things.*"

Our Brother King believed earnestly in the new life which Christ brought into the world; in the second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, and who bears with us the image of the earthy, that we may bear with him the image of the heavenly. This was the saving article in his creed, as indeed it is somehow in every Christian creed; this made him an able

minister of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit; this saved him from being a mere essayist and brilliant lecturer; and, because he himself shared largely in this new life, he found his pleasure in encouraging men and women to do the highest duty of this present hour. Moreover, the fruits of the Spirit in him were a singular meekness and charitableness; a disposition to say of others kind words, if any; hopefulness beyond most persons, and a very disinterested love. Standing, as he once said to the writer, midway between what are sometimes called the wings, right and left, of his denomination, his *media via* was not the middle-way of indifference and coldness and dulness, nor yet of an undiscerning eclecticism; but rather of a very healthy and practical mind, — a mind not too curious about nice points, not too much given to exploring mysteries, but filled with the spirit which is common to human spirits; and therefore more bent upon the “foolishness of preaching” than upon the niceties of speculation. He was glad to live, and labor on earth; he was resigned to the decree which bade him rest from earthly labors; he “died, yet is not dead.” What right had we to ask more from him? He had reached and passed that honorable age which standeth not in length of time, and wisdom had become the gray hair unto him. Let us thank God that we have lived in the light and shared in the harvest of a life so beautiful and so fruitful.

E.

Do not the changes of feeling which take place in solitude affect the expression of the countenance as much as if they had taken place in company, perhaps more, because less self-restraint is exercised? Milton represents the face of Satan, when he thought himself unseen, as “thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair.”

A man with much business on his hands is usually brought into connection with many persons, who furnish him useful information, even if they give him no other aid; so that he can do more from having more to do.

E. W.

"DIED TO-DAY."

Telegram from San Francisco to Boston, March 4, 1864.

WHAT sees that soft brown eye?
What hears that quickened ear?
What signal gives that living soul,
Still burning keen and clear?

The everlasting hills,
And the encircling deep,
And the dear love of human souls,
From him no secret keep.

What say they to him now? —
Sweet earth, and thoughts of friends?
God, in them all, gives to his soul
Life where his dying ends.

Fold down the closing eye,
The golden speech seal o'er, —
Organs of clay! the master works
Earth's costly work no more.

Fall gently, now, and lie
By still Pacific Sea:
Thy people in their golden gates
Will hold thee tenderly.

But thou, escaped thy clay,
Our "heart's desire," now come!
Heaven's golden gates have set thee free
For thy New-England home.

H. S. W.

A MAN of no purpose, no purpose fulfils:
"Weak men have wishes; but strong men have wills."

E. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[We do not know that the brother who sent us the following communication intended any part of it for publication; but we are quite sure he will pardon us for printing it, in the belief that it will interest our readers, and, at the same time, serve a useful purpose, as indicating the wants and the spiritual condition of the portion of the army to which his labors are devoted. It will give our readers some idea of the work and influence of a chaplain whose heart is in his calling. We shall see that the Magazine is sent to him.]

HEADQUARTERS 5TH REGT. WIS. VOLS.,
NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., March 9, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER, — Allow me this fraternal familiarity; for, though we are strangers in the body, we have come spiritually face to face, and drank of the sweet waters of life from the same living fountain, with earthly vessels of much the same pattern to measure it withal.

Your "Monthly Religious Magazine" represents me, as a minister of Christ, more entirely than any other publication of our school of doctrine. Its candor and fervor, its devout friendliness with science, its pure, genial spirit of brotherly good-will towards those who honestly hold to different views of religion and different modes of church-administration, all win my warmest sympathy and love. But especially do I admire the reverential boldness, freedom, and good-will with which your Magazine walks so serenely, so confidently, in the very star-chamber of Science, welcoming with greetings of generous gladness every fresh spark of light struck by the steel of scientific research from the vast unquarried flint of Nature. Oh! when will the Church declare her edict of emancipation from the hindering dogmas of the dead past, and no longer cheat the inquiring mind of half its strength by vain crusades against advancing science? as if God did not make Nature first, and man through her, and the Bible through him, and Christ's appearing through them all, and, in his truth, treasure up all the fulness of divine love, wisdom, power, and glory! Is it not a very *materialistic Christianity* that is disturbed with grave unrest at every new utterance of science on the orderly and progressive evolution of created things out of chaos into fulness of distinctive

being? As if God were not in all and over all, to will and to do of his good pleasure! or as if the reality and efficacy of Christ's amazing mission to mankind depended solely upon the correctness of Archbishop Usher's chronology and the historical verity of the first chapter of Genesis! Thank God that we have entered into the knowledge of a better way, where even the realm of Nature becomes a witness for Christ, and clothes him with a more potent divinity.

Well, brother, I intended to write just two or three lines to introduce a little matter of business; and you see what my pen has run to. You New-England Liberal Christians probably, by this time, feel as though such a discussion is quite out of date; but in the great husk-feeding West, where I belong, such are the ripest problems struggling for a safe solution. I have lived all my lifetime where the avowal of such views cost me coldness, distrust, loss of friends, embarrassment, rebuke, misrepresentation, prejudice, and the like; but Jesus abode with me, and all was peace within. By the warm, mysterious joy of a sincere theological fellowship, I have been thus led most unpremeditatedly to indite this strange epistle to a stranger. Your gentle heart, I know, will kindly overlook its unmannerliness, and pardon the obtrusion.

I sat down simply to say to you, that I am now getting regularly about a hundred and fifty weekly papers, of eight different religious denominations, for the men whose views they severally represent in my regiment. There are some five or six men here, inquiring with a larger and deeper spiritual insight into the hidden mysteries of our holy faith, who I think would read the "Religious Monthly Magazine" with devout interest, gratitude, and profit. I know not whether you have any "army-fund" at all; and, if you have not, any old, odd numbers, that may perchance be lying about the office of publication, would do a good and useful work in the spiritual field here. For inquiring minds that come under my special tutelage and influence, I want to get the very best helps I can. My address is Washington, D.C.

We have a chapel, eighteen by thirty feet; have public service, Bible-class, and prayer-meeting on the Lord's Day; class-meeting Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at two, P.M.; social conference and prayer-meeting Tuesday evening, and prayer-meeting Thursday evening. All these meetings are characterized by an intelligent zeal and devout fervency of spirit. On other days and evenings we have lyceum, spelling-school, lectures, Union-league, and regimental-choir practice. Then I keep a regimental library,

and also get liberal supplies of tracts, &c., from the United-States Christian Commission. And the Lord is with us day by day.

I received a few old copies of your Magazine in a package from the American Unitarian Association; but they had been some editor's "exchange" copies, and most of them had been mutilated for "copy."

In the sweet and holy love of spiritual like-mindedness,
Yours most fraternally,

CHAPLAIN

5th Regt. Wisconsin Volunteers.

ADDENDUM. — As I mentioned our chapel, I would add that we built it ourselves of logs and mud, with a cloth roof; and, for our dedication-services, I wrote the accompanying hymn, which I thought you might be pleased to see. It was sung to the good old tune called "Ware," with our colonel (a nephew of Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northborough) as leader of the choir.

Thou God of majesty and power,
Who rulest earth and sea and sky,
Oh! let thy favor crown this hour,
And lift our waiting souls on high.

This temple, poor as we are frail, —
An emblem fit of man's estate, —
O Thou who dwell'st within the veil!
To thee in Christ we consecrate.

Accept it, Lord! and let thy grace
Within these walls be felt and known:
Let souls here meet thee face to face,
And feed by faith on thee alone.

And as thou call'st us forth to fight
Our country's, man's, and freedom's foes,
Lord, lead us, till victorious Right
Shall give our war-worn arms repose.

Oh! grant our righteous cause success,
That still our nightly couch may be
A day's march nearer conquered peace,
A day's march nearer home and thee.

And as thou giv'st us strength to do,
And hearts to dare through gain or loss,
May we be Freedom's soldiers true,
Nor less true soldiers of the Cross.

REFLECTIONS.

A MAN is habitually called learned, only when his learning is more conspicuous than his powers of thought or action.

Common sense is good sense about common things.

Good springs up like grass, wherever it is not trampled down.

"The soul resembles yon balloon,
Inhaling power to rise :
The ties that bind it to the earth
Expand it for the skies."

The old man outgrows the world, and the world outgrows him, until each becomes weary of the other.

Most minds resemble moulds, which do not produce, but only give their own form to what is put into them.

Names are like handles. Short ones are generally more convenient than long ones.

A prudent man will choose a wife
Above the vanities of life ;
Who shows her scorn of rich attire
By dragging it through mud and mire ;
An humble saint, in silken gown,
Sweeping the sidewalks of the town ;
A bee, who loads herself with sweets
Collected from the fragrant streets.

Without self-control, our powers are the slaves of our weaknesses.

Religious emotion cannot supply the place of religious principle.

Providence will not be hurried.

Selfishness sours the milk of human kindness.

Many of our rights will not pay for enforcing.

Bad thoughts restrained are good ones gained.

History is an endless repetition of the same story, with a change of names.

History preserves many flies in amber.

The aged forget new facts, while they ruminate on old ones.
The past hides the present from their eyes.

Providence trains men to excellence in different ways ; surround-

ing some with examples to be imitated, and others with examples to be shunned.

Imperfect as a man's judgment of his own productions may be, he can seldom aid it much by consulting his friends; for they are quite as likely to express too favorable opinions as he is to entertain them.

E. W.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

NUMEROUS instances might be cited, well authenticated, of presentiment of death on the eve of battle, entirely justified by the event. Some are given with much circumstantial detail. We select one taken from Cadell's "Campaigns in Egypt." A soldier named M'Kinley came to Capt. Cadell, handing a paper: —

"Captain, here is my will: I am to be killed to-day."

"Nonsense, M'Kinley! Go into action, and do what you have always done, — behave like a brave soldier."

"I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will."

Capt. Cadell took it to satisfy him, and the soldier fought during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, M'Kinley was standing unhurt.

"So, M'Kinley," said the captain, "you are wrong this time;" but the soldier fell as he said he should, just afterwards, killed by a sharp-shooter.

Lord Falkland, one of the most worthy and gallant officers of Charles I., is an instance of the same sort.

At the battle of Ramillies, an officer assured his friends that he should not survive the battle. Near its close, as they were pursuing the remains of the enemy, a knot of his acquaintance rallied him, and congratulated him on his safety. "You speak as you think," said he; "I shall die yet;" and immediately fell, struck by the last cannon-ball fired by the enemy. In his pocket was found a slip of paper with these words, written some days before: "Dreamed, or (was told by a spirit), that on May 22, 1706, a departed friend meets me." — *Welby's Mysteries of Life and Death*, p. 169. Similar instances have been recently related, — one of a brave young officer who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg.

On the other hand, without denying that there may be veritable cases where "coming events cast their shadows before," it is unquestionably true, that a strong sense of danger may produce just

that state of mind which is construed into a prevision of death ; and it may tend to its own fulfilment by urging to a more careless or reckless exposure, as was the case with Lord Falkland. Then, too, the cases of presentiment *falsified by the event* show conclusively that there is no such presentiment which every one ought to rely upon or regard as any other than self-originated. A correspondent, who was several months in the Crimea during the severest season of the bombardment, wrote, "I can state that many cases of presentiment were fulfilled, *as also that some were falsified.*" Again : "A sergeant wrote home, 'Something tells me I shall escape ;' " but the poor fellow did not escape.

Blindness to the future is one of the beneficent laws of life ; and the mind, in its soundest state of health, is concerned only with the duties of the present hour, asking not about consequences, but leaving them entirely with that Providence which takes them up, and weaves them into the web of history. Presentiments generally come in through unhealthful conditions ; and are to be kept out, if possible. When we come to that high state in which there is no past and no future that give us trouble, or cause any trembling within us, but where there is only repose in the Lord, delighting in the duties of the present hour, we approximate the condition of the angels, with whom "time shall be no longer." s.

GROWING INFLUENCE OF THE YOUNG.

TIME was when the aged, the Nestors and Priams, bore the chief sway among men. Once, too, those in middle life were looked to for counsel, and were deferred to by their juniors. But, with the advance of the world, the controlling power of men and affairs has passed more and more into the hands of our young men. Who of our own people take the van in the broad column that moves, steadily as the hours, into the fresh, untilled regions of the West ? And in commerce and manufactures, in the coercion of fire, water, wood, and iron, to the enhancement of private and public wealth, who take the lead ? Our young men. I have no question, that, of the ten thousand inventions and "patents" of the day, the major part are the work of those not yet on the summit of life's hill. It is so in all occupations and pursuits, — manual, intellectual, moral, and religious.

He, therefore, who would do much for his race now, must

address himself primarily, not to the aged, nor yet to those in the meridian of life, but to the class just approaching the stations and responsibilities of manhood. He must so arouse them to a sense of their commanding position, and so impress them with a sense of loyalty to God as well as to man, that while they are stimulated, they shall not be intoxicated, by the grandeur of their power and prospect; but they shall be not only bold to embrace, but wise to pursue, their glorious opportunity; and, while they go resolutely forward, shall be willing to take counsel of their elders, and to energy join prudence and discretion.

A. B. M.

MISTAKES AND ERRORS HELPS TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

EVEN the ignorance and mistakes of men have their uses. For centuries, it was the received opinion, never doubted by the greatest minds and ablest thinkers of each successive age, that Hebrew was the common source of all the known languages in the world, — Latin, Greek, Persian, Coptic, Arabic, with a host of others. Many and learned were the books and dissertations written upon this subject, each trying to prove the theory correct, but none succeeding. Always there was some screw loose, some hinge ill fitting; until at length, as the result of this unsatisfactory labor, people began to question why Hebrew *should* be the source of all languages. Then followed, upon this new basis of doubt, unprejudiced and dispassioned investigation, until the false theory which had warped the intellect of the ages, and locked the door of truth for long centuries, burst with a crash which startled the world.

So also with the formerly received opinion, that the earth was the fixed centre of the planetary system. The want of symmetry in the movements of the celestial bodies, and the consequent derangement of the universe involved in this theory, was the great foundation of a doubt of its correctness. Upon this doubt, Copernicus, instigated perhaps by the "happy guess" of Philolaus, an ancient Greek philosopher, built his startling and sublime theory, scouted at the time, but which is now taught to every schoolboy as one of the grandest truths of astronomy.

And as it is in the mental world, so it is in the moral. When the apostle says to us, "Hold fast that which is good," he prefaces it with the injunction, "Prove all things;" thereby recognizing the great principle underlying all hold upon spiritual truth. How

many quicksands of danger, how many shoals of error, how many rocks of temptation, lie in the way to a realization in one's self of that sublime result which St. Paul calls the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"! But through them all, and out of them all, alone is evolved this colossal greatness of soul; if indeed it is ever attained to in this life by our poor humanity, — poor in its many combinations of infirmity and sin, but rich in its undying relations to God its Maker, and Jesus its Hope, Redeemer, and Purifier.

C. A. M.

POPULARITY.

SOMEBODY says that popularity is really a test of merit, and that only those persons succeed who deserve to. Take, as a comment on this, the popularity of Dr. Cummings, the great preacher of London. An edition of thirty-five hundred copies of his last book, "The Great Consummation of the Millennial Rest," was printed in London, and "the trade" at once subscribed thirty-three hundred copies. Now, we happen to have nearly all Dr. Cummings's works; at least, much more of them than we wish we had. We have never found an idea in them yet, though we have read his "Lectures on the Apocalypse" with considerable interest. They drew large crowds; and it is curious to see how at this day the multitudes feed on the very east wind of theological nonsense. If somebody will take our ten "popular" volumes off our hands, making believe that they are the pure gold of religious truth, and not pinchbeck infinitely hammered out and attenuated, we shall think it a rare speculation.

The truth is, that immediate and superficial results are produced by tinsel and mannerism: deep and lasting results are only produced by ideas. Whitefield was immensely popular, but without ideas; as his published sermons will show, if you can read them: Wesley was a man of ideas. Whitefield's influence died with him: Wesley, though dead, yet speaketh to multitudes vastly more numerous than those which thronged him when alive.

S.

THE anxious take much trouble to avoid a small risk, and the careless take much risk to avoid a small trouble.

E. W.

PEACE THROUGH CONFLICT.

HERE is another gem from Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise : " —

The world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God which Christ has bought, —
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there :
The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And, though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end. — *From John Mason.* 1683.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.*

[From a little book which abounds in spiritual wealth, and of which we have given the title below, we make the following extracts. — E.]

" OUR good Lord shewed him to his creature in diverse manner, both in heaven and in earth. But I saw him take no place but in man's soul. He shewed him in earth in the sweet incarnation and his blessed passion, and in other manner he shewed him in earth, where I said I saw God in a point [with exactness, with precision, to a nicety]. And in other manner he shewed him in earth, thus as it were a pilgrimage : that is to say, he is here with us leading us, and shall be till when he hath brought us all to his bliss in heaven. He shewed him diverse times reigning as it is aforesaid, but principally in man's soul : he hath taken there his resting-place and his worshipful city, out of which worshipful see he shall never rise, ne remove without end. Marvellous and sollemn is the place where the Lord dwelleth. And therefore he will

* Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love, made to a devout Servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of Nomikh, who lived in the Days of King Edward the Third. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

that we readily entend to his gracious touching, more enjoying in his whole love than sorrowing in our often fallings. For it is, the most worship to him of any thing that we may do, that we live gladly and merrily for his love in our penance; for he beholdeth us so tenderly, that he seeth all our living here to be penance. For kind longing in us to him is a lasting penance in us; which penance he worketh in us, and mercifully helpeth us to bear it: for his love maketh him to long; his wisdom and his truth, with his rightful head, maketh him to suffer us here. And in this manner he will see it in us; for this is our kindly penance, and the highest to my sight. For this penance cometh never fro us till what time that we be fulfilled, when we should have him to our meed. And therefore he will that we set our hearts in the overpassing; that is to say, fro the pain that we feel into the bliss that we trust.

“But here shewed our courteous Lord the moaning and the mourning of our soul; meaning thus: *‘I wot well thou wilt live for my love, merrily and gladly suffering all the penance that may come to thee; but, forasmuch as thou livest not without sin, therefore thou art heavy and sorrowful. And, if thou mightest live without sin, thou wouldst suffer for my love all the woe that might come to thee; and it is sooth: but be not too much agrieved with sin that falleth to thee against thy will’* (that is, not maliciously). And here I understood that the Lord beheld the servant with pity, and not with blame; for this passing life asketh not to live all without sin. He loveth us endlessly, and we sin customably; and he sheweth it us full mildly, and then we sorrow and mourn discreetly, turning us into the beholding of his mercy, cleaving to his love and to his goodness, seeing that he is our medicine, witting that we do (*nothing*) but sin. And thus by the meekness that we get in the sight of our sin, faithfully knowing his everlasting love, him thanking and praising, we please him. *‘I love thee, and thou lovest me, and our love shall never be departed on two; and for thy profit I suffer.’* And all this was shewed in ghostly understanding, saying this blessed word, *‘I keep thee full sickerly.’* And by the great desire that I saw in our blessed Lord that we should live in this manner, — that is to say, in longing and enjoying, as all this lesson of love sheweth, — thereby I understand that all that is contrarious to this it is not of him, but it is of enmity. And he will that we know it by the sweet gracious light of his kind love. If any such liver be in earth which is continually kept from falling, I know it not; for it was not shewed me. But this was shewed, that, in falling and in rising, we are ever preciously kept in one love (*by which we were chosen before others from all eternity*).

"For, in the beholding of God, we fall not; and, in the beholding of our self, we stand not. And both these be sooth as to my sight. But the beholding of our Lord God is the higher soothness. Then are we much bound to him, that he will in this living shew us this high soothness. And I understood, whiles we be in this life, it is full speedful to us that we see these both at once. For the higher beholding keepeth us in ghostly joy, and true enjoying in God: that other, that is, the lower beholding, keepeth us in dread, and maketh us ashamed of ourself. But our good Lord will ever that we hold us much more in the beholding of the higher, and not leave the knowing of the lower into the time that we brought up above, where we shall have our Lord Jesu to our meed, and be fulfilled of joy and bliss without end."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Meet for Heaven. A State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven. By the author of "*Heaven our Home.*" Second edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The state of grace is first described "objectively" in two chapters, which unfold views of God and Christ as the authors and givers of grace. Then it is "subjectively" considered; that is, as a matter of human experience. A state of glory, into which the saint passes from a state of grace, is then described in four chapters. These make Part I. of the volume. Part II. describes the analogies between a state of grace upon earth, and a state of glory in heaven. Views of Christ, of the Christian experience and rewards, are described in a very devout spirit, and with glowing imagery. The underlying theology is thoroughly Orthodox, though it appears nowhere in dogmatic form. Those who accept that theology will enjoy the book, and find their piety nourished and refreshed by it. We think the author has not insisted sufficiently upon life,—upon doing the will as a means of higher subjective experience; and that he has unwarrantably applied to the Saviour the imagery of Solomon's Song. But the state of glory hereafter is described as one of progress, of activity, and not passivity; as one conferring no new faculties, and taking none away; and the book is well adapted to remove irrational fears of death, and impart higher and better views of the future life. s.

Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

We have read only the last two poems, — “Christmas Eve” and “Easter Day.” They are rich in high thoughts, and breathe a very true and tender spirit of faith and love, and cannot be read without pure and profitable enjoyment; but we could not help wishing all the while for more clearness and completeness. Dr. Johnson was undoubtedly right, though crustily and savagely so, when he declined furnishing brains as well as reasons to the reader: nevertheless, the simplest things are the best and the most satisfying. But perhaps one who is not a poet ought not to say any thing about poetry. E.

Hours with the Evangelists, by I. NICHOLS, D.D. In two volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1864.

This will be an exceedingly welcome book to a large number of persons, parishioners and friends of the late Dr. Nichols. “Being dead, he yet speaks” to them in other and better ways than through the printed leaf. He is still heard from his pulpit, and he still comes to them in their hours of sadness; and there are festal days when they wish that he were with them as of old: but they will be glad to have the letter as well as the spirit. Yes, the letter will be all the more precious, because the spirit will interpret it again for them, and recall familiar thoughts. They are wise and faithful sayings which are here recorded, and the form is all that could be desired by the most fastidious reader. E.

Familiar Quotations. Being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. Chiefly from English Authors. With a Copious Verbal Index. Fourth edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1863. — There are some dozen books which one wishes to have near his hand as he holds his pen or revolves his theme. This is one of them. It has been tried, and found satisfactory; and it comes to us, in this fourth and enlarged edition, more serviceable than before. E.

Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By WILLIAM BARNES. — A volume of very sweet and very simple poetry. We cannot say that the peculiar dialect interests us greatly. E.

ERRATUM. — In the poem on “Loneliness,” page 226, first line of the third verse, for “sweet revealing” read “deep revealing.”

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The above are only specimens of a very large number of notices by the best authorities, such as the New-England, Christian Examiner, Boston Review, Congregational Quarterly, Freewill Baptist Quarterly, Methodist Quarterly, Evangelical Review, New-York Methodist, Boston Congregationalist and Recorder, New-York Examiner and Church Advocate, American Presbyterian, &c.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 5.

MAY, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR 1864.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

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VOL. XXXI.

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No. 5.

MEMORIAL OF REV. JARED M. HEARD.

PREACHED AT HIS BURIAL IN FITCHBURG, MARCH 24, 1864.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

John xi. 25, 26: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

PERHAPS our Christian faith is never so strong and clear as when we stand by the coffin and the grave. For how great is the contrast between yesterday and to-day! — yesterday, when life was so full and abounding; to-day, when nothing is left with us but the pale garments of mortality which it wore. Therefore we say with tenfold assurance, These were not the friend which we cherished and loved. He has risen out of them; he has cast aside this circumstance of clay, that he may enter more completely into life. We cannot think of him as dead: a spirit that throbbed with so much fire and energy, and was so swift to do the Master's will, has only been relieved of its clogs and fetters, that its activities may go on without hinderance. The summons came to him sooner than to most of us, — the summons to higher ministries in the kingdom of Christ. He has gone from us because there was some vacant place for him to fill, some other service prepared for him to do; for, if we could look through all the shining

ranks above us, we should see that God never summons his servants too late or too soon, but in his own divine and beautiful order.

And yet the parting is hard to bear. When the old man dies who has outlived his generation, and life has run its full course, it is sweet and pleasant to lay down its load. We feel then that there is no mystery in death. There is nothing to be explained. It was not so with our friend and brother. His plan of life had been fondly marked out, and he had entered with ardor upon its execution: its ties were woven about him in all their strength and tenderness. We were rejoicing with him and with you in the prospect of an energetic and successful ministry, stretching on through happy years; and our disappointments are as grievous as our expectations had been bright. And our grief is more deep and bitter, because these are times when young men are worth so much to us, and it is so hard to spare them. The tidings from the Pacific coast had just smitten us with unwonted sadness, and the news of your bereavement fell upon hearts already afflicted. Your loss, too, is the loss of the whole community; for it is so much zeal and youthful energy devoted to noble ends taken from us in the hour of its brightest promise and our greatest need. Death has come among you, robed in solemn mystery, — mystery, undoubtedly, which would be explained to us, could we look from the other side, and see those higher and wider ministries to which our brother has gone.

In the brief space which I shall occupy, let me bring before you some of the facts which best embody his life and character. Perhaps they will help you in laying up his memory in your hearts, and keeping it as the treasure of future years.

Our brother had just completed his thirty-fourth year. This short life was begun at Wayland on the 16th of March, 1830. There his childhood opened; there he became familiarized with the fields and streams, and drank the spirit of the hills. Perhaps you knew his love of Nature, and his enthusiastic studies in natural history. These he learned first amid the quiet scenery on the banks of the Sudbury River, where he grew

up. There, while he imbibed health, and strength of mind and muscle, he had an open eye for all the processes of Nature. He loved books, and was one of the best scholars in the school: I think he loved the open book of Nature somewhat more. As his mind unfolded, he studied the habits of insects, watched them in their transformations; studied the habits and diseases of plants, would discourse of them by the half-hour; entered enthusiastically upon comparative anatomy, and preserved skeletons to explain it. Had he devoted himself to these pursuits, he would have been such a disciple as Agassiz would have delighted in. He loved to study natural scenery minutely, as if it were the lines of a human face. He would not leave a grand mountain prospect till he could close his eyes, and still see it photographed upon his memory so as to be sure he could carry away the picture; and, as Wordsworth says, have it "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

At the age of nineteen he entered Brown University; passed honorably through its course of studies, and graduated in 1853. In that year, and only a day or two previous to his commencement, an event took place which shaped his whole future course, and exerted a plastic influence over all his spiritual life. You that never had it can never know that priceless treasure of a household, — an only sister or an only daughter. Such our brother had, — a sister, a little younger than himself, who, in beauty, affection, and sweetness of spirit, was all that could draw forth a brother's devotion and love. But the angels beckoned her, and she went away. On the day that she was to start for Providence to strew flowers upon her brother's opening path, she closed her eyes upon this world for ever, and the flowers were strewn upon her grave. Grief takes the deepest hold of the strongest natures. The brother's heart was well-nigh breaking, for his affections were exceedingly strong; and for a long time he could see nothing but that blank spot in the household, and that one grave in the old churchyard. For days and weeks, the charm of life and the charm of Nature were completely broken; for all her sights and sounds had been associated with a voice now

hushed for ever, and he could only answer to them in the words of bereavement : —

“The wild bee with his buglet fine,
The blackbird singing free,
Break both thy mother's heart and mine:
They speak to us of thee.”

He went to Susan's grave, and kneeled upon it, and prayed for light and peace. The light and the peace came at length, and ripened into high resolves, lofty aims, and holy vows. Here was illustrated that beautiful law of the Divine Providence, which we do well to remember at this hour, — the law of compensation, that God never takes treasures from us without giving treasures in return. Our brother's attention was now turned with great earnestness to the themes of immortality, the mystery of death, and the meaning of life. The yearnings of the heart directed him to these themes, and he brought to them his powers of logic and argument. A self-consecration to the work of life more entire than ever before, and a religious earnestness and zeal which never ceased to burn, came to him from this great sorrow of his father's house. These ripened into resolves so distinct and clear, that they became a voice within him that called him to the ministry of Christ. “I hear it,” he would say, — “I hear it, urging me on; and I dare not disobey it.”

Let me read an extract from one of his letters on that memorable morning in his experience, when the Divine Grace seemed to dawn like a new sunrise upon his soul. It will show you how he had come to regard death, and how he would exhort us to triumph over it now. “I visited the spot,” he writes, “where she lies, the morning that I left home. The rising sun had bathed the whole firmament in a flood of liquid gold; and that holy quiet which rests down upon every thing in the country between the hours of day-dawn and sunrise threw its peculiar charm over my spirit, and I felt happy. I could not refrain from exclamations of thanksgiving and praise. My soul instinctively bowed in adoration to the God of the morning, to the God of the resurrection, of whose morning the gilded sky was such a perfect symbol. I kneeled

at the head of Susan's grave, and offered an earnest prayer for wisdom to teach me, strength to assist me, as I was again to start from the quiet haven of home upon the boisterous and deceitful ocean of the world. Into that short half-hour were crowded pleasures unspeakable, whose elevating influence even now hangs around my pathway." Such was the spot where he took his consecrating vows. How nobly he kept them !

Before entering upon his chosen work, he went to Providence as a teacher of one of the public schools. But a new trial awaited him, — one of the hardest trials to a mind ardent and active like his. A partial failure of health compelled him to quit his school, and give over his plans. But friends who prized his worth, and saw the power that was in him, and the good he could do, always crossed his path. A sea-captain generously offered him a passage to the East Indies, and he sought the restoratives of a sea-voyage. On his return, he entered the Theological School at Cambridge ; but, before completing the three-years' course, was compelled to leave his studies, and return to Wayland. His mind chafed under these restraints and disappointments, and preyed upon itself. To have the prizes of life snatched away as he was ready to grasp them, because of some thorn in the flesh, some nerve that would get of tune and play its discords, some rebellious lobe of the brain that refused to do its office, — this for some months was his painful experience. But the hour at length came, and he rose out of this depression into the clear spiritual activity for which he was longing. An invitation came to him from the society at Clinton to supply their pulpit. He went joyfully, and breathed all his enthusiasm into his work. The body, touched and magnetized by an indomitable will, refused no longer to work in harmony with the spirit within.

He preached at Clinton with great acceptance ; where he was ordained Aug. 25, 1858. His active ministry there of five years was remarkably successful. His parish honored and loved him. His voice, I believe, was gladly heard, not only in his own pulpit, but in the whole circuit of his ex-

changes. The town appreciated his talents and worth, and selected him as its representative in the Legislature during the session of 1862. Though one of the youngest members, it was not in his nature to be an inactive one. One of the most important acts of the session — that of the famous river-meadow case — affected vitally the interests of his native town. He studied it, and possessed himself fully of all its merits; and, when it came up for debate, he urged his argument with a fulness and clearness, which, a member told me, left nothing to be said upon that side.

In the prosecution of his successful ministry at Clinton, your invitation came to him to be your pastor. It was a severe trial to part with his people, with whom his relations had been so kind and harmonious; but he felt that he must do it. He went there with no preparatory experience, and he saw that the exhaustive draughts upon the mind and brain could not be borne much longer. Doubtless he decided wisely; and he came among you, resolved to use the results of his five-years' labor, and begin his ministry anew. With how much self-devotion and ability, in the pulpit, in the parish, in the Sunday school, and how these promised to your society a new era of increase and prosperity, you know yourselves; and you manifested to him your appreciation of his worth by tokens of kindness and generosity which he felt deeply and gratefully. One short year of his ministry had revealed him to you, and endeared him to your hearts.

His whole ministry is embraced in a period of six years; and few within so brief a time have given more decisive promise of a character calculated to impress itself deeply and beneficently upon society around. He brought to his work a combination of gifts that were the earnest of an ever-increasing success, — a clear and logical mind; brain-power of large volume and electric activity; zeal that never flagged; a voice of clarion fulness, that commanded audience, obeyed the rapid movement of his thought, and swept the largest congregations with the utmost ease; rare extemporaneous gifts when minded to put them forth, which made his unstudied efforts most impressive; an eye and countenance that spake and

answered quick to the kindling of his thoughts and emotions ; a purpose to train these elements of oratory, and consecrate them ; sympathies warm and tender ; a love of the young, and a power of adaptation to their wants and ways, by which he touched and quickened the life of every Sunday school with which he was connected ; a love of constant action so intense, that rest became irksome, and work was turned into play ; ready sympathy with the sick and the suffering, so that in the sick-room he was quick to see what was needed almost as a nurse or a mother ; charity to the poor, whom he sought out with open hand ; humanity, large and inclusive, embracing his country and his kind ; above all, a conscientious devotion to his Master's cause, that kept unbroken its early vows. These gifts, we believed, when in their full development, and freed from those early clogs and limitations, would have given him a growing power and influence for good in the community, which few of his profession have attained. Alas that the ordination-vows and congratulations should be followed so soon by our sorrows around his bier !

But he has gone to that higher ministry in the kingdom of God in the full bloom of his faculties, and we resign him without a murmur. Questions which he had pondered and prayed over are now resolved by open vision. He brought to the investigation of all subjects a good deal of argumentative power and dialectical skill, trying to separate the dross of error from the gold of truth. These he brought to religious themes, always afraid of having his understanding imposed upon ; resolved that the reason and the heart should both be satisfied. Even in the last hour, when the shadows of death were gathered thickly around him, and this world was fading from his sight, he roused his faculties for a moment, shook off the gathering unconsciousness, and enounced the syllogisms on which he rested his faith. Said he, rising from his pillow, and speaking in the deep, full tones of his voice, "Immortality ! how they perplex and mystify !" And pressing his hand upon his breast, "Here is the proof ; here is demonstration." He added, "I am ; *therefore God is.*" This is almost identical with the famous argument by which Descartes

sought to demolish the strongholds of atheism, and revolutionize the philosophy of his times. He turned to his dearest friend with a smile which might be regarded as a farewell benediction and a smile of triumphant faith, and then sank again into the embraces of death. The smile lingered on the countenance after the spirit had gone, giving it the appearance of tranquil slumber. These were the last flashings of his clear and vigorous mind, and the total darkness immediately followed, — total on our side: on the other side, where the heavens opened, and the earth receded and was no more, it was the pale twilight of our earthly guessings and gropings exchanged for the open splendors of noonday.

His vigorous intellect, however, was not nourished at the expense of the heart. This is already implied in the incidents of our biographical sketch. It is hardly possible to conceive of home-affections more ardent and clinging than his. There was good reason why they should be so. No son was ever more signally blessed in the fondness and faithfulness of parental love. All that he was, and all that he hoped to be, he was never weary of ascribing to its guidance and care. His letters breathe the very fragrance of filial piety. No husband was ever more careful of the treasure of his heart and home. These domestic ties woven about him so fondly, bringing out the most beautiful shades of his character, whether you regard him as the husband, the son, the father, or the brother, give, I know, a tenfold sharpness to the bereavements of this hour. I wish that any words of mine could assuage the wounds of these lacerated affections. I am very sure, that, if prayers out of the deepest places of a thousand hearts could save to the bereaved mother the little Mabel of her desolated home, she should be saved. To the widowed wife, who was the light of his house, to the afflicted parents, one of whom is watching now for the angel summons, to the brothers whose minds are thronged with so many sad and sweet memories from the old familiar places, we commend this precious truth, one of the beneficent laws of the Divine Providence: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." God is not revealed before

us, but ever behind us; and somewhere in the future, perhaps not far off, you will see the clouds of this darker hour lighted up with the glories of the Everlasting Love. Remember that the same Saviour who stood by the grave at Bethany stands also by this grave; and that his words are addressed to our human nature, bereft and bleeding at the touch of death: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Brothers and sisters of this church and society, we sympathize deeply with you in your bereavement. You had welcomed your young pastor to your homes and hearts with a unanimity and cordiality which promised abundant and precious fruits. Do not imagine that death has reaped them all. Do not imagine that your pastor's ministry has ceased among you. Some one has said very touchingly, "We never know that an angel has been with us till we behold his parting wing." Certain it is that the virtues of those whom we honor and love never live in our memories with such immortal fragrance as when death has placed upon them his sanctifying seal. Never do the words which have truly moved us, and cheered us on, speak to us so eloquently as when the tongue that uttered them is still. Never does the example of a life that was true and brave shine with so bright a lustre as when the spirit that inspired it has put on its immortality. The message of your pastor I doubt not would be, if those sealed lips could once more have language, "Remember the words that I spake unto you, being yet present with you." You will remember them all the more vividly now that you are to see him no more. In many an hour of thought and contemplation, they will start up in your memories, and call you to duty and to God. May they call with tenfold urgency and persuasiveness, now that we feel more sensibly at how slight a touch the strongest man may drop these coverings of mortality, and enter upon the great retribution! Now that the shepherd is smitten and taken from you, may the Great Shepherd be nearer to you, and gather you more tenderly into his heavenly fold!

It would be wrong to close these meditations in any other

strain than that triumphant faith with which our brother closed his life. We do know that we are immortal, because of these yearnings and aspirations towards the better land. It is not evidence that we lack, nor a revelation to us of its scenes and employments, but minds and affections brought into blissful harmony with its heavenly state. With these, heaven will be to us, not a dream, but a great reality ; and the death of those we love will only bring it nearer and nearer. Let it be revealed as it may outwardly, it will only be to us an unsubstantial vision, so long as the attractions of this world only draw us to itself. But when we love the same employments which they love, follow the same ends, adore the same divine Saviour, we can say indeed, "I know that I am immortal," for the attractions of the world to come are then all-prevailing ; and the voice will ever fall down to us from the innumerable multitudes, Come where the conflict has ended, and the wicked cease from troubling ; come where the clouds and the thunders roll far beneath you ; come where the leaf never grows yellow in the bower, and the changes are only from glory to glory ; come where the walls of sect have fallen down, and the chorus of the one catholic Church, embracing all the good of all the centuries, ascends around one Lord and Saviour in one anthem of praise ; come where the fellowship of saints is open as the noon, and human friendships and ties have no breaks and no farewells. These will be the invitations ever heard above us, more distinct and full with every new friend that has passed on. Then, like our brother, you will know that you are immortal ; for, in all your cares and duties and sorrows, you will hear murmurs in the soul like the music of heaven, mellowed by distance, —

"As travellers hear the billows' roll
Before they reach the sea."

BE not ashamed to be helped ; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible ?

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

VI.

"JESU, MEINE FREUDE."

[JOHANN FRANK, 1653. Formed out of a love-song, "Flora, meine Freude," something like Watts's psalms from Solomon's "Song of Songs." It soon spread over Germany and beyond it, though not without objection. Peter the Great ordered its translation into Russian in 1724.]

JESU, my joy-giving,
 My heart's pastured living,
 Jewel I most prize :
 Ah, how long 'tis dreary,
 And my soul a-weary,
 While for thee it sighs !
 I am thine, And thou art mine,
 Lamb of God ! Oh ! nothing earthy
 Shall henceforth look worthy.

Under thy defending,
 I from all the rending
 Of all foes am free.
 Let the thunders rattle ;
 Tempests blow their battle ;
 Jesus stands by me.
 Though earth's ball To ruin fall,
 Though both death and hell affright me,
 He will shield and right me.

Though my sin and error
 Quail at Sinai's terror,
 I my peace have got.
 Let all perils hound me ;
 Fatal nets surround me ;
 Jesus fails me not.
 Fears away Of judgment-day !
 Joyful in the vision given,
 Look I up to heaven.

Hence, ye vain possessions !
 I have ever fresh ones, —
 Jesus my supply.
 Hence each empty honor,
 With her pride upon her !
 Glad I pass you by.
 Miseries, straits, And pains and fates, —
 Howsœ'er I must endure them,
 He is nigh to cure them.

All the hollow, fleeting,
 Men are seeking, greeting,
 I for me resign ;
 And your pleasant vices,
 Towards which it entices,
 Fill no cup of mine !
 Last good-night To proud delight !
 To a life by conscience chidden
 Last "good-night" be bidden !

Spirits of disaster
 Vanish ! for my Master
 Turns to me his feet.
 What are tears and sorrow ?
 When his grace I borrow,
 Troubles must be sweet.
 Bear I here Scorn and fear ;
 Thou art with me in my grieving,
 Jesu, my joy-giving.

N. L. F.

REMEMBER, that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error, is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error ; for it is thy own, the activity which is exerted according to thy own movement and judgment, and indeed according to thy own understanding too.

WHEN another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee any thing injurious, approach their souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee.

JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE.*

THE publication of the book, the title of which is given below, is very timely. Especially should we be glad to send it wherever Renan's "Life of Jesus" has gone; for it contains much which is fitted in a very high degree to correct the impressions of that (to us) most unsatisfactory volume. The time has been, when those who love old things better than new took up Dr. Furness's books with a strong feeling of anxiety. We do not know that we are one whit more at one with him in our thought than we were then; but the destructive critics have gone so far and so fast in these last years, that one finds himself thankfully rejoicing in our Philadelphia divine as a defender of our dear old sacred stories. He seems to us a singularly fair advocate, and not to be misled by a fear of prejudice into great injustice towards old opinions. Most wisely does he write, "So strong is the disposition at the present day to cast doubts upon the Gospels, considered as credible histories, with so much acuteness and learning has it been attempted to undermine their historical authority, and so little has been done to cause their intrinsic truth to be seen, save in defensive resistance to such attempts, that it is not at all easy to keep a perfectly fair mind unswayed by any bias unfavorable to a perception of the actual truth." Dr. Furness has thoroughly studied the Gospels themselves; and in him is abundantly fulfilled that promise which ought to set at rest all controversies between a spiritual and an historical Christianity: "He [the Holy Spirit] shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." We are indeed quickened and guided by the invisible Spirit; but the Spirit takes of the things of Jesus, and with these stirs and directs us. We do not know where we should look for a more living image of our Lord than is set before us in these pages, whilst outline and coloring are as delicate as they are

* The Veil partly lifted, and Jesus becoming Visible. W. H. FURNESS, author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Sold by W. V. Spencer, 184, Washington Street.

vivid. Especially noteworthy is the testimony supplied by this book to the fact, that a faithful study of the humanity of the Saviour is the best way into the mystery of his transcendent being. Thoroughly human was the life of the Lord, as Dr. Furness expounds it; and he is strictly Orthodox here. "Very *man*," saith the Creed, as well as "very *God*:" not phantasmal, but really, truly human, was that manifestation; and yet so wondrously human, so permeated with the Divine, so sure to carry us up into the heavenly seats, so sure to lead in the most natural way to Dr. Furness's own statement, "that, in the history of Christ, we have an account of a new, original, unprecedented development of spiritual force, a new communication of the life of God to the soul of man." We are lifted beyond our sphere up into the unfathomable, almost as surely and swiftly as by the course of thought which makes the tenth chapter of Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural" so very striking and edifying. Dr. Bushnell argues from the perfections of Jesus, that he could not have been human; and yet he does describe the *veriest* of men, after all; that is, there is nothing which the present God might not bring into the light of our life under human conditions and in human circumstances. Our readers will find it, as we have found it, at once very interesting and very edifying to read the pages from Dr. Bushnell to which we have referred, in connection with this book by Dr. Furness. Both writers help us to reverence and love Jesus in a real, living way. They do not talk about him in vague superlatives, and the phrases of conventional piety; but they actually bring us again into the presence of our glorious and dear Master. To the one he is "very God," almost to the neglect of the fact that he is "very man:" to the other he is "very man;" but we see, just where it was meant we should see it, the light of the glorious Father shining out of the human face.

We wish to set down distinctly what we have already implied,—that we cannot go along with Dr. Furness in his handling of the Christian miracles; but we wish also to say, and just as distinctly, that he seems to us to have written an

eminently Christian book,—a book which will help men, women, and children to be earnest disciples of Christ, and enable them to understand how independent the Gospels are of a merely dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity. When the life of Jesus is so written, the Master takes hold of the world, as when he was with us, through his *character*: and, when we say “character,” we exclude neither words nor works, neither doctrine nor miracle; for the doctrines and the miracles were the expressions of his character, and wondrous illustrations of his moral life. There is great advantage in Dr. Furness’s reception of the miracles, even upon his peculiar theory, that so the Gospel stories are preserved for him in their integrity and as histories, not resolved into theological treatises composed with dogmatic intent, and illustrated by accounts selected for a purpose. Nothing can exceed the uncertainty as to the New-Testament writings (if we except a few of St. Paul’s Epistles) in which we are left by some modern critics; the Tübingen scholars, for example. It is refreshing to see again where we are, and that we are somewhere amongst those who do not need to have their dishonesty as writers ingeniously excused. We have dwelt upon this book rather beyond our usual measure in such notices, because we have been penetrated and helped beyond our usual measure by its pure and heavenly spirit, and because it has been so good to turn from the sentimentalities and the shallownesses and the inconsistencies, and withal the fine writing of Renan, to these sweetly simple paragraphs, as refreshing as to turn from an affected and over-dressed and made-up fashionist to the quiet yet glowing face and the modestly-robed figure of one whom it is an offence to call a Quaker, so truly and entirely is she a Friend. Let these inadequate words witness for, though they cannot repay, an obligation which is truly personal. E.

WHATEVER any one says or does, I must be good; just as if the gold or the emerald or the purple were always saying this: “Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald, and keep my color.”

THE IRON COLLAR.*

AWAY with it! — it doth profane the holy noonday light ;
 Its dreary presence jars the sacred harmony of right :
 The tale of ruthless tyranny its cruel circuit tells
 Were fitter told in charnel-vaults to sound of funeral-bells.

It should, like wingèd thunderbolt, arouse the indignant land ;
 Its touch, like living coal, should sear a soldier's honored hand :
 'Tis worn and rusty with the flow of countless human tears,
 And sums within its frigid round the agony of years.

Ah ! (must I speak the scorching words?) a woman's form I
 see ! —

A form God made and quickened for the holiest destiny ;
 A youthful, maiden form, bowed down and manacled with chains,
 And crazed with wrongs that set at nought the body's deadliest
 pains.

'Tis branded with the owner's mark ; 'tis soiled with dungeon-
 damp ;

'Tis scarred with being set, a goal, for bloodhounds in the swamp :
 But 'tis the same on Jesus' feet the precious oil did pour, —
 The same on Judah's storied hills that Mary, mother, bore !

O God ! of what crushed lives this iron circle is the sign !
 No human life elsewhere but has some ministry benign ;
 Some genial, loving, fireside hope for toil to lean upon ;
 Some joy that mirrors heaven before the golden gates are won.

Away with it ! — or, better far, hammer and anvil bring,
 And, blow on blow re-echoing, make it a shapeless thing ;
 That strangers passing shall not care to question whence it came,
 And all its mournful history shall have nor place nor name.

* The readers of the "Religious Magazine" are many of them familiar with the fact, that there was on exhibition during most of the winter, at the store of Williams & Everett, in this city, where it had been deposited by Gov. Andrew, an iron collar with three long prongs, that had been filed from the neck of a slave girl in Mississippi by the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment. He found her in a dark, loathsome dungeon, where she had been confined until her reason had begun to give way. The collar had worn through the skin, and was bedded and festering in the flesh. Her offence, as told by her mistress, was that she had "runned away."

And cheer up, weary one! — the stars that note thy misery
Crown with their silver light a million martyrdoms for thee :
Cheer up! — in storm and midnight wild the veil was rent in
twain ;

And, lo! a morning dawned beyond, that never set again !

Cheer up! — thy proud possessor, love and mercy hath denied :
A truer, tenderer Master comes ; thy dungeon walls divide !
He leads thee by his golden lamp beyond the fiery sea :
Hold firm his hand ; his touch is love, his law is liberty.

E. D. H.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

“Go out into the highways and hedges,” said the king in the parable, “and compel them to come in.” Our Saviour thus described the course which his apostles should pursue, and the classes among whom they would be most successful. As the guests first invited excused themselves from attendance at the marriage-feast, and the privilege designed for them was conferred on others ; so the invitation of Christianity, disregarded by Jewish priest and Pharisee, became a blessing to the publican and the sinner, to the Samaritan and the Gentile.

Thus has it been often since. Great reforms have seldom made their first progress among those classes of society that are considered the most favored. The learned and the wealthy receive their suggestions coldly ; being either satisfied with the existing state of things, or rendered timid by having much to lose, and by the knowledge their position gives them of the difficulties to be encountered. From this class, the earnest pleader for the glory of God, or for the rights of man, turns to the common people. He finds them in the highways and by the hedges, in the walks of their every-day employments ; and not with the well-turned periods of the cultured orator, but with the manly eloquence of strong feeling, he “compels

them to come in," and unite their efforts for the advancement of the cause he advocates.

So it was, when, near the middle of the last century, formalism and indifference divided the sway of men's minds in the Church of England, and, to some extent, among the Dissenters also. The great and good men whom Providence then raised up to speak again the inspiring word, and kindle the hearts of their hearers as with fire from heaven, were but little regarded among the educated and the refined; were sneered at in the halls of Oxford, and excluded from the churches of the Establishment: but they went forth thence among the ignorant and the neglected, among hard-handed ditchers and grimy colliers, and there began a religious and moral reformation, whose influence has since been felt through every circle of society in England and America.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Protestant sects, uniting for their deliverance from a common enemy, had learned to look upon each other with toleration. It was a period, not of grand exertion nor of heroic endurance, but of moderation and good sense. The Church of England, under the primacy of the gentle Tillotson, had laid aside, as alike hopeless and unjust, the attempt to enforce uniformity of opinion; and the Dissenters, listening to the earlier strains of Watts, began to forsake the thorny ways of controversy for the pleasant paths of devotional and practical piety.

The lesson of toleration thus learnt was never quite forgotten. There was indeed a partial re-action in the reign of Anne, and the High-Church party began to speak again in a style that brought to mind the days of the Charleses; but a single incident may show how much the temper of the times was changed. The celebrated De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," published a pamphlet, in which, with mock gravity, he advised the authorities of the Church to commence in earnest a prosecution of all Dissenters. The satire was deeply felt; and, instead of the advice being taken, the book was declared scandalous, and its author placed in the pillory. Even this small piece of persecution

was a failure; for the feelings of the people were with De Foe, and his intended punishment became a triumph.

But times of quiet have their danger as well as times of strife; and, as years passed on, the religious mind of England, no longer excited by the contentions of sects, collapsed into comparative slumber. Scepticism prevailed among the higher class; and, to meet it, the few distinguished writers whom the age produced devoted their abilities to various works upon the evidences of religion. These were read by men of education and of leisure. The services of the parish church and the dissenting chapel were steadily attended; but in neither was there much to engage the hearts of the young, or arrest the course of the hardened sinner. Many were content with a religion of decent forms; and thousands of the less-favored classes seemed satisfied with no religion at all.

It was in these days of outward prosperity and harmony, but of indifference and growing worldliness, that a boy of seventeen, named John Wesley, became a student at Oxford. He was descended from religious ancestors. His great-grandfather and grandfather had been clergymen. Both had suffered ejection from their pulpits, and the latter imprisonment, for nonconformity. His father also was a clergyman, and, in those more moderate days, held peaceably a place in the Established Church. The mother of Wesley, herself the daughter of a nonconforming minister, was a woman of strong mind and of strictly religious character. She at one time offended against the tame proprieties of the age by conducting a religious meeting on Sunday afternoons in her house, when her husband was absent, and there was no afternoon service. An account she had read of the Danish missionaries had encouraged her to this effort after Christian usefulness; an instance, with many others, of the spirit of religious zeal kindled in a land from a distant source.

The childhood of John Wesley had been marked by singular events. When he was six years old, the house was set on fire at night by some wretches, who in this way tried to punish their pastor's faithfulness in telling them of their

sins. The family were in great peril: but all were saved, John being taken from a window, by a man raised upon the shoulders of another, but a moment before the roof fell in; an incident which led his pious mother to the resolution, to take especial care for the religious training of the child who had been so wonderfully rescued.

Some time after, the house of Mr. Wesley was the scene of some curious phenomena, which derive interest from closely resembling those known in our age by the name of "spirit-rappings." Unaccountable noises were heard, strange knockings, and dismal groans. Dr. Priestley, who had no faith in such manifestations, remarked, that the account of these was, perhaps, the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that was anywhere extant.

At college, young Wesley was noticed for his attainments in learning; but his heart had already turned to what was of still more importance. His religious thoughts were assisted, and his doubts cleared up, by the letters of his sensible and religious parents. His mother wrote to him thus, respecting the use of pleasure: "Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, — that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

After reading Taylor's excellent work on "Holy Living and Dying," "Instantly," he says, "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts and words and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium." He was ordained in the year 1725, and was soon after elected to a fellowship in the university. For a time, he officiated as curate for his father; but, after two years, returned to Oxford, and resided there as fellow and tutor. John had before been joined at Oxford by his younger brother Charles, and had endeavored to lead him in the same path of strict religion which he had chosen for himself. He seemed at first to meet with little success; but, on returning from his curacy, he found that Charles had not only followed his counsels, but

had gone beyond them. He had associated himself with a few other undergraduates for the purpose of religious improvement. They lived by strict rules, one of which was to receive the sacrament every week. Such an association at Oxford, in that age of lukewarmness, could not but excite ridicule. They were called by many contemptuous names, — the Sacramentarians, the Godly Club, and the Methodists. This last name, since become so famous, was evidently derived from their methodical life, with some reference, perhaps, to an ancient school of physicians so designated. On the return of John Wesley to Oxford, the club placed itself under his direction. Among its members was another, scarcely less distinguished in the history of Methodism than himself: this was George Whitefield.

Whitefield had heard of the Holy or Methodist Club; and, in spite of the general contempt, felt himself drawn towards them. He was held back, however, by a sense of his inferior condition: for he was a servitor; that is, a poor student, who paid for his education by menial services. At length, an incident occurred which introduced him to them. A man had attempted suicide; but, from some cause, did not succeed in his deadly purpose. Whitefield sent to request Charles Wesley to call on the poor deluded sufferer, and converse with him. The woman who bore the message was charged not to say who sent her; but she told the name, and Charles Wesley invited the young servitor to breakfast with him the next morning.

It is probable that this society of earnest young men went in some respects beyond the bounds of prudence and modesty. The precept of our Saviour, not to pray standing at the corners of the streets, might have deterred them from going in a company, through a gazing crowd, every Sunday to receive the sacrament. But that crowd were not only gazing, but scoffing; and the young men felt that they were not displaying ostentation, but bearing the cross of shame. A better development of their religious life was in acts of charity. The father of the Wesleys advised them to obtain the approbation of the bishop for visiting the prisoners; and

this advice was carried out. They received encouragement and direction at this time from the excellent William Law, the author of "A Serious Call to a Religious Life." He resided near London; and, to visit him, they travelled on foot, that they might save the more money for the poor. Not to lose time from their studies, they accustomed themselves to read while walking, and to converse together in Latin. In order to save money for charity, John Wesley also gave up the fashion, then prevalent, of having the hair dressed; and wore it, thenceforth and through life, long, and flowing upon his shoulders.

He was now desired by his elder brother to apply for appointment as successor to their father, whose health was failing. There were strong reasons in favor of it; but John felt that the field of usefulness before him at Oxford was such that it ought not to be relinquished. The father soon after died at a good old age, and with the happy death of the faithful Christian. The family were left in poverty. Among the means to which they looked for support was the publication of a work, which Mr. Wesley had left in manuscript, upon the Book of Job. John was charged to present the volume to the queen, in order to obtain her patronage.

When he was introduced, the queen was engaged in some sport with her maids of honor. He knelt on one knee, and presented his volume. She took it; said, "It is very prettily bound;" laid it in a window, unopened; and resumed her sport, after some kind words to the bearer.

It was at his visit to London for this purpose that he was desired by Gen. Oglethorpe, the founder of the new Colony of Georgia, to go thither to preach to the settlers and the Indians. At first, he strongly objected; but his objections were answered, the opportunity of usefulness seemed great, and his only doubt at last was with regard to leaving his aged mother. Her answer removed this objection: "Had I twenty sons," said she, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." He accepted the offer, therefore; and sailed for his new field of duty, accompanied by his brother.

On board the vessel which bore them to the shores of Georgia, the Wesleys found a company of Moravians; and the lessons he learned from that singular people make it proper that a few words should be said respecting them.

The Protestant natives of Moravia, a province in the east of Germany, had suffered for a length of time from the oppressions of an intolerant Catholic government. Numbers of them left their country; and at length, in 1722, they found a place of rest on the estates, and a protector and ultimately a leader in the person, of Nicholas Louis, Count of Zinzendorf.

This nobleman had, from early youth, given himself, heart and soul and fortune, to the service of God and man. He had bound himself by a vow to labor for the conversion of the heathen, — if not personally, by assisting those who should be qualified. He was but twenty-one when the Moravian exiles came to him with their petition for a place of refuge. He received them as brothers, granted them all they sought, prayed with them, and blessed God for their coming. He travelled to Moravia, and obtained from the Austrian Government leave for the emigration of their persecuted brethren still resident there. Subsequently, the count became fully identified with the exiles. Laying aside for a time his rank, he studied divinity, received ordination, and became a bishop of the Moravian Church. Under his guidance, the colonists on his estate formed a body, combined together by ties so close as to resemble rather those of a peaceful family than of a state; making religion not only the directing power, but the main business, of their lives. To the missionary work especially they early devoted themselves; and their efforts not only won triumphs for the cross in Greenland, and among our own Indians, but have contributed greatly to awaken in other denominations that spirit which has been so brightly manifested in our times.

From his Moravian fellow-passengers the mind of Wesley received a new impulse. Their conduct on board presented an edifying contrast to that of the English colonists. Under provocation, they were meek; in danger, self-possessed.

They said that even their women and their children were not afraid to die. On the arrival of the vessel at Savannah, Wesley met the Moravian pastor already resident there, and was deeply impressed and even awed by the apostolic plainness of his searching questions. John Wesley remained at Savannah: Charles took up his residence at Frederica, a settlement further south.

The ministry of the Wesleys in Georgia has had its softened resemblance in that of many a young minister, who, full of zeal, has carried his people with him at first; but, not tempering that zeal with discretion, has seen the bright promise of success changed into mournful failure. One of the first efforts of the older brother was to check the spirit of display which he found among his hearers; and, in a short time, the congregation laid aside gold and costly apparel. In a school which he taught, he gave another lesson, of which, if we think it unseemly, we must remember the trial it must have been to the refined graduate of Oxford. Observing that some of the boys looked down on others who went barefoot, he went barefoot himself for a time, to teach them humility.

These things were endured, and with them some High-Church practices which Wesley at a later period condemned; but they contributed to undermine his popularity, and a most unhappy affair of a private character completed the destruction of his usefulness in Savannah. His high ideas of church discipline led him to exclude from the communion a young lady, under circumstances which subjected him to the suspicion of using his official power to gratify private ill-will. Against the imputation of such sacrilegious baseness and malignity, Wesley's whole life is to us a sufficient answer; but, of that long and holy life, only thirty-four years had yet passed. He had acted injudiciously and harshly enough to alienate most of those around him; a prosecution hung over him; and it was time, both for the good of the colony and his own, that he should return to England.

The ministry of Charles at Frederica had met with trials outwardly more severe, though not so painful to the feelings; and he also left the shores of the New World.

The brothers were succeeded in their mission by Whitefield. As the ship which brought John Wesley back to England entered the harbor, that which bore Whitefield was departing. Wesley had time, however, to send him a message; and it was a very singular one. He had, with a presumption which cannot be justified, though his peculiar religious views may extenuate it, drawn lots for his friend; and, when the lot came out that Whitefield must return to London, Wesley sent it to him as an order from the Lord. Whitefield, however, had sense and independence enough to pursue his intended course; and the success he met with in America proved the rashness of his colleague's effort to penetrate into the counsels of the Most High.

Whitefield had, in the interval, passed through a memorable experience. He had sought to serve God by a course of severe austerity. He chose the worst food, and affected mean apparel. He exposed himself to cold, and, as he says, spent whole days and weeks in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer. He thus brought upon himself severe illness; and, at its conclusion, his doubts passed away, and he believed himself sealed by the spirit of adoption. Full of joy, he felt that his sins were pardoned; full of love, he hastened to communicate to others the glad tidings of salvation. He received ordination, and began to preach. The enthusiasm that filled his soul was aided by a voice, one of the most powerful, winning, and pathetic that God ever gave to any of his chosen instruments. After his first sermon, a complaint was made to the bishop who had ordained him, that fifteen persons had been driven mad by it. "I wish," answered the good bishop, "that the madness may not pass away before the next Sunday."

He preached in London, and crowds came to hear him. The path to the highest preferment was open to him; but his heart turned towards the scene of Wesley's labors in America. His friend had written, urging him to join him; and the trustees of the colony willingly accepted his offer of service.

While waiting the time of sailing, he continued his work.

At Bristol, all denominations flocked to hear him. The churches were as full on week-days as they used to be on Sundays; and, on Sundays, crowds went away for want of room. At a second visit, multitudes met him, saluting and blessing him as he passed along. He preached five times in the week; the crowd being so great, that he could hardly make his way to the reading-desk. At his farewell sermon, high and low, young and old, burst into tears; multitudes followed him home, weeping; and the next day, from morning to midnight, he was employed in giving spiritual counsel to those who came to see him. Similar enthusiasm greeted his re-appearance in London.

It cannot be wondered at that such "turning of the world upside down" created some uneasiness in those who were far from sympathizing with the popular excitement. Complaints were made that the crowds that followed Whitefield left no room for the parishioners, and spoiled the pews. Some disliked his doctrine, especially in its views of the New Birth; others were displeased at his familiarity with Dissenters. The clergy were beginning to talk of refusing the use of their churches, when the young apostle departed for America; and, on the same day, his older associate, John Wesley, returned to England.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ABOUT pain : The pain which is intolerable carries us off; but that which lasts a long time is tolerable; and the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself, and the ruling faculty is not made worse. But the parts which are harmed by pain, let them, if they can, give their opinion about it.

How can it be that the gods, after having arranged all things well and benevolently for mankind, have overlooked this alone, — that some men, and very good men, and men who, as we may say, have had most communion with the Divinity, and, through pious acts and religious observances, have been most intimate with the Divinity, when they have once died should never exist again, but should be completely extinguished? — *M. Aurelius Antoninus*.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

So much has been said about Continental desecration of Sunday, that, very likely, one has ungrounded anticipations. The usual process of exaggeration is well known, and it cannot be thought strange if the usual effects have followed. Charges repeated hundreds of times, year after year, by writers, each of whom must be a little stronger than his predecessor, come at length to be ludicrously at variance with the facts. Then, when once the suspicion is started, that things are not as bad as represented, a mantle of apology is unfolded rather more ample than discriminating. The greatest sin and sinner can creep under it.

*"Poi quel proverbio del Diavolo è vero,
Che non è come si dipigne nero."*

With its general suspension of secular business, with its closed shops, with its streets thronged with church-goers, and with its churches filled with worshippers, Sunday in Paris, in the forenoon, seems to be as religiously kept as it is in Boston. It is true, that occasional repairs upon streets too crowded on week-days for this work to be done, and, in summer, the hurrying of thousands of people to railway-stations for excursions out of town, jar upon the quiet of the day; but would there be less of this kind of bustle here, were Boston as large as Paris?

This is a matter of opinion; and, if there be some who would exclaim against the above statement as too strong, there are others who would affirm that it is not strong enough. Something depends upon an intimate knowledge of Parisian life which would correct the hasty judgment of a transient observer. A dozen weeks in the French capital continually increased my respect for its outward observance of Sunday.

The churches offer to the traveller a wide field for the indulgence of individual taste and conviction. At the American Methodist Chapel one will have generally a good sermon, and always those simple services endeared to us by habit. The American Episcopal Church, whose present scanty accommo-

dations will soon be enlarged by the erection of a house of worship, invites those who prefer a liturgy. As to the indigenous churches, one may well hesitate between the sumptuous rites of the Madeleine, the exquisite music of St. Eustache, the historical attractions of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois, or the grand old pile of Notre Dame.

These and a hundred other churches of less note will probably be found crowded full of worshippers, who show a cheerful earnestness and marked satisfaction in their devotions. This is one of the most obvious and grateful impressions made on a visitor's mind. By the eager motions and gratified looks of a thousand persons around him, he is sure that he is with those who enjoy their religion, and who enter into its solemn services with spirit and life. The difference always reveals itself at once to the eye between those who go to worship "by custom led, by conscience dragged," and those who exclaim, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord;" and, if much that is here seen may be attributed to the character of a vivacious and demonstrative people, it is none the less pleasing, and soon has a contagious and winning influence.

At the Church of the Oratoire, with which I became most familiar, the attractions were simple services partly liturgical, a Protestant faith expounded in a noble and generous spirit, and the eloquent discourses of the two Coquerells, father and son.

Beyond its central situation, their house of worship has nothing to recommend it. Erected more than two hundred years ago for Roman-Catholic worship, converted into a place of public meetings of all sorts in the stormy times of the Revolution, it was fitted up, half a century since, for the use of a Protestant congregation, by abridgments and partitions which have deprived the interior of all symmetry and grace. To see the slicings and clippings which the large antique edifice has undergone, makes one shiver like the sight of the maiming of a human body. A plain partition cuts off the chancel as a library and parish-room; the narrow lateral naves, in their lower half, are thrown into corridors; the central

nave and the upper part of the side naves form the auditorium; while movable settees and innumerable chairs disturb all our pew-derived ideas of order and uniformity. Add to all, the whole interior has a battered and shabby appearance.

But one becomes quite indifferent to all this in the presence of a congregation of ten or twelve hundred hearers, profoundly attentive to a discourse delivered without notes, and with a vivacity of look and gesticulation to which nothing with us can be compared, though it is quiet and chaste by the side of an Italian preacher's manner. By his fluency of utterance, his graceful elocution, his high-toned Christian character, his courteous and generous spirit, his respectable attainments, more direct and practical than speculative and philosophical, M. Coquerell would be a man of mark in any community. At the age of seventy, he is the oldest Protestant preacher in Paris. He has been for many years widely known for his eloquence, and for important services in other than strictly professional walks of usefulness. Under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, he was for some time a member of the Corps Legislatif.

Besides six volumes of sermons, an Essay on Christology, another on Modern Orthodoxy, and an answer to Strauss's "Life of Christ," with several minor works, M. Coquerell has published, as late as 1860, "Observations Pratiques sur la Prédication," remarkable for its good sense, its excellent taste, its high conception of the preacher's office, and an earnest defence of his own style of preaching without notes. His wise and suggestive chapters are enlivened by anecdotes of his own ministry of half a century, including several years at Amsterdam and Bordeaux, beside his long service in Paris. We give in a note a short extract on the duty of preaching definitely about the sins of the times; for not only does it intimate the side he takes in our civil war, but it shows his clear foresight of its approach.*

* "Se figure-t-on la prédication évangélique en Angleterre muette sur la question de l'émancipation des catholiques qui a changé du tout au tout la situation respective des diverses communions; en Allemagne, muette sur le réveil du vieux luthéranisme qui s'acharne à faire reculer s'il était possible le protestantisme de 200

He is happy in having a son who follows him in his profession, in his views of theology, in his persuasive speech, in the care of the same pulpit, and in his high place of public confidence and affection. A fresh outgushing enthusiasm gives him rare influence with the young. It was a pleasant thing to see thirty young persons, on Easter Sunday, the day of their first communion, the young women covered with long white veils, and all the candidates occupying the near front of the pulpit, and the church crowded with their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, their companions and friends, as all were addressed, in fervent words that drew tears from many eyes, on the duty of advancing in that holy life, the first step of which that day had signalized; and a pleasant thing it was afterwards to meet the congregation in the adjoining rooms and corridors, and to witness the warm welcome given to these neophytes amid holy wishes and benedictions. There was a heartiness and demonstrative vivacity in the scene beyond any thing known among us.

It is not at all unlikely, that a sight of this congregation, when seated for worship, might lead an American observer to an inference unfavorable to its general social position and character. Here are none of those "highest-priced pews" which with us marvellously facilitate judgment, and which, if they were not designed for this purpose, do yet serve as a dial to show at a glance who the rich and distinguished are. This convenient automatic register has there never been adopted. This is one perplexity. Another is found in the utmost plainness of attire. Rich clothes are left at home, and all seem to be dressed pretty much alike. Could any thing more sophisticate our American ways of judging?

Meeting this congregation at a *soirée* where style and

ans et plus; muette en Suède sur ces lois d'intolérance, de persécution et de confiscation qui sont la plus cruelle, la plus mauvaise inconséquence où une église protestante puisse donner; muette enfin, aux Etats Unis, sur la question de l'esclavage, cette menace sociale, cette abomination religieuse, grosse d'un orage dont le jour s'apprête et qui ne peut qu'éclater. Non, la religion chrétienne est la religion définitive de l'humanité, et à ce titre elle a son mot à dire sur tout. Nous montons en chaire pour voir le siècle de plus haut, à l'abri de ses hontes comme de ses atteintes, et pour lui dire chrétiennement son fait."

fashion were in place, and where men were named according to their eminent positions in the State, in literature and art, I was enabled to look beneath that uniformity in which the rich and the poor appeared before Him who is the Maker of them all. Before one attempts to fix the social position of this congregation, it may be well to have a like opportunity.

As the Reformed Protestant churches of France form an integral part of the Established Church of the empire, the clergy of this communion draw their pay from the State, though frequently their salaries are enlarged by the contributions of their flocks. The Coquerells stand at the head of the liberal wing of the Protestant churches, and find sympathy with several parishes in the city, and with a considerable number in the provinces. No separation has taken place between the Liberals and Orthodox which prevents an interchange of pulpits. The alliance with the State has checked any movement looking to this result. Herein the French Protestant churches seem to us to be more fortunate than were the New-England Congregational churches fifty years ago. Who can doubt that the interests of charity, peace, and truth, would have been more promoted, had not a separation been precipitated?

If, of the French Protestant Church, the liberal wing constitutes its most active, hopeful, and progressive portion, it is but justice to add, that distinctive Protestantism is probably making but slight advances in the empire. The earnest, absorbing struggle is in the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, between the Ultramontane party on the one side, and the advocates of an independent Gallic Church on the other. In this country we have no idea of the vigor of the encounter, and of the vast strength and confident hopes of victory of the National party. Its triumph, if its first effect be to check distinctive Protestantism, must give a new and resistless impulse to those principles of freedom, inquiry, discussion, on which all true Protestantism is based, and from which it draws its great hopes.

I have referred to Sunday forenoon. Sunday afternoon is quite a different thing. The churches are closed. In the

pleasant season of the year, the streets, squares, and gardens are crowded with those orderly, quiet, well-dressed, polite throngs of people which everybody has praised, and nobody has praised too much.

With us, while some plead for only one service on Sunday, others hope that a returning tide of religious life will sometime fill the churches in the afternoon with the multitudes of former days. Here is a large question, not now to be discussed. But there is one aspect of it, which deserves, as we think, more attention than it has received. The fact of a generally neglected religious service must of necessity have a damaging effect upon the reverential sensibilities of any community, and must tend to weaken the respect that is felt for any service, and impair the hold which the morning worship has upon the public conscience and heart. It must divide the public into two classes, — the small number who attend worship at all times, and the larger number who occasionally desert it; and it familiarizes every one's mind with the idea of this last division, and makes it easy to belong to it. If one, jealous of the honor of the house of prayer, should say that our present arrangements must in time educate nearly the whole community to a willingness to neglect it, it might be difficult to show that there is not much weight in that argument.

With us also, on Sunday afternoons, in pleasant weather, many are seen walking in our streets and squares. It is no part of my object to defend or oppose this; but all must be conscious of a striking difference between Paris and any of our American cities. In the former, there is no thought of any thing wrong in the Sunday-afternoon walk. It is as truly a part of the public religion as are the prayers of the morning. What freedom and light-heartedness and joyousness it gives! How different from a defiance of opinion, or a consciousness of unmerited blame! If it be a question, whether the American conscience on this subject be better than the French, there can be no question which suffers the greatest injury.

The effect of this free intercourse of high and low, rich and

poor, in European squares and gardens, is a subject of curious interest. There can be no doubt, that, for the education of the mass of the people, it goes a great ways to compensate for the lack of public schools, while it gives some things which schools cannot yield. Comparisons of different parts of Europe are suggestive. The re-unions referred to are not known in Scotland; and though a Scotch boy and girl may know more of arithmetic and geography, yet how awkward, rude, and boorish, compared with those of the same age in France and Italy?

Of the Scotch children, as of ours, a Frenchman would say, "On sent le Nord dans ces figures;" and though the difference in race is not to be overlooked, the people of the south of Europe having a much finer organization, still, beyond this, who does not see that this frequent mingling, even in the passing walk, with cultivated and refined people, must quicken the minds of the young, polish their manners, and give them gentleness and respect? With us, how strong is the tendency to exaggerate the importance of the education derived from a book, and to underrate that which comes from life, from what is heard and seen! The galleries of art, open freely to everybody, have a wonderful effect to stimulate and train the mind; and perhaps nothing would more elevate and refine our people, old and young, than such a gallery in Boston. And then, if, once a week, on some secular day, in our beautiful Beacon-street Mall, say from five to six of a pleasant afternoon, our people *could* meet together in free and friendly intercourse, as old and young, rich and poor, high and lowly born, meet together in Paris, in Florence, in Rome, would not all classes be made better by such intercourse? If aristocratic Europe can do this, would it not be a fitting expression of our republican professions?

But here we hint at the place where the shoe pinches. This freedom of intercourse can be expected only from those who are assured of their social position, and are at ease about it. As long as we all tease and fret out our lives in social rivalry, men and women will fear to compromise their position if they look at an old acquaintance even by the tail of

the eye,—to use an Italian expression denoting a furtive side-glance.

We shall have more friendly equality sometime. We shall outgrow scornful distinctions, still stubborn,—our inheritance from a proud and disdainful people. American admiration of the freedom of French society shows what we are made for. May the temper of the Divine Master, permeating our free institutions, root out the spirit of caste, and make us feel, that, if One is our Father in heaven, the correlative truth is, that all we are brethren !

H. A. M.

N O W.

COUNT not, in idle dreams of bliss,
To-morrow's golden sand :
Hold fast, dear heart, the precious gem
Time drops within your hand ;

Nor let its pure and priceless wealth,
Ungarnered, slip away,
While you, with folded palms, weep o'er
The lost of yesterday.

Nor scorn its homely covering :
Beneath it lies, be sure,
Fresh from the good Creator's hand,
A diamond heavenly pure,

Which, praying oft and fervently
For faith that asks not sight,
Labor and patient sacrifice
Shall bring unto the light.

So may the lustre of its beams
Enravisn angel-eyes,
And gild the spirit's upward way
To God and Paradise !

E. D. H.

TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS.

RELIGION is the handmaid of philosophy. Truth in the heart wins *truths* to the mind, and the mind is blocked by the heart's untruth.

For all that is of God is *one*. Truth and truths are one in his unity. Truth (or *truthfulness*) in the heart is a fruit of his Spirit; and the same Spirit it is, which, in the creation, offers to our inquiry so many half-revealed manifestations of itself, or truths.

The pervading presence of God in all objects of knowledge makes study a sort of God-worship. It constitutes a certain close affinity between him whose soul is filled with God, and all the truths included in God's creation. As we approach on the line of truthfulness the Centre from whom all things radiate, we at the same time come nearer to those other out-goings from God which are the objects of our study.

Thus fidelity to God's Spirit opens insight into his works; truth points to truths; knowledge is a fruit of piety.

This is true of all knowledge, but especially so of the knowledge of what we call moral truths. Truthfulness is itself a moral quality to which moral truths are essentially kindred. The oneness of piety and knowledge is hinted in the word "wisdom," which includes both. It was also intimated by Jesus: "If ye continue in my word, . . . ye shall know the truth."

There is, therefore, one essential condition to successful study: it is *truthfulness*. Our discoveries in science, especially in moral science, are vouchsafed us by God; and to win them we must be *en rapport* with him. All suggestions of truth come from God, upon the *occasion* of mental action, past and present. When we apprehend a new truth, we are thrilled with a divine inspiration: we feel it in our fibres. It recreates. It does not demand assent: it enforces conviction, so that one will even dare to die in maintenance of it. I cannot think otherwise than that the discovery of truth is immediate intercourse with Him who is Truth.

There are many speculators floundering in the fields of theology and ethics. They flounder because they are untruthful; and their failures and mishaps should not discourage the reverent and honest mind. These unhappy ones have set out with one eye fixed on the distant goal, and the other squinting crosswise at something else, — at popularity, propaganda, or personal aggrandizement; and, of course, their feet stray from the narrow path.

Oftentimes the most vigorous minds are crippled by a bias of untruth. The fame to be won by espousing a popular cause, entices one, who puts a high valuation upon his powers, to those ranks wherein the demand for genius most exceeds the supply; but, when he has converted himself into an article of commerce, what further can he do as an investigator? Another, who, being indolent, or doubtful how far his calibre may prove trustworthy, feels the need of a ready-made support for his batteries of assumption, makes haste to affiliate himself with the imposing class of respectables, and plants his inquiry upon the well-trodden ground of antiquity. He chooses his standpoint elsewhere than where God placed him. What God's help, then, can he receive?

Dishonesty assails men first at the most vulnerable point, where its workings are apparently most innocent, and certainly most concealed; and those are frequently dishonest in their hidden mental processes who are as yet truthful and sincere in all other respects. The taint is there; but it has not yet spread through the system. One can be for a little while (only) dishonest towards himself, while towards all else his dealings are candid and upright.

If, through bias of sect or clique, or social class, or education or pride or ambition, one closes his mind to truths which bring trustworthy credentials, and tries to persuade himself that he does not believe these, but conflicting dogmas, which, nevertheless, he *knows* that he does *not* believe, with him certainly dishonesty has commenced its work; the rot is in him; he is *false*. Having wilfully failed in the very first condition of right inquiry, he has only himself to blame if upon his eyes the light of God's truth shall never shine again.

Since there are moral conditions of successful inquiry, it follows that the apprehension of truth is a *personal* achievement, not to be vicariously accomplished. The individual must think out for himself whatever truth is to be truth to him. Hence all subserviency to oligarchies is slavish and suicidal. Neither church nor society nor antiquity can do your thinking for you. If you follow any creed or *ism*, if you attach yourself to any "car of progress," you relinquish your integrity; if you attempt to conform your thought to any arbitrarily selected mode, you foil your own thinking.

Partisanship is fatal to thought, even when it results from an earnest seeking of the best methods. "The word of God is not bound." The Divine Spirit which sanctions and directs all true inquiry must have scope for *free* action. God does not bring his thoughts to sects, but to thinkers. Sects cannot think. What absurdity, then, to allow them to *control* thought!

Partisanship is only a form of that mental dishonesty which is an insuperable obstruction to the thinker. Thought is our birthright, our high privilege, our exaltation. To barter it for a breath of fame is to cast off the divine vestment to be trodden under foot of men; and to yield it up in reverence for authorities is scarcely less, though less criminal a divestiture of divine gifts.

If one is chiefly intent upon arriving at the truth, he should guard vigilantly his *truthfulness*: it is his staff of reliance, without which he must falter and fail; it is his link of natural kinship with the truths which he seeks; and only as he preserves that will he find his kindred in the works of God.

THINK not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; but of the things which thou hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not. At the same time, however, take care that thou dost not, through being so pleased with them, accustom thyself to overvalue them so as to be disturbed if ever thou shouldst not have them.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

TACITUS said of the ancient Germans, that they believed in one God, to whom all things were subject ; and that they believed in the immortality of the soul. This is some evidence of what the religion was which the Norsemen brought with them, wherever it was that they came from ; for they and the German tribes were originally from the same quarter. Tacitus says, too, that the Germans worshipped God in no temples ; and probably the Norsemen had religion in no creed or verbally expressed form, but only in certain feelings about life and the universe. Much ingenuity has been spent in endeavoring to make a system of Pagan divinity out of the allegories of a Norse John Bunyan, and the "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" of a Norse Milton, and the "Vision of Judgment" of a Norse Southey ; compositions in which Norsemen made the Norse gods speak their own sentiments. And, no doubt, the Norsemen had sects among themselves, just as we Christians have ; and they had among them misunderstandings of the metaphorical language of their remote predecessors, just as we have.

Probably in the Norse religion there was belief in many gods, some twelve, who dwelt in Valhalla, and were felt in the earth ; and also in a Godhead, a Deity, nameless, inactive, uninterested, but who was to survive the ruin of the other gods, and the fall of the Valhalla, and the destruction of the universe, and then show himself to be really God, and be the life of the good, and especially of one of the old gods called Baldur.

All existence was instinct with the divine. The frost had that in it which was supernatural ; so had the wind and the fire. There was a god of the sea and the winds and the rocks, and wisdom and poetry and love. All existence was wonderful, most wonderful, and was what a man's heart might well throb with feeling.

Valor was manliness, duty, and worship ; but not such

valor as merely grasps a sword. A true man might look for Valhalla, and might expect happiness, even if the gods of the Valhalla should vanish, and there should rise from out of infinity the presence of another God, the All-father.

This was the Norse faith, I suppose, though with a hundred allegories and adventures of gods and heroes to illustrate it. And just as Christians have taken literally the metaphors of the New Testament, so, with these Northmen, often poetic statement was sometimes accepted as literal fact.

So nothing more shall be said here of the two different accounts which they had of the creation of the world, — of its all-being, the growth of the ash-tree Ygdrasil; and also of its being constructed out of the remains of a slaughtered giant, of whose skull was made the hollow firmament, and the mountains of his bones, and the sea of his blood, and the forests of his hair. Nor shall there be any account attempted here of Asgard, the city of the gods; nor of Odin, with his forty-five names; nor of his wife, who foresees the destinies of all gods and men, though she never divulges them; nor of the wicked god Loke; nor of the hearty good-fellow Thor, with a hammer in his hand always; nor of Nastrond, with Hela in it, and rivers of poison flowing through it, and with the wolf Fenri at its gate; nor of Jotunheim, the home of the giants; nor of how the good and beautiful and beloved god Baldur was to die; nor of how the giants would then war against the gods, and a serpent crush the earth in its folds; and the wolf Fenri devour the god Odin, and swallow the sun; and so it all be chaos again, with a God to rise from out of it, alone and eternal and good.

It would be forgotten as fast as it was read; and so there shall not any thing be told of Niffeheim, nor of Hevergelmer, a great abyss where a snake-king gnaws at a root; nor of Mimer's well, in which truth is hidden; nor of how —

“The ash Ygdrasil
Endureth toil
More than men know.
The hart gnaws it above;
In the side it rotteth;
Nidhug wastes it below.”

Nor will we stay to remember how there sits on a branch of this ash Ygdrasil an eagle who knows many things, and how between his eyes there sits a hawk called Storm-damper.

In some of the older religious poems, there are passages which are sublime. Here is a word-for-word translation of an account of chaos : —

“This was Time’s origin,
When nothing was, —
No sand, nor sea,
No cool billows :
Nowhere was found earth
Or high heaven.
A swallowing throat there was,
But no growth.”

That is what the world was before time began ; and this is the way in which the Norsemen thought that the world would end. Baldur being dead, his wife Nanna would die of a broken heart. They two would be burned together on a funeral pile ; and then, soon afterward, there would be the destruction of the universe : —

“The sun all black shall be,
The earth sink in the sea ;
And every starry ray
From heaven fade away :
While vapors hot shall fill
The air round Ygdrasil ;
And, flaming as they rise,
Play towering to the skies.”

And Norsemen had poetry like that ! and that was the high strain in which vikings of the eighth century could sing ! and thoughts like those were what the Norseman was possessed of, without any help from Greece or Rome, or from any thing Christian, and even without the help of writing ! Through the dimness of remote ages, perhaps there is faintly discernible, throughout the religion of the Norsemen, their poems, allegories, fables, and practices ; perhaps there is perceptible, just perceptible, a tone, a strain, a something which was derived to them from the time when all nations were of one family and one language, and recipients together, from God, of what is now called the primitive revelation. So,

at least, one might account for that, in their religious poems, which was such an astonishment to the early Christian missionaries of Norway and Iceland.

And well they might be astonished at finding, in the hyperborean regions, of the ancients sublimer poetry than was ever written in Latin, and a something better in religion than was ever known in classic Greece.

What a picture of future punishment that is in the "Völuspá, the Vision of the Prophetess"! —

"She saw a hall,
Far from the sun,
In Nastrond standing.
Northward the doors look,
And venom-drops
Fall in through loopholes.
Formed is that hall
Of wreathed serpents.
There saw she wade,
Through heavy streams,
Men forsworn,
And murderers,
And those who others' wives
Essayed to blandish.
There Nidhogg sucked
Of the dead the bodies :
The wolf, too, tore them.
Conceive ye this, or not?"

There is a strain of high poetry and good morality in this ; though Nastrond and Nidhögg are strange to us now. But there are writers on these Northern antiquities, who find Nastrond and Nidhögg a ridiculous faith, and who condemn the Norse belief of gods who were to die ; and then that their heaven was some time or other to perish, though —

"Five hundred doors,
And forty more,
Methinks, are in Valhalla :
Eight hundred heroes through each door
Shall issue forth
Against the wolf to combat."

Yes : their heaven even was to perish, as they thought. That was what they believed about the Valhalla of their hopes.

That was the Valhalla which brave old men thought of when they flung themselves headlong from high rocks, and for which sick persons had themselves scored with the spear-point before they died. The gods of their belief were doomed gods; and yet did they reverence them and worship them, and faithfully, almost fondly, hold to them.

Brave men as these Norsemen were, stern defiers of death as they were, their courage was not that of stupidity or insensibility. Themselves they could scorn death, and leap into the gulf with a shout; and yet they believed the world would sink in it, and the gods of the Valhalla vanish after. So sensibly did they feel about them a presence of sorrow and control, — the might of a something stronger even than their own gods.

Ignorant men they have been called for this. And so they were; pitifully ignorant. Such besotted folly as believing in gods, who, as they knew, were not eternal! But then something or other a man must have to believe in about life, and the powers that rule it; and this religion of Odin was what had come to them for acceptance. Still, it is objected, it was wretched weakness in them to believe in Odin and the Asa-gods; and in the boar *Sœhrimner*, which every morning is sodden for dinner, and which every night is whole again, and ready for the next day; and in the fable of the ash *Ygdrasil* and the *Nornies*, and the twilight of the gods, which is against their death. So unlikely and such inconsistent things! It would have been more creditable if they had believed in nothing, rather than in what they did!

But then it was not in their power to believe in nothing. Life was so real with those Norsemen, that they could not but be earnest about it, — about what it was, how it was, what it meant, and what it might turn to. Belief in nothing! As to the things of the spirit, no opinion at all about them! With this no opinion at all, a man can be a modern man, keep a shop and a ledger, eat and drink, dress and undress, sleep and keep regular hours. But, with this "no opinion at all," a man could not have been a Norseman; could not have risked his life very often; could not have been heroic; could

not have been a brave and earnest man, — a man without fear, and a man from whom the world's history so largely takes its character.

The Norseman felt what a real, what an intensely real thing life is; and so he could not but have some opinion about it, — a man of suffering and struggle as he was. "No opinion at all, much," is only possible for those who are living no life of a man at all, or much, — no life of earnestness. Only just go back, and stand among those Norsemen, and feel as earnestly as they did; and there will be no such nonsense to you then as this "no opinion."

No opinion! As though no opinion at all were not the strangest of all opinings! "Nothing in life, nothing certain," would the Norsemen have said: "Oh! but there is for those who do something in it." And to the earnest soul, always, under some form, there is something of religion that is true. No opinion at all about life as it is, and is to be, — this may be possible for Sybarites couched on rose-leaves, and for mere money-getters grown stupid with counting: but it was impossible for the Norseman; and it will remain impossible for ever for every man of simplicity and directness and earnestness and exertion.

The Norseman asked himself, "I — what am I in this world for?" and out of his stout heart came the answer, "For struggle, for hard struggle, and for heroism if thou wilt." And he asked the Past what he was made for: and a thousand and ten thousand voices seemed to answer him, "To suffer as we have suffered; and to die at last, as we have died; and to be heroic as we were." There stood Pain by him, uttering itself in frost and hunger and enemies, and asking him, "Thou! — what art thou in the world for?" and his answer to the stern question was, "For valor; to be valiant." And Death stood frowning at him, and asking him, "Mortal, what art thou made for?" and into the very arms of Death leaped the Norseman, and cried, "To have thee for my way to Valhalla!" Oh, what contempt of pain there was in those Norsemen! what a conscious strength of soul! what defiance of death! what a thorough persuasion of immortali-

ty! It came from the soul which was in them, — the strong and brave and earnest soul.

But such inconsistency, such illogical conclusions, as this Norse religion runs to! Well, so it does! But then there is such a thing as an inconsistent and illogical life. The last day having arrived, and all souls having come into the presence of the All-father, and been constrained into sincere statement, the Norseman says, "I believed in valor, and valiant I have been; and there is nothing can be brought against me that I have ever feared, — not winter in the open seas, no threat of an enemy, not even the weapon I died by:" while many a Christian finds himself obliged to plead, "All my life, I believed in Jesus Christ; and at last, when there was nothing else to do, I forgave my enemies." An insincere life was not common among the Norsemen; for the man of the saga and the sword lived by faith. His life very commonly was not one thing, and his religion another. He believed in valor, and he was not an inconsistent man. He was not a valiant poltroon, a brave coward; and, when he rushed at death, it was not in make-believe. A direct, earnest, thorough man, he was religiously what we call sincere.

They are not the best of all conclusions, that valor is the great virtue of life; and a seat in the Valhalla, man's highest hope. But they are such a belief as the Norseman had to live by.

Oh! we know not how the human heart in other ages yearned and craved for some world-theory. Our feelings have been deadened towards what a Norseman would have died to know, mostly from the want of sincerity in our lives; though in some small degree, also, because we had the Bible in our hands before we wished for it; and because we were compelled to sit in a holy presence in the church, before our hearts were earnest enough to feel it aright; and because our souls have been dulled to the feeling of infinite truths, from our having been wearied with them in catechism and sermon; and because, from our earliest days, our hearts have been warned and hushed to be silent on many a matter, out of which arise wild questionings which will be answered in one

way or another, and which will accept any thing as an answer rather than nothing.

The God Baldur coming up again out of Hel, the place of death ; Lif and Lifthrasir coming out of Hodmimir's forest to be parents anew of the human race, — in that Norse belief in fables, the poorest of them, it is for us not to be glad of a superstition which we ourselves are free from, but to mourn an earnestness which we ourselves are without, and to know of a religious want which somehow has been choked in us. Oh, could we have an hour's talk with an old Norseman, what good it might do us ! And perhaps simply to know how earnestly he felt may avail to make us more earnest.

That Norse-life is such a strange contrast to our modern life ! Our ways of living are far more orderly, and also more formal ; more settled, and also more mechanical ; far more nearly right in some respects, and not quite so right in some others. The Norsemen had not a book to read ; but, with learning their sagas by heart, their minds were more surely exercised than with that reading which scarcely remembers, and never thinks. They were destitute of written laws and the lawyer's science. This was a disadvantage. But also there was some advantage in their having to reason out a case of justice, not by the letter of the law, which often kills, but by the spirit of righteousness as best they could feel it.

Wild and perilous life ! — sea-kings on the water, and on land the blood-avenger astir with his keen sense of honor and keener sword. A wild life, but a life of earnest, — of such earnest, from boyhood to the grave, as is felt now only by some few more fervid spirits.

Oh, but the thousand improvements which we have ! They are improvements only, and not perfections. Outrages promptly repressed by the constable, and oftener still prevented ; peace secured by so many means along the whole frontier of an empire ; everywhere an abundance of books in which to read ; all the news of a whole country ours, in the daily paper at breakfast, without any trouble ; for food, articles from all parts of the world, and even from quarters

which we have never heard of; for burial, coffins ready made, and hearses which have been patented; and for comfort, such pleasant contrivances! Such a saving as there is now in time and thought (ay, and in heart too)! such machinery for every thing!

Ay, such machinery! And of this, somehow, there is on us an effect which ought not to be. Our ways of life are mechanized. Our thinking grows mechanical, and our feelings become so too. And all this is not so well. Also these mechanical improvements, and the comforts which come of them, agree better with a man's selfishness than his heroism; are what will help him to take care of himself, better than aid him in conduct which is unselfish, high, heroic.

Government, in all its movements, as regular as clockwork: that is excellent. Commerce nearly as regular as machinery: that is excellent. Knowledge facilitated by machinery: that is excellent. But it is not so good if you yourself become mechanized; if wonder ceases from your soul, and heartiness from your feelings.

Outward circumstances do not favor heroism now as much as they did in Norse times. Nay, what is called heroism—a high, self-sacrificing behavior, a worship of honor rather than of gold, and of magnanimity over personal advantage—is what a man can be drawn to in the world, as it is now, almost only by him, not to be named by name just here, but who was himself “not of the world.”

The Norseman was a man whom the thunder could awe, and the splendors of the firmament amaze; whom life in any thing astonished, because of where it came from,—in the round of the seasons, the instincts of a bird, and the growth of a tree. He was a man who could thrill with forebodings of his destiny, or even at what might be the meaning of a dream: he was a man to whom it was wonderful what life might turn to, and what eternity might have to disclose: he was one who could live, and who did, for something better than bread, or than buttered bread either: he was a man with whom courage, a something of the soul, was better than life: he was a believer in immortality; and, in his thorough persuasion

of it, he could open for himself the gate of death, and press through.

And now with him contrast a modern man of a class which is rather numerous.

This modern man knows all about the universe, and how the earth was made; he knows that thunder and lightning are just what he can make himself at the electrifying machine; he knows perfectly about the human mind, and how character is the certain result of circumstances; he knows what God is, and must be, and always will be; he knows what prayer is, and how it is that men happen to pray, and precisely what prayer effects; he knows what the laws of Nature are exactly, and what must come of them, just as of the working of a machine. As a man, he never breaks the commandment; but he never keeps it: for his life is mechanism, and with no soul in it.

Very knowing, and very correct! And yet there are reasons for which, perhaps, this man had far better have been a Norseman, like Erling the bonder.

For it is false science, by the light of which a man walks the world without any feeling of mystery in it; it is but ignorant knowledge which is without reverence; and it is a decline in existence, it is a downward stoop, it is sure degradation, when, from having been a child of God, a man comes to lean on his own understanding.

The Norseman was not altogether the same man on a viking cruise that he was on his farm. Nor perhaps was he the same, the last few years before becoming Christian, that he was before his Paganism was quite exhausted of its virtue.

But take the Norseman when he was most truly himself, and let certain matters belonging to him be interpreted by his own understanding of them; and then this was the Norseman. Brave always, and sometimes almost chivalric; very earnest; a man of ability at almost any thing, — farming, fishing, fighting, law, and commerce; a most energetic man; a religious man; a little melancholy, and yet easily mirthful; very respectful, and indeed reverent, towards the character of

women, and of quite a poetic mind ; a fair-haired, blue-eyed, small-handed man.

And this was he that came, with others not unlike him, out of Asia. They overspread a large portion of the Roman Empire ; and, men of energy as they were, they renewed the debilitated, degenerated, deboshed inhabitants of what had been Roman countries. And as the gospel came into the world in "the fulness of time," so did these Asiatic tribes ; and, barbarians as they were called, they were men capable of becoming better Christians than the enervated dwellers of Rome or Athens. And indeed, to the best purpose, the world now is Christian through them, — through the Christianizing of their strong characters.

We have considered what the Norseman was in himself, and what he has been in his influence on the world. And perhaps we may have derived one or two thoughts which may do us good from our ancestor the Norseman ; at least, with our thinking of him and his actions, we have been helping to verify the sentiment of the Theban poet : "Great deeds are mighty sounds that wander eternally over earth and sea."

And to have this true of himself was the highest hope of the Norseman for this life ; though, of all his hopes, the greatest and the most characteristic was that of another world.

Another world, believed in, without its ever having been preached, — what a groundless persuasion ! A hereafter trusted in by vikings, men of blood and Odin, — what an unjustifiable fancy ! But then it was not that they fancied it, but that there was in them faith in it. Downright men as they were, they were not brain-sick people of fancy.

"Let your communication be Yea, yea ; Nay, nay." And, tried by this precept, many of these old Pagans would appear to be far superior to persons who indeed are of orderly lives, but also of equivocating speech, and almost who have lost the power of being sincere even with themselves. There are religious books of the present day, in the twentieth edition, which do not yield as much apostolic salt for the world as

those old sagas of the Norsemen. And there were vikings even, who lived for Valhalla, who yet will walk the streets of the New Jerusalem in peace and love, while the hypocritical children of the kingdom are weeping, and gnashing their teeth, in outer darkness.

In the works of these ancient scalds, these old sagas, there is a something which convicts the present age of a great want, and which is evident, especially as to politics and theology, — a lack of fearless sincerity. These sagas are the histories of fierce Pagans. This must be granted. But, though these men were without the law, they were yet a law unto themselves; and hypocrisy, at least, is a charge which cannot be laid against them. They were not men to be accused by Job of any thing like the vice of speaking wickedly for God, and talking deceitfully for him. And indeed they are to be thought of as likely subjects for grace, in comparison with such persons as are to be encountered, at present, almost everywhere, — men who would be afraid of inspiration by the Holy Ghost, if even they could have it; whose souls inhale only the breath of public opinion; and with whom it has become almost instinctive to quench in themselves that inspiration of the Almighty which would give them understanding.

W. M.

IF thou didst ever see a hand cut off, or a foot or a head lying anywhere apart from the rest of the body, such does a man make himself, as far as he can, who is not content with what happens, and separates himself from others, or does any thing unsocial. Suppose that thou hast detached thyself from the natural unity, — for thou wast made by nature a part, but now thou hast cut thyself off, — yet here there is this beautiful provision, that it is in thy power again to unite thyself. God has allowed this to no other part, after it has been separated and cut asunder, to come together again. But consider the benevolence with which he has distinguished man: for he has put it in his power not to be separated at all from the universal; and, when he has been separated, he has allowed him to return and to be united, and to resume his place as a part. — *M. Aurelius Antoninus.*

SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND THE LAW OF ITS GROWTH.

I APPREHEND that Christians do not differ much as to the nature and quality of spiritual life. However they may differ in respect to the surest and speediest mode of acquiring it, there will be found to exist a pretty general and close agreement as to the real nature of this life, what it is, and how it manifests itself. No one possessing any just appreciation of Christianity, or who has ever had any experimental knowledge of Christ's redeeming love, would think of calling a merely selfish, sensual, worldly man spiritual. All agree that the carnal and selfish life of the natural man is not spiritual life: it is mere animal life. Nor is the life of the intellect, however healthy and active, spiritual life; for there is many a man, of vast intellectual powers and attainments, who knows not what true spiritual life means. No man knows what it is, who has not, to some extent, denied himself for the Lord's sake, and learned to live for others.

Spiritual life, then, is heavenly life, — the life of God in the soul of man; the life of that genuine, unselfish love, which seeketh not its own, but the good of others. It is the activity of a will whose ruling purpose at all times is to glorify God by acts designed and calculated to bless mankind. It is life, therefore, which, wherever it exists, is perpetually outworking itself in all sweet and gentle charities, in all disinterested and neighborly acts, in all helpful and inspiring words, in all noble and manly deeds. Such is true spiritual life, and such the mode of its manifestation. It is of the same nature, precisely, as the life which the angels in heaven enjoy; and therefore it manifests itself in the same ways as theirs. It is the truly human life; and there is no other kind of life that is properly human.

But what a great and fearful gulf there is between this life, and the cold, heartless, selfish life of the merely natural man! There is nothing more humiliating, nothing more sad and discouraging, to those in whose hearts the work of regeneration has commenced, than the wide and mournful contrast which

they cannot fail to observe between the selfish life of the natural man — their own life as yet — and that truly human or angelic life disclosed in the heavenly sense of the divine Word. To see those shining ones above, all so prompt and happy in doing the Father's will, finding their supreme delight in serving rather than in being served, seeking no pleasure or gratification or gain for themselves alone, loving others even better than themselves, and perpetually striving to promote their happiness; and then to see in ourselves such mean and calculating selfishness, outcropping all along at every turn on the great highway of life, — in the family, in the shop, in the counting-house, and in all our private and public walks; to see how little of the life of the divine humanity there is within us; how seldom we act from a genuine and disinterested love of others; how eagerly we clutch at whatever we imagine will be for *our* advantage; how much more ready we are to go out of our way to gratify some selfish feeling, than to bestow a blessing or do some neighborly act; when those of us, I say, upon whose souls has dawned something of that crystal light of the upper realms, observe this contrast between our own life and the life of heaven, it makes us very sad. Or, if it do not, the case is sadder still. Sometimes we feel almost like sinking in despair. Our outward life, perhaps, is all fair enough, — beautiful as a whited sepulchre. But this alone does not satisfy. We long for the free, spontaneous movements of God's spirit within. We long for the up-welling in our hearts of a deeper, warmer, purer love. We long for life more akin to that which the angels enjoy, — a life that centres not in self, but pours itself forth like the beams of the unwearied sun, to cheer and gladden all around. We long for this heavenly life; and still it does not come. We pray for it; and still the old, hard, selfish life clings to us, and follows us like a shadow.

It becomes, then, the great and paramount question which every Christian should settle clearly in his own mind, How is this true spiritual life, this life of disinterested neighborly love, to be secured? What are the conditions required for its development and growth? for we may be sure that this

life, like every other, has its conditions of development, its law of growth. How is it, then, that the heart-renewing and soul-invigorating spirit of Christ (who is our true life) comes down to the plane of conscious perception, or to what Swedenborg calls the natural degree of our minds, and diffuses itself throughout that degree, imparting to all the faculties a life unknown before, kindling in the heart new emotions, and causing it to throb with a new and divine life? What is the condition upon which this life of God descends into us from heaven, and becomes *our* life? I answer, *Willing and Christ-like service.*

How is it that we learn to love our heavenly Father? Is it not by first compelling ourselves to do the Father's will? For love to God is not, as some have supposed, a natural product of the human heart. However it may have been in the infancy of our race, we know that this love does not now spring up and grow spontaneously. If it did, what need were there of all that striving and self-denial and cross-bearing and inward warfare which the gospel enjoins? But it comes just in the degree that we religiously strive to keep the commandments, or seek to serve God by doing his will. The more faithfully we serve him, though the service at first be rendered through stern self-compulsion, the more ardently do we come to love him: and, at last, we find in his service our true freedom, our purest and sweetest delight; for it is always delightful to serve one whom we sincerely love.

And since it is by voluntarily *serving* God that we learn truly to love him, so it is by *serving* the neighbor that our hearts become filled with true neighborly love. Yes: it is through ministry and service alone, through willing devotion to the good of the neighbor, or to works of manifest use to society, that He who is our true life, and whom the Scripture calls "the bread of God," comes down to us and in us, and imparts to our cold and torpid souls the quickening life of heaven. The Son of man came not — he *never* comes — to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Observe that mother with a sickly, deformed, and helpless

child. For many long years, her life has been devoted to ministering to its hourly wants. She has soothed and cheered it by day, and watched over it with unwearied patience through more than half the weary nights. It is peevish and fretful, — not half so sweet in temper or comely in aspect as either of her other children. But let that poor helpless creature be suddenly taken from her, and her heart bleeds more freely than it would at the loss of any other child. She now finds that she loved that little sickly lamb more than any other in the flock. And *why* did she love it most? Because she had watched and tended and served it most. Ah! here is the grand secret. Her devoted and willing service is what unlocked and kept open within her the gates of heaven, and let in so much of God's own life into her heart.

This is a familiar illustration of a grand and momentous truth; which is, that neighborly love comes through the performance of neighborly acts, or voluntary efforts to *serve* the neighbor. This is the sole and God-appointed condition. And we might as well expect that the eye will brighten or the limbs strengthen without exercise, as that true spiritual life, the life of heaven, will be given us upon any other condition. Yearning and longing and praying are, indeed, important, — are needful; but these alone will not bring this life, any more than they will bring the glow of health into the cheek, or strength and vigor into the limbs. Living, acting, doing, — this is the law, the fixed and unalterable condition, of growth in either case.

You long for the bread of God to come down from heaven, and give you life such as the angels enjoy, do you? You long for a warmer, tenderer, more unselfish, and sympathetic heart, for more of true neighborly love, do you? You yearn for it and pray for it? Then go out of yourself, and try to live for others. Try to do something to dissipate the darkness, to lessen the burdens, to alleviate the sorrows, to multiply the joys, to smooth the rugged pathway, of some neighbor. Try to extract some rankling thorn, or to pour a little oil and wine into some bruised and wounded soul. Seek out some friendless and needy object on whom to bestow your sympathy, your

generosity, your offices of kindness. And you need not go far: such objects exist in scores all around you,—objects needing sympathy and comfort, if not material aid. Do this, and see how your cold and hard-hearted selfishness will begin to diminish, and your neighborly love to increase! See how the windows of heaven will be opened within you, and your before waste and barren soul begin to be flooded with the gracious outpourings of love from on high! It is the outgoings of our own thoughts and feeling, with intent to bless, that cause the plentiful incomings of the divine love and mercy, agreeable to that divine declaration, “Give, and it shall be given unto you.”

You are a husband, and you do not love your wife as you ought. You care little or nothing for her; and her lone and trembling heart withers under the cold blight of your indifference and neglect. You know it is so; yet you earnestly wish it were otherwise. You mourn, do you, over your cold, indifferent, unloving state toward her whom you have taken for the partner of your bosom? You pray God that it were otherwise? Well, friend, you have only to comply with God's conditions, and he will make it otherwise. He will change your unhappy state. He will take away the feelings you deplore, and give you those for which you yearn. Begin, then, by endeavoring to make your wife as happy as you can. Seek to perform all your duties as a husband with religious fidelity. A tender plant your wife may be, and in need of tender nursing; sweetly blossoming in the sunshine, but quickly nipped by the frost. First, take care that no look or word or act of yours shall needlessly wound her feelings. If she has faults, (and who on earth is without them?) never blazon them abroad, never allude to them in the presence of others; for this will only grieve and discourage her: but gently point them out in private, and help her, with long and tender and patient forbearance, to overcome them. Next, study how to strew her path with all the sweetest flowers you can. Away with all obstructing thorns, and bring what roses you can find. Strive by all kind and gentle offices, by warding off sorrows or soothing her under them, by saving

her all the trouble and fatigue you can, by lightening as many of her burdens as you can, by a thousand little nameless but delicate attentions, which your wife would prize more than a sceptre or a crown, — strive by ways and acts like these to cheer and encourage and hold her up, as the sturdy oak supports the vine that throws its tendrils lovingly around it. Do thus, and your heart, hitherto so cold and lifeless toward her whom you have sworn to love and cherish, will begin to throb with new emotions; and keep on doing thus, and, sure as God is good, his love will descend into you from heaven, and in due time will flood your soul, if not with the pure delights of conjugal love, at least with the life of heaven-born charity.

Similar remarks are applicable to wives, who inwardly mourn that they do not love their husbands as they ought. The feeling of love does not come in answer to one's desire, however sincere and strong. It is not a thing to be secured by mere volition. It comes as the consequence — the sweet and heavenly reward — of *faithfully and religiously doing our duty*. This is the way, and the only way, that our spiritual life can be developed or strengthened and matured.

And as in the maternal and conjugal, so in all the other relations of life. It is by voluntary efforts to serve the neighbor, not from any selfish end, but in obedience to God's command and for the sake of our neighbor's good, that the gates of the kingdom are unlocked within us, and the soul's true life, the life of disinterested neighborly love, is permitted to flow down from the divine humanity in copious and perennial streams. Do you wish for a loftier and purer patriotism, a more intense and unselfish love of country? Then go, work for the honor and welfare of your country. Go, labor and sacrifice and suffer in its defence. Give time and money, and brothers and sons, to maintain its integrity, and keep its honor untarnished; and, when you have done this, you will find such a flame of patriotic ardor kindled within you as will never again be quenched.

Do you long for a deeper and stronger love of the Church of Christ, or any particular branch thereof? Then seek to

render some service to the Church. Go, *do* something that needs to be done to extend the sphere of its hallowing influence. Give of your time, your talents, your wealth, your influence, to promote the prosperity and growth of the Church; and *keep on* doing and giving, and ere long the fountains of love will be unsealed within you; and what at first you did with reluctance and through self-compulsion, you will come at last to do with gladness and delight of heart. Your efforts to serve the Church will, by and by, open the avenues of your soul to a copious influx of that genuine love of the Church, whose lack you now deplore.

And so it is always. The life of Christ, who is the soul's true and living bread from heaven, descends into us, and becomes *our* life, just in the degree that we comply with the conditions of its descent. When selfishness has frozen up the currents of the soul, and dreary winter reigns within; when your heart throbs with no emotions of love for wife or friends, or country or church; then go out of, and, as it were, away from, yourself. Go out, although you go cold and shivering at first, and compel yourself to do some service for somebody. Go out, and *try* at least to do something, by word or deed, to comfort, enlighten, strengthen, and save. No matter if the service be ever so humble: if it be performed *for the Master*, and with intent to bless, your soul will not fail of its sure reward. For "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward." Go out, even though you go mourning and in sadness, and you shall experience the truth of the Psalmist's sweet words: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Go forth, and try to confer some blessing on those around you; and the very effort will loosen the icy fetters around your heart, and cause the rills of spiritual life ere long to play and dance within you. B. F. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

ARE we ready for them? — ready to make thorough work at last? There is enough before us to secure the privilege of an entirely earnest life for every soul, throughout the land, who would live such a life.

I. And, first, a word as to which all claim to be agreed. It is the duty of every citizen, who believes in the rights of a just and merciful government, to do his part in conquering, and for ever restraining from mischief, the authors and the promoters of this Rebellion against true constitutional democracy. Those men, having no grievance, are guilty before God and man of the sin and crime of rebellion. It is no more inconsistent with Christianity to visit upon them the penalties of their sin, than it is inconsistent with Christianity to maintain prison-houses; and, if we look at the consequences of crime, what can be more fatal than the consequences of rebellion? To what, we ask of the leaders of the Confederacy, to gain what high and sacred end, have you sacrificed the young men of our land by tens of thousands?

II. It is our duty to use this providential occasion so persistently for the cause of Freedom, that the bondage of man to man shall cease throughout the land. We shall have earned by our sacrifices and bitter sufferings the right to demand for the slave this boon, this justice rather, from all who have been implicated in the great crime of rebellion; and, if we obtain it from them, the rest follows by purchase, or in some other fair way, as a matter of course. Are we reminded that philanthropy is not a thing to fight for; that so to fight is to be fanatical? Our answers are three: —

First, If philanthropy is not a thing to fight for, it is nevertheless most fortunate when those who chance to be fighting for something else have a philanthropy, and not an inhumanity, on their side. Second, It has always been urged, at least by its Northern advocates, that slavery is not a religious or moral, but purely a political matter. Now, if it be purely a political matter, it is a thing to fight about. And, third, It was the friends, and not

the foes, of human bondage, who took the sword ; and of them it is written, "They that shall take the sword shall perish by the sword."

III. Again : it is the duty of the hour to lift above want and degradation the emancipated South, black and white, what has been bound, and what has been called free ; though, indeed, often more sadly bound than the bondmen and bondwomen of the land. Our civilization — would it were more equal to the task, and more truly Christian ! — is called upon to carry the arts of peace and the blessings of a religious and intellectual training into the cities and villages and fields which war has desolated. We must stand between the blameless sufferer and starvation. Bread and organization, books and schools and churches, must follow the armies : so we must subjugate, so we will assume their debt, so we will guarantee to our poor victims their rights, — not the right to hold men in slavery, which they have happily forfeited for ever, to the great contentment of gods and men ; but the right to labor, and eat the fruit thereof ; to go to school and to church ; and to be men every way, and neither "trash" nor chattels. This is the revenge we would have. We shall have enough to do for friends and for foes, for white men as well as for black men. As yet, it would seem, open-handed as the community has become, we have only begun to give.

The wants of East Tennessee are not yet met, and there are other desolations besides that. The prospect now is, that the white refugees will demand more aid than the freedmen. Schools have been organized by these freedmen, in and around Nashville, in which over eight hundred children receive instruction from teachers paid by their parents, — slaves just emancipated.

The labor of the freed colored people at Port Royal, and upon abandoned plantations on the Mississippi River, is represented by those who have carefully investigated the subject, and have given us the actual figures, as eminently successful, even in very discouraging circumstances. The last number of the "North-American Review," in the article on the "Future Supply of Cotton," contains many very interesting and encouraging details of free-labor experiments amongst populations reputed very ignorant and heavily drawn upon for military purposes, and, in some instances, embarrassed by the attacks of guerillas. Thirty-three freedmen, by hiring their less enterprising companions, have earned on the Mississippi River an average of three thousand dollars each for the work of a single season ; from which it would appear that

they can take care of themselves. But there also is work enough to be done, as the call from the Western Sanitary Commission abundantly shows.

IV. And yet, again, there is a duty of the hour towards our Union soldiers. To reverse the sentence of the apostle, — it is but just that they who have ministered unto us in carnal things should receive from us in spiritual things. War affords opportunities for evangelization as well as peace.

The American Unitarian Association has published exceedingly valuable tracts for the men of our armies in camp and hospital, and is crippled in the work of distribution only by want of pecuniary means. We wish to call the attention of our readers specially to this matter, — to the desirableness of supplying the soldier with cheering and elevating books. We do not speak in behalf of any denomination : and yet we are entirely prepared to say, that money cannot be better bestowed than in distributing the army tracts of the American Unitarian Association ; and that, as it seems to us, their enterprise in this way has claims upon Liberal Christians which the Christian Commission has not. Mr. John Ware's tracts alone have already reached three hundred and ten thousand, and a thousand of the " Silent Pastor " have met with a good reception in hospitals. Not a few of our soldiers will become Southern citizens : it is of the utmost importance that they should be Christian citizens.

V. And, finally, we have duties of the hour here at home. If they were faithfully discharged, it would need no prophet to tell us that we are in the last year of our war. There is, first, the duty of those who oppose to abstain from unreasonable, factious opposition, growing out of old prejudices and party spirit, and impatience of burdens, and fear of poverty, and lack of humanity. He who opposes takes upon himself a fearful responsibility. It is Northern opposition which protracts this strife : our divisions cause the and still to bleed. Your scruples, my scrupulous friend, cost hearts' blood : if they are not very right, they are very wrong. Have not you some prejudices to conquer ? And, on the other hand, there is the duty of those who believe, that, when Freedom herself is in peril of her life, it is idle to spend time in cavilling about modes and forms, or in complaining of cheating contractors and false officials ; there is the duty of those, who, when the simple question is, " Shall we go on with this struggle inexorably, and therefore mercifully, or sacrifice every thing which made it right to enter upon it ? " take up again their first purpose with the clearest conscience ;

there is the duty of these and the like to advocate and accept a most heroic practice in the treatment of the nation's heart.

We want heroic taxation, heroic economies, heroic industries ; faith, hope, love, in the largest measures ; a conviction, that success we must and shall have at any cost ; that every thing is cheap in comparison with success ; that both duty and advantage demand of us not to grow weary in our terrible well-doing. Nothing can withstand our united and settled purpose. When our works even begin to show that we have such a purpose, cherished not in hatred, but in love, then we may begin to gather the material for the bon-fires that shall signal from every hill-top the glad tidings of the return of peace. That purpose can be hindered to our hurt : it cannot, please God, be frustrated to our ruin as a nation.

We have gone forward a century in the last three years : it is for us to say whether we shall go back two centuries in the next three. But let us have faith in the highest things and the best. Let us not imagine for a moment that God will prosper those who disobey him, to the neglect of the obedient ; or that, when he created man a child of God, he proposed for him any world less glorious and complete than a kingdom of God, a kingdom of righteousness.

We are free to say, that the condition of our community at this time, in view of the work before us, is any thing but satisfactory. Speculators and pleasure-seekers and the luxurious cannot wage the greatest conflict of these latter days ; and unless we can attain to larger measures of inspiration, and be consecrated afresh to our task, there will remain for us (which may God forbid !) only the discipline of a most bitter and humbling experience. E.

THE PHYSIQUE OF FEDERAL SOLDIERS.

THE foundation of a nation's prosperity is in the physical condition of its people ; not in its wealth or its soil, but in the healthful physique of its inhabitants. People of feeble constitutions, and in the course of physical deterioration, will deteriorate morally and spiritually, and ultimately the whole tone of their being will be let down. Witness the Indian tribes who are dying out, and the Asiatic nations who are the prey of drivelling superstitions. Compare the modern Greek with the soldiers of Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, in the days of Grecian prosperity and splendor.

It has been said that the Yankee race are deteriorating, and

verging towards the Indian type. Yankee women have been contrasted with the hale English women; the former pale and haggard, the latter strong and blooming. Americans have been contrasted with Englishmen; the former thin and gawky, the latter well developed with roast beef and London beer. The recruiting service is likely to settle some of these questions. Dr. W. H. Thompson, State examining surgeon of New York, read a paper, at a meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New-York City, on "The Physique of different Nationalities as indicated by the Inspection of Recruits for the Federal Armies." Its facts are of exceeding interest and importance; being derived, not from superficial appearance, but careful scientific inspection. Dr. Thompson examined about nine thousand men, about half of whom were natives. We find the results given in the "Annual of Scientific Discovery" for 1864.

In stature, the American-born ranks the highest, the English next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. Classifications were made also, not according to mere size, but according to quality of make and texture. Dr. Thompson makes four classes, termed respectively *prime*, *good*, *indifferent*, and *bad*. The "prime" are those of a specially well-proportioned osseous system, — the groundwork of the personal figure, as shown by the skull, the thorax, and the lines of the extremities; also of a well-developed muscular system, especially those of the lower extremities, as the most reliable indication of the vigor of spinal nutrition. The "good" were those apparently healthy and strong, with a good muscular development, but not equal to the "prime" in the development of the osseous system. Under "indifferent" were placed those of good forms, but with tendencies to constitutional diseases. The "bad" were those who had never been good, and never would be, from original vicious conformation.

Now for the result. Of American-born recruits, 47.5 per cent had prime physique; the Germans, 40.75; the Irish 35. Of the "indifferent," the Irish are one-half higher than the Germans, which last are five and one-half higher than the Americans. Of the "bad," the Irish are more than double the Americans and Germans, who in this respect stand alike.

The relative advantages of city and country life on the physique are of special interest. The proportion of "prime" among city Americans was forty-two per cent; country, fifty-eight per cent. Of "bad," — city, four per cent; country, one per cent.

Dr. Thompson, in summing up, says of the American recruits,

"I feel safe in voting their physical development as of the highest order; and I have seen specimens of nearly all European as well as Eastern nations. With the exception of a general loss of fat, I do not believe there is another race that can show a larger proportion, in the average population, of excellent muscular and osseous development. This I would ascribe almost wholly to the widely diffused blessings of meat and drink, and to comforts of life possessed by nearly all. Least of all would I set it down on the score of race; for it is doubtful if there is such a thing as an unmixed race in America." With such a foundation on which to build up the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, with less danger that the latter will fall through, — being based on the solid floors of Nature, — we may hope, when the one national curse has been wiped out, for a career more prosperous than ever of intellectual and moral glory. "I hate sick people," said Charles Lamb: that is, he hated them abstractly, not concretely and personally; for strong and healthy physique is the groundwork of the most symmetrical and lofty manhood.

s.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEISM: THE DIFFERENCE.

A WRITER in the last "Universalist Quarterly," not having studied metaphysics probably, and being left to the exigencies of common sense to call white, white, and black, black, discourses thus in a well-written article entitled "Christ's Authority as a Teacher." It strikes us as excellent good sense, much needed in days of mist and fog.

"It is a singular and anomalous question that we have to debate in these latter days. Formerly, the line of separation between Christians and infidels was, by common consent, very simply and sharply drawn. The single issue was, 'Does Christ represent God? Was he attested as in any sense appointed to a special office as the Teacher and Saviour of the world. Professing to regard the affirmative of this inquiry as proved, men therefore, and of course, accepted the testimony of Christ as final, because accepting it as the testimony of God himself. They were, necessarily it was thought, thus committed to say, 'If I understand him, there is no room for farther inquiry: having what he taught, I am sure I have the truth, *because he taught it.*' Those who said this were accounted Christians. Those who could not say it, frankly avowed themselves, and were universally reckoned by others, as unbelievers. No matter how devout, amiable, or morally blameless, one might be; no matter what admissions one might be ready to make concerning Christ as a good man, or concerning Christianity as a useful exposition of duty: if he could not

say, 'I believe Christ's word to be decisive, because the word of one specially sent of God,' he renounced all claim to be considered a Christian, and accepted his place, as a matter of course, in the ranks of infidelity. Now all this is changed. There are no longer any 'Deists.' This old distinction is pronounced invidious and unkind. By some necromancy of 'Broad Church'-ism, belief and unbelief have come to be indifferent factors of the same product; and at the word 'liberal,' presto! 'Deism' is but the 'critical' and 'scholarly' phasis of gospel faith. Any good man who claims to be a Christian, we are told, is a Christian. Herbert, Tyn-dall, Woolston, and their whole class of old English Deists, were Christians as really as Butler, Watson, or Paley, if they had but known it, and had bethought themselves to assume the title. The denials one may make in respect to Christ are of no importance. He is none the less a Christian, if he only insists that he is one, though he may strip Christianity of every sanction and attribute of a God-given religion, and leave us nothing but the name of Christianity and the mere opinions of fallible men."

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

THE question is warmly discussed among naturalists, whether each species is an original creation of God, or whether all species have *developed up* from a rude beginning or germ. Curious it is, that those who deny the miracles of the New Testament are apt to stick for the transmutation and development theory, else God will be let somewhere into the universe otherwise than a force locked in nature. Theodore Parker rather sneers at Agassiz for denying the transmutation system, and thus leaving the way open for the Divine. But *quære* Mr. Parker: How was the first germ created out of which we all "developed"? Was it not the immediate work of God? and do you not brink up to a "miracle," after all?

Agassiz says nobly, "I confess that there seems to me a repulsive poverty in this material explanation, that is contradicted by the intellectual grandeur of the universe: the resources of the Deity cannot be so meagre, that, in order to create a human being endowed with reason, he must change a monkey into a man."

8.

DEFECT IN THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

MR. WEISS says you might look in vain in Mr. Parker's library for any books which "manipulate the ordinary religious proprieties." It seems to have been pretty full in other departments. Can any one tell where books can be found for these manipulations?

REFLECTIONS.

THE trials of some men consist mainly in morbid feelings which make little show.

Merit is honored by their blame
Who think that infamy is fame.

The same trouble often seems a trial or a trifle, according as it affects ourselves or others.

Rights are respected as long as protected.

We have seen a Chinese saying quoted, that "Virtue cannot give talents, but it supplies their place."

The homely proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is a standing rebuke of intolerance and hasty criticism.

It has been truly said, that "many young men begin where their fathers left off, and leave off where their fathers began."

A man whose ruling passion is the love of praise cannot be highly esteemed, although he may be highly commended by those who wish to please him.

Men are continually advising others not to follow in their steps; for the traveller learns the roughness of a path which seemed smooth at a distance.

Skill in writing is, in most cases, only a facility of expressing common thoughts in common phrases.

Words are continually changing their meaning, — some growing coarser, while others grow more refined: so that a particular word often strikes an old man very differently from the way in which it strikes a young one.

Keeping up with the literature of the day is like keeping up with the gossip of the town. Better read what has been long remembered than what will be soon forgotten.

Self-improvement, to be effectual, must reach the first springs of thought and feeling.

A writer cannot properly estimate his work until the ardor of composition has passed. The iron which glowed in the forge is dull when the work is done.

E. W.

ALWAYS run to the short way, and the short way is the natural: accordingly, say and do every thing in conformity with the soundest reason. For such a purpose frees a man from trouble and warfare, and all artifice and ostentatious display.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Annual of Scientific Discovery. A Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. 1864. Gould & Lincoln.

An indispensable record, not merely for the scholar, but for the practical man. The present volume has a fine portrait of Gen. Gilmore fronting the titlepage. It exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, and geography. See extracts in the Random Readings.

Industrial Biography: Iron-makers and Tool-makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The introductory chapter shows the agency of iron in civilization, and of how much more value iron is than gold. The biographies of the English iron-workers are a record of men who have been little known, but who have done more than almost any other class of workers in diffusing the comforts of life and the means of social progress. Much valuable scientific information is embraced in the biographies.

s.

Satan's Devices and the Believer's Victory. By Rev. WILLIAM L. PARSONS, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. Parsons believes thoroughly in the personality of the Devil, and his personal agency in our human affairs. His object in this work is to unmask him, and show him openly face to face with our humanity, against which he wages war. Satan, by the author's account of him, must be well-nigh omniscient and omnipresent upon our planet. He can probably "go four times round the earth and back again in a single second." How Mr. Parsons got all his information about him, we cannot imagine. He quotes the second Epistle of Peter, without telling his readers that the book is not canonical, and that all it tells us about fallen angels is quoted from the apocryphal book of Enoch.

It gives a certain dramatic power to some kinds of preaching to introduce a personal Satan into the machinery of conversion; but the harm is very great in gendering factitious fears, and open-

ing the way for the income of degrading superstitions, which tyrannize over weak minds, and cloud the benign attributes of God. s.

A Youth's History of the Rebellion. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of the "Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This book is the first of a series, bringing the history of the war down to the capture of Roanoke Island. It is designed for young readers and families. To be adapted to its purpose, it should be historically accurate, familiar in style, and picturesque. All these conditions are fulfilled. It is illustrated with wood-cuts, is less expensive than more elaborate histories, and is adapted to hold the attention of young readers by the dramatic and stirring scenes of the narrative. s.

Mr. REDPATH, in his *Books for the Camp-fires*, continues to supply pleasant reading for the soldiers. "Clotelle" and "Vendetta" are stories in cheap form to shorten the hours of picket-duty, the tedium of camp-life, or the convalescent hours of the hospital. Get them, and send them on.

The Western Sanitary Commission, what it does with its Funds, why it should be aided in its Work, is a tract of eight pages, which makes an irresistible appeal. This Commission is the only one which has a department specially devoted to the relief of the freedmen and refugees. The details of suffering among this oppressed class are heart-rending. A Fair is to be opened at St. Louis on the 17th of May, for which contributions are solicited from all loyal people, and in which a department for the colored refugees has an important place. If you have aught to give, send packages or money directed to James E. Yeatman, Western Sanitary Commission, St. Louis. Accompanying their circular is a letter of Mr. N. M. Mann, agent of the Commission, describing the condition of the negroes who came into Vicksburg with Sherman's army:—

"All the way from Meridian, this black river flowed in the wake of the army, increased by constant accessions, until, sullen and slow, it wound its way into Vicksburg with four thousand five hundred souls. Following through a country twice ravaged by a devouring host, they had literally nothing left them for subsistence but the remnants left by our troops. Foraging parties scoured the country on either hand to obtain supplies for the soldiers; but no one brought these people food: and houses and barns pillaged and burnt left nothing for them save what the hungry soldier could spare."

The condition of these poor refugees is thus described : —

"The expedition returned here on the 3d inst. Just at dusk, the train of contrabands came in. Slowly and sadly they dragged along through the streets, — mules and oxen gaunt and famished ; wagons loaded with children, whose weary, despairing look will haunt me, I believe, as long as I live, with a mother or two in each trying to soothe the little ones crying with hunger and fatigue, all clothed in the dirt-colored homespun they always wear, worn to rags and tatters, leaving them in many cases almost naked. I saw one boy, about ten years old, lying in a wagon, apparently dead, stark naked, save the poor amount of what might once have been a waistcoat wrapped about his abdomen. Hundreds of them had not rags enough to be decent. As if Nature sympathized with them in their misfortunes, the shades of night came on as they passed through the city, and partially screened from the crowd of gazers this saddening, sickening sight.

"The little I could do for these poor people that night I did. Anticipating a need, I had drawn on the commissary heavily for bread, and had a large amount on hand. I had the ambulance of the Western Sanitary Commission loaded with this bread ; and, taking along half a dozen kind-hearted soldiers, we went the whole length of this wagon-train, and gave to each family a loaf or two. It was but a little thing to do ; but the eagerness with which they took and ate it told how grateful it was to them. I assure you I never was more happy than that night, amid all that wretchedness, giving bread to those hungry creatures."

May God bless the Good Samaritans of the Western Commission, and send home their appeal to all hearts ! s.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by WENDELL PHILLIPS. Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

They make a very handsome volume, well accompanied by a fine portrait of the eloquent orator. Phillips is always heard with the deepest interest : we complain of his bigotry and incessant vituperations ; and still we hear all that he has to say, and read all his speeches. He stimulates when he has no power to nourish, and agitates whilst he is incompetent to guide. Not unwilling to administer reproof, he makes haste to censure ; and we are confident that his habitual hearers have learned to qualify his words as they receive them. He says many things that awaken zeal for his cause ; little or nothing that awakens love or reverence for the speaker. E.

Honor ; or, The Slave-dealer's Daughter. By STEPHEN G. BULFINCH. Boston : William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

Mr. Bulfinch is widely and well known as an earnest and able

minister of the gospel, and as one to whom the Church is indebted for many sweet and devout hymns. We believe that this is his first coming to us with the words of a parable. His story will be found interesting as well as profitable; and it will be of permanent value as an illustration of a condition of society, which, we may hope, is in its last years. Mr. Bulfinch is obliged to bring before us a very vulgar personage in Mr. Witham; but, unlike some even of our clerical novelists, he does not feel under any obligations to record blasphemies. His residence at the South during the earlier part of his ministry, and that singular candor which is known to be one of his most marked characteristics, are the best assurances that his descriptions of Southern life are trustworthy. E.

Letters of Ada R. Parker. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117, Washington Street. 1863.

These letters were worth preserving. The spirit that guided the pen lived in very intimate and sweet communion with the Father of spirits, and wrought through an intellect of no ordinary character. E.

PAMPHLETS.

Memorial of the Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Machias, May 20, 1863. Machias: Printed by C. O. Furbush.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the Prison Association of New York; transmitted to the Legislature, Jan. 29, 1864. Albany: Comstock & Cassidy.

Denmark and its Relations. By JOSHUA LEAVITT. Read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, March 3, 1864. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Dying for our Country: a Sermon on the Death of Capt. J. Sewall Reed and Rev. Thomas Starr King. By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

Reports of the Directors and Superintendent of the Washingtonian Home for the Year 1863. Boston: Wright & Potter.

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MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 124, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 8, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
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THE

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PRAYER IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D.

JOHN xvi. 23, 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

IN these sentences, our Lord announces to his disciples something entirely new with regard to prayer; never known till then and thus revealed and inculcated by himself. He authorizes, he encourages, he directs them to pray in his name.

"Hitherto ye have never asked any thing in my name." They never had. It had never occurred to them. How could it? He had never taught them so. The time for such a lesson, such a revelation, had not come. He had been with them, — with them in the fashion of a man, in the form of a servant, subject to the wants of humanity. Mingling with men as the Son of man, he must needs have been regarded by them rather in his relations to humanity than to divinity, — been associated in their conceptions with man rather than with God. He had previously taught them, when they prayed, simply to say, "Our Father which art in heaven,"

without any reference to the connection of his own name with their petitions. He had said that prayer with them. He had sought to give them right conceptions of the Father. He had lived before them a life of filial obedience and submission. He had said all that he could have said, he had done all that could have been done, to reveal to them the Father, — all that their minds would have been capable of comprehending before the coming of the time when he should “show them plainly of the Father;” when he should give a more sublime and perfect manifestation of the Father’s love by his crucifixion for sinners, by his sufferings as the divine Son for the redemption and reconciliation of erring men, and also by his resurrection, his ascension, and the bestowment of the Holy Ghost for their justification and sanctification.

“Hitherto they had asked nothing in his name.” During the period of his humiliation, it would never have suggested itself to them to do so, and it would have been untimely for him to have suggested it.

This is the explanation which Jesus himself gives : “These things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you.”

But now he is just about to “go away, — to go to the Father. The hour is come for the Son of man to be glorified.” It is the time to reveal and to commend to them the new mode, the new power, the new privilege of prayer; essentially connected — let me not fail to remind you — essentially connected with, nay, grounded upon, the sublime fact of his mediatorial office, the reality of which, as well as its continuance beyond the limits of his earthly existence, he gradually unveils to his disciples in the conversations immediately preceding his death. The time has come for this new and blessed doctrine to be made known. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.” How emphatic, how positive, how unqualified, the promise ! — “Verily, *verily*, he will give it to you.” Judge, moreover, by the language and by the tone, how precious in the Saviour’s own regard was the new privilege he was giving to them. “Ask, and ye shall

receive, that your joy may be full." *That your joy may be full.* He was imparting to the believing soul the unfailing secret of a perfect spiritual joy. He was giving to his disciples the key to the presence-chamber of the Most High. He was introducing to their minds a new thought, which would ever afterwards have a most powerful and benign influence upon the devotions of his followers ; which would give them new encouragement to pray, and new enjoyment of prayer ; which would augment their faith in the efficacy of prayer even to a perfect assurance ; and, at the same time, render their prayers purer, more fervent, and more worthy of the ear of God.

There can be no doubt as to the fact that this privilege of asking in his name, coupled with the promise that they should receive in his name, was, in the Lord's own view, a gift to his disciples of inestimable value. Indeed, what gift could be more precious, if, by its possession and its use, they could obtain fulness of joy in communing with God ?

Let us seek to understand what our Saviour intended by praying in his name, and what is the right use of this privilege ; for to the believer of to-day the promise reaches, and by no restriction, express or implied, are *we* excluded from a participation in the high and holy joy.

We certainly are not led to suppose that there is any talismanic virtue, any mysterious efficacy, in the formal use of the name of Christ in our devotions. We cannot imagine that he intended to shape a verbal mould in which the prayers of the Church should be cast, or to prescribe the phraseology in which they should be habitually closed. It is of no avail to say "through Jesus Christ," without attaching any definite meaning, any deep and sacred significance, to the words. Of all the words ever uttered by human lips, those addressed to God in prayer should be the most sincerely and intelligently spoken. We should say only what we really mean, and mean only that we say. We should say only what we deeply feel, and deeply feel what we say. To ask God for any thing through his Son, if it has any meaning at all, must have a most profound and holy meaning. If the phrase has not such

a meaning to us, it is little better than solemn trifling to use it. Either we should not use it at all, or we should use it with a clear understanding and a deep feeling.

The prayers in many of our churches, and probably in many of our families and our closets, are usually closed in this form. Some of our preachers are strenuous in defence of it as the true and scriptural mode, in opposition to other forms sometimes employed in liturgies and extemporaneous prayers. It is especially incumbent, therefore, upon those who hold it in such high regard, and habitually use it, to understand what it means ; to know and feel in what its propriety and its efficacy consist.

Let us bring then, once more, our Saviour's words directly before us, and, looking at them with such simple reverence and docility as become those who believe that his sayings are divinely true in themselves, and truly spoken, endeavor to receive a natural impression of their sincere import, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*" What do these words mean, if they do not mean to teach that his name avails with God ; that, in and through him, our prayers have access to God, and acceptance ; that he is the medium of sure and sweet communication with the Father ; that through him we come near to the Father as dear children, and the Father near to us in most abundant spiritual benediction and grace ? What force would such language have, — nay, more, how it would deceive, perplex, and disappoint the simple and lowly listener ! — if this, which is certainly its natural sense, were not its real intent ? If Christ does not stand in the relation of Mediator between us and God, why should he teach us to ask and to expect the richest blessings from God "in his name" ? If he is not truly a medium of communication between us and the Father, why should we *nominally* put him between our souls and God in the hour and the attitude of prayer ? If he is not really a Mediator, and we do not believe that he is, we do very wrong, we act very irreverently, to speak to God as if he did sustain this relation. If he *does* hold this office, and we believe so, we are right in recognizing the

truth in words. But, if he does, it is a fact of the most momentous and affecting interest.

My friends, the truth of Christ's mediatorial agency, as has been already suggested, lies at the foundation of the direction given to his disciples, in the text, to pray in his name. Nay, further, it lies at the foundation of the phrase, "in the name of Christ," wherever that phrase is used in the New Testament. However varied the sense and application of the words may be in different passages, the variety affects the form only, not the substance. Essentially the same doctrine is underneath. It cannot without violence be separated from the phrase as used by Jesus himself or his apostles. Take it away from our text, and you take the heart of it. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you." He meant to teach his disciples that his name is a prevailing name with God. He meant to teach them that there is a real power in his name, when used with faith and sincerity, to put their souls into a right relation both to ask and to receive of God. He meant to impress upon their minds, to bring close home to their hearts, the truth, that he is the way to the Father; the medium through which his disciples could confidently come near to God, and receive from him the choicest spiritual blessings.

I know that there are some, who call themselves Christians, who reject the doctrine which the text and many other passages of the New Testament seem to us distinctly to teach. They acknowledge no Mediator between God and man. They see no necessity for any. They ask nothing in the name of Christ. They do not associate his name with their prayers. They do not come into the Father's holy presence as those who are ushered by the Son. They only address God immediately. They only call upon him in their own name. They say that their minds would be impeded and confused in prayer by thinking of Christ's mediation. They even go so far as to say that it is derogatory to the honor of the Father so to exalt his Son as to associate his name with that of God in acts of supplication and devotion.

What shall we say to such objectors as these? With

those who admit nothing in Christ and his religion, above or beyond what the light of nature and the powers of the human mind are competent to make known and to supply, it is in vain to hold any argument upon the special doctrines of the gospel. There is a preliminary argument with such persons, whether there be any gospel, any glad news of salvation from heaven, any divine interposition for the redemption of man.

But to all those who accept a revelation and believe in a Saviour, and still find difficulty in receiving the doctrine of prayer which we are considering, let me commend for thoughtful study a single sentence of Jesus, closely connected with our text. "If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." *I will do it. Why? That the Father may be glorified in the Son.* There you may find a reason for associating the name of the Son with our devotions. There is a reason for thus exalting, and in every way honoring, the Son, — that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you were to exalt the Son independently of the Father, over against the Father, then, indeed, you would be dishonoring the Father. But whom do believers glorify when they honor the Son? Whom is it they honor when they exalt him in their affections and liturgies? Whose perfections are those which they reverence in Christ? Whose tender love for man is that which in Christ's life and death wins their hearts, solicits their love and confidence and hope? Were not those the perfections of the Father which shone in the face of the Son? Was not that the divine love itself which came in him to seek and save the lost? Was it not the Father who dwelt in him, who spake those words of truth and life, and did those works of wondrous power and love? Was he not the express image of the Father's person? Nay, then, it is the Father in the Son whom we behold, admire, exalt, and honor, in admiring and honoring the Son. We pray confidently and fervently in the name of the Son; and Jesus promises that such prayers shall be fulfilled, and does fulfil them, *that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*

But whatever any persons may think or say concerning

Christ as the medium of access to God, whether they associate his name with their prayers or not, one thing is certain : they did not obtain that confidence which they enjoy in prayer, — that blessed knowledge and sense of the Father's nearness and merciful kindness, — without the instrumentality of the Son. It was through his mediation that the Father was so clearly revealed to them. It was in and by and through him that they have seen and known the best and loveliest which they do see and know concerning the Father. They may overlook and forget him who has brought them so near ; they may not acknowledge the gracious instrument in partaking the consolation and the joy : but the Father knows that they did not obtain this sweet access to him without the labors and sufferings of the Son. And the Father would not have this forgotten. He is well pleased when it is remembered ; nay, he cannot be well pleased when it is not felt and acknowledged.

Whether it be true, or reasonable, that Jesus Christ sustains this mediatorial relation or not, is not a question for the Christian pulpit to discuss. It is indisputable that he *said* he did ; and that is enough for one who professes to teach his religion.

But while the idea of mediation is at the foundation of prayer "through Christ," or "in the name of Christ," other ideas, collateral and subsidiary, are associated with it.

To pray in the name of Christ is to pray as one under the influence of Christ, as a disciple of Christ, as Jesus taught, in the spirit of Jesus. It is to pray for those things which pertain to the kingdom of Christ, and the objects especially dear to him ; for the progress and triumph of his truth ; for the spiritual rather than the temporal interests of man ; for the redemption of the human soul from the bondage of sin ; the purification, the harmony, and the edification of his Church ; the spread of the true worship and glory of God. It is to pray as a Christian ; Christ's spirit guiding both the subjects and the manner. It is to pray in the exercise of that filial disposition which grows out of the relation in which the petitioner has been placed towards God through the reconcil-

ing agency of his Son. It is to pray in full faith in his revelation of God, — of the Father as manifested in the Son. It is to pray in the belief that the Father so loveth the Son, that for the Son's sake also, as well as of his own benignity, he will grant whatever the Son desires or promises; that he will be pleased with every thing on the part of man which expresses reverence, love, and confidence towards his Son, — every feeling and act by which his Son is obeyed and honored.

But there is great power in prayer in the name of Christ, — power over the individual heart, and power over the public devotion of the Church, — which I must not fail to attempt to illustrate, however briefly and inadequately it may be done.

To pray in his name is a shelter to humility, and a rebuke to pride. It is an encouragement to the modest and trembling soul, awed by the majesty and holiness of God, and bowed down under a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, — hardly daring to lift up so much as an eye to heaven; and it is a warning to the presumptuous and self-confident who would too boldly and irreverently rush into the presence of Him “who chargeth his angels with folly.”

It brings us down in lowliness of spirit before the throne of God, and it lifts us up in lofty assurance even to the bosom of the Father. It puts us into the right attitude and frame for drawing near to God, — the filial attitude, the grateful, the confiding frame. It brings over us the influence of Christ's own spirit, while it brings before us his image. It reminds us how he lived and how he prayed, and awakens the desire and purpose to pray and live like him. It affects us very much as we should be affected if he were actually by our side on earth, talking with us, quieting and elevating our minds by communing with us, and sweetly preparing us to pray. To feel as if we were going to our prayers with him, under his direction and influence, is a holy and blessed feeling, and cannot be wholly without a hallowing and encouraging effect.

To pray in his name, to think of and remember him when

we pray, to remind ourselves of our dear Christ's sacrifice for us, stirs always, must stir, in the Christian heart, most grateful and tender thoughts of God's wonderful compassion, waking sweetest hopes.

It is just what we want, especially at certain seasons, to touch the affections, and make our devotions warm and fervent. For there are times, when, in our own name, we can hardly dare to pray. We seem, by reason of our imperfections and impurity, so far from God. We are ashamed of ourselves. We are awed by a sense of the infinite holiness of the Most High. Our hearts are all in disturbance. We cannot collect our thoughts. We are weak, trembling, confused, bewildered. Our hearts seem cold and dead. But turning them to the divine Redeemer, recalling the image of this strong advocate and kind intercessor, remembering his gracious promises of pardon and restoring life, better thoughts are suggested, better impulses are moved; faith is encouraged; confidence returns; hope revives. The Father in the Son helps us to pray, — helps us to feel the throbbings of filial desire and trust. God in Christ is manifested to us as our quickener, our restorer, our Saviour; not only calling the righteous, but the sinner also to repentance; not only accepting the love of the consciously pure and good, but inviting and kindling the love of the cold and consciously unworthy. He is the *giver* of spiritual life and moral strength; the physician who supplies the medicine for those very diseases of the soul from which we are suffering. He is the healer of all these infirmities of the spirit. In his name we can always pray. In his name we cannot help praying. In his name, prayer is always fresh, tender, trustful, hopeful, warm with gratitude and love. We can always, in every mood, in whatever state, thank God for his Son, our Redeemer.

We can hope in this restoring grace, even when we are hopeless of ourselves. If there is nothing else we can feel, we can always feel this, — the love of the Father in giving his only-begotten Son for us sinners, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." If there

is nothing else we can say to God, we can always say this: 'Thanks, thanks to thee, O God! for thine unspeakable gift.' If there is nothing else, which, on any other ground, we can dare to ask or hope for, we can always ask and hope for forgiveness through his Son.

The publican, before Christ died, without so much as daring to lift up his eyes unto heaven, could only smite his breast in humble shame, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Now, with equal humility, but with a sweeter confidence, we can come to the throne of grace, and say, 'In the name of thy dear Son, forgive me, O my Father! and help me in my need.' Now, in Christ, all are brought into this blessed state of mingled humbleness and confidence. In Christ there is no Pharisee. He died for all. Without him, all were dead; but in him shall all be made alive. Those who come to God in his name, the more or the less righteous, can none of them offer a pharisaical prayer. Boasting is excluded from the feeling of the former, and distrust drawn out of the hearts of the latter. One sweet, holy, and disinterested feeling pervades the heart of every believer, in his devotions, — gratitude, gratitude to Him who has redeemed us.

In Christ's name, we always know what to say to God, and how to say it. We *know* and *feel* "our Father," as well as utter the name. We are never at a loss for words, for emotions. To say, 'I thank Thee for thy Son,' is enough of words: to say it with faith is to believe and to feel enough.

Once more: to pray in his name, all of us, all Christians of all sects and all ages, is an important agency in bringing us all into harmony and union. It tends to simplify worship; to abolish artificial forms, pompous rites, and sacerdotal pretensions, uncongenial with an entire and humble trust in Christ. Coming to God in this one name, our hearts are all moving in one blessed way. Modes of worship may differ, ceremonies may differ; but when we recognize in our prayers this *one* only and availing name, our faith, our emotion, our spirit, the moral impression, the effect upon the heart, are all the same, — we are virtually in communion, we are truly one in

Christ Jesus. All our prayers and praises blend in deep and beautiful accord as they meet at the throne of Heaven ; and all our hearts, while we are offering them, are warmed and comforted and blessed with the dear assurance, that the name we utter is melodious to the Father's ear ; that the requests which we associate with the love of the Son, and the good things for which we plead in his spirit, are such as the Father is well pleased to grant ; that the promise of Jesus will not fail of its fulfilment, — “ Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, he will give you, that your joy may be full.”

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

(CONCLUDED.)

MR. WESLEY preached on the second day after his arrival in London. His text was in the words, “ If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.” The discourse resembled too much those of Whitefield to be graciously received by the clergy ; and he was informed that he was not to preach again in that pulpit. On the next Sunday, he spoke at another church ; and there also he was told that it was for the last time. These warnings indicated an approaching change in the relation of the enthusiastic preachers to the church of which they were members. Another crisis, too, was at hand ; and its scene was to be in the soul of Wesley himself.

A few days after his arrival in London, he met some of the Moravians. Among them was Peter Bohler, with whom he soon formed an intimate spiritual friendship, and from whom he learned more than he had hitherto known of the stress laid by that church upon the doctrine of Faith. He was, to use his own expression, “ in the hands of the great God, clearly convinced of unbelief, — of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved.”

This was a strange discovery to be made of himself by one of the most earnest preachers and devoted men then living in Christendom. Still stranger was it, when, a short time after,

John Wesley stood up in a circle of his religious friends, and told them that he had never been a Christian till within the last five days; and that the only way for them to become Christians was to believe and confess that they were not so now. In the interval between these incidents, his soul had passed through that change which he regarded as its new birth. It was a change such as had come to Whitefield already, and a change which thenceforth, they and their followers maintained, must come to every man before he can find peace with God; its producing cause being the Spirit of God; its occurrence being generally the work of a short time, if not absolutely instantaneous; and its proof being found in an assurance, on the part of the convert, that he has obtained pardon and acceptance with God.

There were those then, even among his friends, who said — and there are many now who will say — that Wesley reached in this the height of fanaticism. I certainly do not indorse all his expressions at this crisis, nor approve all his conduct. I have no doubt that John Wesley had been a Christian from the days when he prayed at his mother's knee: but I am disposed to look on the religious experience of a great and good man with reverence, as something that may be too deep and high for more common souls fully to understand; and I can perceive in the spiritual position alike of Whitefield and Wesley, at the time of their so-called conversion, reason why a change should then be felt by both, constituting a most important step in their own inward progress, as well as in their preparation for the great work which God had destined them to accomplish.

That change was from painstaking service to confident love. Hitherto they had tried to serve God by the strict observance of rules, — by outward acts of devotion, fasting, and self-mortification, which had in them not a little of the Roman Catholic, and something of the Jewish Pharisee. Now it came to them, as by a sudden revelation, that Christ was *their* Saviour, that God was *their* Father. Their relation was no longer one of terror, but of love. Henceforth their service was free, — free, and therefore the more fully rendered.

The change involved the same idea on which Luther so strongly insisted under the name of Justification by Faith. It is a change which—whether we call it the new birth or not—every one must experience before he can know the highest blessedness of religious peace.

But the enjoyment of that holy peace did not yet come to the mind of Wesley in its fulness. He craved a clearer assurance of faith than he yet possessed; and, to use all human means that he might find it, he left England once more to seek light and guidance by a visit to the principal settlements of the Moravians in Holland and Germany. From this visit, he returned more than ever interested in the new views of religious subjects which had recently dawned upon his mind. The customs of the Moravians, too, had impressed him; and, while he avoided some errors into which they had fallen, some of their practices were adopted in the organization of which he now more distinctly appeared as the founder.

Yet here, as once before, the next step in advance was taken first by Whitefield. That great preacher had returned from Savannah, where he had been eminently successful; and now commenced the practice of preaching in the open air. The occasion fully justified his action. There was a district near Bristol, called Kingswood; formerly, as its name implies, a forest kept in a state of nature for the royal amusement of hunting: but that was in days long past, and Kingswood was now tenanted by thousands of colliers,—a rude, uneducated, neglected set of men. When Whitefield left England, some of his friends in Bristol had said to him, “What need of going abroad for this? If you have a mind to convert Indians, there are colliers enough at Kingswood.” Now, on his return, he thought of this suggestion, and resolved to act upon it.

On Saturday, Feb. 17, 1739, Whitefield stood in Kingswood in his first field-pulpit. The first audience was but of two hundred persons; the second, of two thousand; and they went on increasing up to twenty thousand. While this was in progress, Whitefield was informed by the chancellor of the diocese, that he could not be permitted to preach in the

churches ; and, after a conversation of some warmth, the warning was added, that, if he preached or expounded anywhere without a license, he should be first suspended, and then excommunicated. But times had changed. Once the threat of excommunication shook monarchs on their thrones : now it was an empty word.

While Whitefield was in Bristol and its vicinity, Wesley returned from Germany, and preached in London. And now began, under his ministrations, some of those extraordinary scenes which from that time accompanied the progress of Methodism ; grieving some, offending others, hailed by others still as manifestations of the power of the Holy Spirit, and constituting to the scientific observer a very curious chapter in the philosophy of mind. People suddenly cried out in the meetings as if in agony ; they fell down ; they went into convulsions. After periods sometimes very brief, sometimes of hours, and even days, the persons thus affected would be restored to their usual condition, except that they were now praising God for the assurance of his mercy which they felt that they had attained. When Wesley, by Whitefield's urgent request, succeeded him at Kingswood, these manifestations appeared there also ; and afterwards in other places, and under the preaching of various persons. They were viewed with less favor by Whitefield than by John Wesley, and with less by Charles Wesley than by either. The last mentioned attempted to check them, and often with success ; proving that, if they arose from strong inward feeling in some instances, that feeling was sometimes counterfeited ; and that, even when genuine, it was capable of being controlled by a resolute will.

The brothers and their associates were yet ministers of the Church of England ; but a breach had begun, and was continually widened, between them and the authorities of the Establishment. They were generally excluded from the use of the churches ; and in some dioceses they had been forbidden to preach, and had disregarded the prohibition. There was indeed, in the power and vigor of the rising sect, ground for the language of Samuel Wesley, the eldest brother, who

disapproved the course of John and Charles, but remarked in one of his letters, "As I told Jack, I am not afraid the Church should excommunicate him ; discipline is at too low an ebb ; but that he should excommunicate the Church."

Another step towards the inevitable separation was the erection of meeting-houses, though these were not commenced until necessity required them. The first one was built in Bristol, in 1739. Soon after, a large building in London, which had been a foundry for cannon, was purchased, and altered into a place of worship.

Within a year from this time, a double separation took place, which must have deeply pained the heart of Wesley, but was needed to give to the sect he was forming its distinctive character. On the one side, he and his followers became disconnected from the Moravians ; on the other, from Whitefield and the Calvinistic Methodists. The differences of opinion which existed in both cases led to these separations, which left, perhaps, as little to regret, in the spirit displayed on either side, as could have been expected, considering the infirmity of human nature. Whitefield's glorious career was continued in independence of his early guide. His honored remains rest in the soil of this State ; and if the calm and prudent among our fathers objected with reason to some of the measures he pursued and some of the words he used, now, when the strifes of earth for him are over, no intelligent and candid person denies to him the praise of a good man, and a devoted servant of the Lord.

Wesley and his brother now stood almost alone as ordained preachers of the Church of England, with a vast body throughout the kingdom looking to them for guidance. To aid them, they *licensed* as lay preachers numbers of those whom natural gifts and divine grace had fitted for the work of the ministry ; but they forbore to assume the power of *ordaining* any for service in England, as they still claimed to belong to the National Church, and encouraged their hearers to keep up their connection with it. For services beyond the bounds of England, John Wesley was not so scrupulous. He ordained ministers for Scotland, and consecrated one for

America, as superintendent of the Methodist churches here; a title which was afterwards changed for the equivalent one of bishop.

The sect, or rather "the connection," as it was called, rapidly extended. Charles Wesley was the sweet singer of the new Israel; and his hymns, full of fervent piety, are favorites in the use of many whose views differ widely from his own. But the mind of John was that which directed and controlled the whole movement. His wonderful talent for organization formed the mass of his adherents into a well-compacted body. Under his guidance, its growth was so rapid, that, at his death, it numbered more than five hundred preachers in Great Britain and America, while a hundred and fifty thousand persons looked up to him as their spiritual father.

By degrees, as suggested by circumstances and adopted by the wisdom of its great founder, the distinguishing customs of the Methodist Church were introduced.

That of an itinerant ministry grew up from the desire, felt far and wide, to hear the great preachers whose names were upon every lip. Once, in the course of his journeying, Wesley came to Epworth, his native village, which he had not visited for many years. He called on the curate, and offered him his services to assist in reading or preaching. They were declined; and the curate, on the next day, which was Sunday, preached against enthusiasm to a large audience which had assembled with the expectation of hearing the famous preacher, the son of their former honored pastor. When the service was over, a man stood up, and gave notice that Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, would speak in the churchyard at six o'clock. "Accordingly," says he, "at six, I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'" Seven successive evenings he preached on that tombstone, and in no place did he ever preach with greater effect. "Lamentations," he says,

"and great groanings were heard, God bowing their hearts so ; and on every side, as with one accord, they lifted up their voices, and wept aloud. Several dropped down as dead ; and, among the rest, such a cry was heard of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving ; being assured they now had the desire of their soul, the forgiveness of their sins."

Among his hearers at this time was a gentleman who professed to be of no religion, and had not attended public worship for thirty years. Wesley noticed him standing like a statue when the services were over, and asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner ?" — "Sinner enough," he replied in a deep and broken voice. He seemed scarce able to move ; but his wife and servants, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise, and took him home. Ten years afterwards, Wesley called on him, and found him strong in faith, and waiting for the welcome hour of his departure.

The persecutions endured by the Methodists were very different from those which had assailed Protestantism in its earlier period, and even from those which had been excited by the rise of Puritanism and of the Baptist and Quaker denominations. Yet so great a movement, and attended with such extravagances as we must admit accompanied it, could not fail to draw upon itself the opposition of many ; and there were those, who, either from arrogance or ignorance, were ready to persecute to the extent of their power. At a time when the great alarm of England was from Popery, Wesley was represented, as Penn had been before him, as a Papist, if not a Jesuit. His brother Charles was even arrested on a charge of disloyalty. He had prayed, in figurative style, that the Lord would call home his banished ones ; and this, some zealous loyalist maintained, meant the Pretender and his family, — the banished Stuarts. At Bristol and in London, mobs assembled with menaces against Wesley ; but the firmness of the magistrates, under orders from the government, soon quelled the tumult. At Wednesbury, however, a town in Staffordshire, the clergyman and magistrates acted, to their

lasting shame, in such a manner as to excite and encourage the mob : houses were broken open, and the grossest outrages inflicted on the defenceless Methodists. Some four or five months after, Wesley was in that neighborhood, and came to Wednesbury to meet the danger. He preached, without molestation, in the middle of the town ; but, at night, the mob surrounded his house, with cries, "Bring out the minister ! we will have the minister !" He desired one of his friends to take the captain of the mob by the hand, and lead him into the house. The man was surprised and awed by Wesley's calm appearance. He was sent out to bring in some of his companions ; and they, quieted in the same way, made room for Wesley, who now went forth, and, standing on a chair, addressed the multitude. They were calmed so far, that some of them cried out, "The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence !" Others, however, insisted that he should go with them to a magistrate. To a magistrate, accordingly, he went with them, two miles through night and rain. The magistrate replied, "What have I to do with Mr. Wesley ?" and advised them to go home, and be quiet. But still, too excited for this advice, they took him to the justice of another village ; who, in turn, refused to receive them. Here another crowd met them, — a fierce, fresh rabble. His first keepers now became his defenders. A fight ensued, in which they were overpowered. Wesley himself was maltreated, and, like his Saviour, was struck upon the mouth, so that his blood gushed out ; and, among the infuriated wretches, some even raised the cry that once rung in Jerusalem, "Crucify him, crucify him !" At length, however, the feeling of the mob turned ; he obtained a hearing ; and the man who just before had headed the rabble took his part. He was brought back to Wednesbury in safety. This outrage is a sufficient specimen of the treatment which the early Methodists at intervals experienced.

Wesley had, at one period of his life, written in favor of a single life ; apparently, with the Catholics, regarding that state as more favorable to holiness than that of marriage.

Years after, however, his views were so far modified, that he entered into the matrimonial connection. The arrangements made were clear and just. The fortune of the lady was, by his desire, settled upon herself, for her benefit, and that of her children by a former husband; and, on the other hand, it was understood that his work of constant travelling and preaching was to be continued as before. But the plainness of these terms did not prevent the marriage from being most unhappy. His wife was incapable of appreciating his loftiness of purpose; became possessed with the most unworthy jealousy; and was led to treat him sometimes with treachery, and sometimes with passionate violence. He bore her conduct with exemplary patience; but when, after a union of twenty years, she left him, declaring that she would never return, it was probably with little regret that he wrote in his journal, "*Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo,*" — "I did not leave her; I did not send her away: I will not call her back."

To the great cause in which he was engaged, Wesley devoted not only his exertions as a preacher, and his sagacity as the lawgiver of a sect, but the unceasing labors of his pen. He wrote on many subjects; and, even twenty years before his death, his printed works amounted to thirty-two volumes. The great profits of this immense literary labor he spent in charity. The amount he gave away exceeded a hundred thousand dollars. He left no property but the editions and copyrights of his works; and these he bequeathed to the connection he had founded.

We have still to contemplate Wesley in old age; and the sight is one of the most pleasing which can possibly be witnessed, — the servant of God, and friend of man, retaining, to the period when most are bowed down with infirmity, his bodily and mental strength alike unbroken. His matured judgment had modified his views of the importance of those outward signs of excitement which he had once so highly prized; but the great realities of religion, faith and hope and charity, were recognized as most holy and most dear. Says one who knew him, "So fine an old man I never saw. The

happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance : every look showed how fully he enjoyed —

‘ The gay remembrance of a life well spent.’

In him old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud.”

At length, the hour of parting came. On the second day of March, 1791, at the age of eighty-eight, he gently breathed his last. To the friends around, he said, referring apparently to the progress of the connection he had founded, “ The best of all is, God is with us.” He whispered the first words of a favorite hymn, “ I’ll praise, I’ll praise ; ” and then his voice was heard on earth no more.

In contemplating the completed course of such a man, the errors of his doctrine, whatever they may have been, and the imperfections of his conduct, alike disappear, when compared with the good he was privileged to accomplish. We are not to regard him as achieving such great results by himself alone. Wesley and his companions had such power, because God had chosen them, and made them the men for their time. They spoke the word that thousands in England needed and were ready to hear. Nor were its effects confined to those who became members of their connection. It pervaded English and American life ; it broke the spiritual sleep of the eighteenth century ; it prepared the way for the religious and moral activity of the nineteenth. A great and zealous denomination owns Wesley as its founder ; but beyond its bounds, wherever the English language is spoken, extends something of that influence which first emanated from the son of pious parents in Epworth parsonage.

I HAVE been young, and now I am old ; and I bear my testimony, that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring morality with any but such as feared God, not in the modern sense, but in the old child-like way. And only with such, too, have I found a rejoicing in life, a hearty victorious cheerfulness of so distinguished a kind, that no other is to be compared with it. — *Jacobi, translated by Hedge.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

VII.

"ACH WIE FLÜCHTIG, ACH WIE NICHTIG."

[Half a dozen verses from the thirteen of Michael Frank. The piece appeared in his "Geistliches Harfenspiel," 1657; but was sung as early as 1650. There have been four melodies to it; one of them composed by Frank himself.]

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the life of mortals !
Like a mist, first lowly lying,
Mounting, spreading, scattering, flying, —
Such is life from birth to dying.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Are the days of mortals !
As a stream begins its flowing,
Leaping on with current growing,
So our time's incessant going.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Are the joys of mortals !
Hours' and seasons' shifting measures,
Peace and conflict, gifts and seizures, —
Such are all our earthly pleasures.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Fairest forms of mortals !
As the floweret hastes to wither,
Blown of rough winds hither, thither,
So our beauty : — look at either.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the strength of mortals !
Who to-day is striking, fending,
And with giants stands contending,
In to-morrow's grave finds ending.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
 All the affairs of mortals !
 All we look on or endeavor,
 Time will waste, or Force will shiver :
 Who hath God doth bide for ever. N. L. F.

VIII.

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE.

FOUR VERSES OF THE SIXTEEN WRITTEN BY JOHANN MENTZER, 1704.

Oh that a thousand tongues were granted,
 And room and power to use them all !
 The praise of God should then be chanted
 From inmost heart to outmost wall ;
 Since what the Lord for me hath wrought
 Exceeds all utterance and all thought.

Oh that my voice on high were sounding
 As far as sun e'er set or rose ;
 That all my blood with joy were bounding
 As long as through my veins it flows !
 Might thanks to every pulse belong,
 And every breath go forth a song.

Whose hand is all my good bestowing ?
 'Tis His alone who all things doth.
 Who spreads defence round all my going ?
 The mighty God of Sabaoth.
 Thou by thy counsel guideest me,
 And through that aid I safe must be.

Then keep not silence, ye my powers !
 Up, up ; use all your diligence,
 And bless as dear allies of ours
 The Godhead and the Providence.
 Up, O my soul ! and all within
 Begin his praise, and still begin. N. L. F.

WHAT a power man has to do nothing except what God will
 approve, and to accept all that God may give him !

IL CENACOLO DI LEONARDO DA VINCI.

If we fully comprehended how we are unconsciously impressed by the objects on which our eyes familiarly rest, we might be able to see why the engraving of the LAST SUPPER should give an air of peace and benediction and heavenly hope to the study or parlor in which it hangs. Who has not been conscious of the fact? That central figure, in which the serenity of heaven seems incarnated amid the agitated groups on either side, to whom has it not spoken of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away?

I had long regretted that I could find no description of this picture so minute as I desired. The artist who had thoroughly elaborated all the details of this scene had in his mind some idea which would explain the posture, gesture, and look of each disciple. What was that idea? Others may have been more fortunate: I did not find what I wanted.

At Milan, where the original fresco still exists, though much impaired by the various accidents of three hundred and seventy years, quite a library has been collected illustrative of a work which forms one of the great attractions of that city. Here among other books may be found "Del Cenacolo di Leonardo Da Vinci di Guiseppe Bossi, Pittore, Milan, 1810," — a royal quarto of two hundred and sixty-three pages, which gives not merely the history of the painting, and the published opinions of seventy-two celebrated writers who have passed through the capital of Lombardy, but a full account of the *motive* of each figure, gathered from the papers of the artist and the traditions of his time.

Here was what I wanted. I spent several days in translating from the Italian. If those who are not familiar with the details I am about to present will seat themselves in front of some engraving of this picture, I am not without hopes that they will find their attention rewarded. I will give them the results of my author in my own briefer words.

First, we must notice some difficulties meeting the artist at

the outset. The case admitted no variety of sex, and no great variety of age. Thirteen male and manly figures are to be introduced, and they are all to be placed at a table. That the problem almost inevitably leads to monotony and stiffness may be seen in the numberless prior attempts still found in various parts of Italy. The artist has avoided monotony of outline by distributing the twelve disciples into groups of three each, — two groups on each side of Jesus. Here we have at once variety of outline and harmonious balancing. As to stiffness, that is shunned by the earnest and graceful life of each figure. We will soon see what gives each figure its distinctive animation.

Another difficulty arose from the ancient practice of reclining at the table. It is so foreign to all our notions of propriety, that no artist has succeeded in giving it dignity; and yet the evangelical record of John's leaning on the bosom of Jesus has made too strong an impression to permit the artist to disregard it. Leonardo has escaped the embarrassment by a stroke of singular delicacy. He has not represented the leaning on the bosom, but he has hinted at it in a manner which will soon be explained.

In order to grasp the design of the artist, we must fix in our mind two distinct moments of time, in succession near each other, but wide apart in attitude and spirit. The first is the previous posture of the disciples in their gracious and loving communion. We must suppose all the disciples seated quietly at their ease; all exchanging kindly and loving words together, or looking reverently to Jesus; while John is resting his head on the shoulder of his Master, and looking up with unspeakable affection into his countenance. This is the first moment; and it must be distinctly conceived, or we lose the power of the work.

The second moment referred to is marked by the attitude to which the disciples instantly sprang, when, like a thunderbolt in that quiet hour, the words fell among them, "One of you shall betray me." Indeed, we may say that it is the passage quick as a lightning-flash from the former attitude to the latter which the artist has chosen. This will appear more

clearly when we notice the details of each individual posture.

Before entering upon these details, it may be well to take a general survey of the groups, and of the reasons of their formation.

On hearing the words of Christ, the startled Judas instantly faces the Saviour with an abrupt throw of his body, which projects his right arm far upon the table, and brings his person forward; thus leaving room for Peter behind him to pull up John from leaning on Christ's shoulder, in order to ask him if he knows the name of the traitor. Here, then, is the first group of three disciples.

Still farther at the left, the old quiet Andrew turns his head round to Jesus, holding up his hands in mute astonishment; while James the younger, despairing of getting any thing out of him, pulls upon Peter's shoulder to call him up to answer; and Bartholomew, at the extreme left of the table, springs from his seat, and bends forward as far as he can lean, so as to catch the slightest whisper of the voice of Jesus. This gives us the second group of three, and completes the left-hand side of the picture.

On the opposite side of the Saviour, and near to him, we see James the elder starting back, throwing out his arms, and baring his bosom, as if indignant at the charge. Behind him, Thomas has sprung from his seat, and holds up one forefinger with a meaning soon to be explained; while Philip stands up this side of James, and points with both hands to his heart, with an expression of mingled love and grief. Here is another group of three.

At the extreme right hand of the picture is the last group. At the end of the table sits Simon, who seems to say, "It is impossible that the Master has said this;" while Thaddeus, pointing to Matthew with his thumb, appears to add, "But he confirms it;" and Matthew himself, by a most earnest gesture, appeals to the unambiguous and emphatic declaration of Christ. Thus we have the fourth trinal group.

Coming now to the details of each individual, the central figure first offers itself to our study.

By the attitude of John, who leans to answer the earnest demand of Peter, and by the posture of James, who indignantly throws himself backward, the figure of Christ is dis-embarrassed, and is set before us in a freedom and dignity which at once arrests the eye. He is clothed in a simple tunic, and a *pallio*, or mantle, the full and rich azure folds of which fall over his left shoulder and arm. The gesture of his right hand expresses the earnestness of emotion, as that of his left the freedom of his soul. The very position of his feet is suggestive of the quiet composed dignity of his demeanor. The features of his face follow the traditional portraiture, — the oval form, the beautiful mouth, the unsunken eyes (*a fior di volto*), the thin beard, the expression of mingled submission and sorrow. We all know how rare it is to meet a painting or engraving that comes up to our idea of what Jesus must have been. We believe that most persons feel that Leonardo has come nearer to it than any other artist, though he threw down his pencil in despair because he could not bring out the conception that had ravished his soul.

The readers of Ruskin, as I may interrupt my description to observe, may remember that he speaks of the importance in every picture of avoiding what he calls a *shut-up* appearance, by having an escape through some window or door into the infinity of Nature beyond. By the window in the rear of the figure of Christ, not only is a more distinctive prominence given to his form, but what a sense of enlargement, of boundless and infinite relations, is imparted to the scene! Do not some narrow, close theories about the power of Christ need a like opening into the infinite? and, if such a writer as Renan thinks the common view offends our sense of the inviolability of law, does not his view offend no less our sense of the freedom and power of God?

The figure of John is to be considered as that of a person suddenly called up, and partly pulled up by Peter, from resting on the shoulder of Christ, and this by a movement so quick, that he has not changed the attitude of loving repose assumed before the awful announcement had been made. He has not unclasped his hands: he has simply lifted up his

body, and inclined his head to hear Peter. There was but one second in which he could retain that posture ; but that is the second seized by the artist, and repeatedly hinted at in the picture. Falling upon him in a moment when his soul was dissolved in affection, the announcement completely prostrated him, and grief overcame him with an appalling, almost death-like, intensity. Some have supposed that the artist intended to represent him as fainting ; but this is an unsupported conjecture. Others have thought that they detected a slight rising of his left shoulder, to intimate, by a gesture so common in the East, that he did not know to whom their Master referred, — grief and surprise having taken away all power of speech. It is true, there is an apparent elevation of the shoulder ; but this may arise only from the sudden change of posture. His dress is like that of Jesus, with less flowing robes and less pronounced colors.

There is but little to be said about Judas. The only one of the disciples who was not a Galilean, in his hair, complexion, and dress, we see that he is different from the rest. The mingled avarice and malignity in the mouth ; the frowning eyebrows ; the clutching grasp of the treasurer's bag ; the abrupt throw of his body forward, by which he has upset the salt-cellar, — incident of bad omen ; and the poise of the body, indicating surprise but brutal defiance, — all are apparent at once. The exigencies of the case required that he should be near enough to Jesus to put his hand in the dish with the Master ; and how skilfully the artist has availed himself of this to bring the head of John and Judas close together, thus presenting the most striking contrast in the whole group, — gentle and trusting love, and artful and selfish treachery !

And there they are side by side, — the infernal agitation of one, and the heavenly calmness of the other. One thing alone could add to the intensity of interest in this contrast, and that is the loyal earnestness of Peter ; and there his face is speaking, as we shall see, in every movement and look, so that all feel at once, that, next to the figure of Christ, no point in the picture combines such a variety and contrast of

emotions as this wonderful group. The tradition at Milan is, that Leonardo labored longer on the face of Judas than on that of any other. For nearly two years, he came every day to study it, but only now and then touched it with his brush. The prior of the monastery complained to the duke of this delay; and the artist, when questioned, said he had daily visited the prisons, and consorted with abandoned wretches, to find the features of the dark passions which he must there portray. The tradition adds, that the prior was quieted only upon some hint that his own face might be there handed down to posterity.

"Non ragioniam di lor; ma guarda e passa."

Peter's intense feeling always prompted him to immediate action. This is the feature seized by the artist, and well singled out in the disciple who cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, and plunged into the sea to meet his Master, and swore with an oath that he did not know the Nazarene. The force of a sudden impulse seems stamped upon the look, attitude, and gesture before us. He must know at once who the traitor is. With his left hand holding on to John's tunic, by which he has pulled him up to speak to him, he has, with his right hand, seized a knife, which he keeps behind him, ready now to do something more than merely cut off an ear.

So, at least, the artist has been interpreted by the author whom we follow. But from this explanation we withhold our consent. The action admits another meaning. There does not seem to be in Peter's right arm and hand the expression of revenge. It would rather seem, that, by chance, Peter had a knife in his hand at the moment the Saviour uttered the sentence that alarmed them all, and that he has not had time to lay it down, but carelessly doubles up his arm behind him, and, in his earnest self-forgetfulness, brings the edge of the knife towards his own body. However this may be, how striking the contrast between the face of Peter and that of John, — the disciple of action and the disciple of contemplation! This is another of those happy strokes of which this picture is full. The features of Peter are according to that

uniform representation of him, by which his face, anywhere in Italy, is as quickly recognized as that of any celebrated living contemporary.

Andrew comes next. Andrew and Peter were brothers ; and it was natural that they should sit side by side. They were fishermen ; and the plate of fishes is in front of them. In the fraternal relation, it very often happens, as in the married and sisterly, that the style of character of one becomes the complement of the other. One is confident, the other distrustful ; one is vivacious, the other quiet ; one takes all the enterprise and activity, the other all the love of calm repose. The fact seems verified in these two brothers. We know nothing of Andrew that gives us any other impression of him than that he was a sedate, quiet man, just as he is represented here. He has no overpowering sensibility like John ; he has no impulsive action like Peter. "Is it so ?" he seems to say, as he holds up his hands : but how he feels, and what he should do, is not at all apparent ; and he looks towards the centre of the table in wonder, to see what the next step in this unexpected scene may be. His impassibility is in keeping with all that we know of him, and shows how much the artist had individualized each person. For his peaceful, mild, constant character, he was the first disciple called ; and it seems fitting that he is represented as an old man.

The quiet, sedate, well-known, well-trusted men like Andrew and Simon and Jude may have given a sort of solid character to the body of disciples ; while the chief action appears to have been, as was natural, on the part of the younger members of this little flock.

Next comes James the Less. He was supposed to be a brother of Jesus, and indeed he is called so in the Scriptures ; and may have been born to Joseph before his marriage to Mary, or to Mary subsequent to the birth of Christ. There is a tradition that he so much resembled Jesus, that he was sometimes taken for him ; and on this account, that there might be no mistake, it was arranged that Judas should indicate his victim by a kiss. The resemblance is marked by the artist, who, with his usual good tact, giving us a front view of

Jesus, gives us a profile view of James. But there seems something singular in the artist's delineation of him. A brother is he of the betrayed? and why does he not show more agitation and resentment? Compare him with James the greater, with Peter, with Bartholomew, with Matthew, with Thomas. They cannot sit still, so much are they aroused. But he retains his seat, or at most gently rises, and, reaching over his hand beyond the composed and awe-stricken Andrew, tries to obtain a reply from Peter. There is in his posture and looks an absence of excitement, for which we naturally ask the cause.

The explanation is found in the well-known traits of his character. He was called the Just. He was supposed to be the writer of the Epistle which bears his name, and which reflects his patient, mild, calm, quiet personality. These qualities, it is said, he displayed as first bishop of Jerusalem. It would have been wholly out of keeping with his character to have represented him as excited as the others here referred to. A judicial cast of character gave a judicial calmness to his conduct in his most excited moods. Nothing sudden, impulsive, violent, could with historic propriety be ascribed to him; and here, again, is another of those fine touches of Nature for which this picture is remarkable.

The person standing at the end of the table is Bartholomew, sometimes called Nathanael. He does not appear to have acted any prominent part among the disciples, and we know very little about him. His costume is different from that of his companions; he having the *chlamydis* over his tunic, in the old Grecian fashion, here introduced either by way of variety, or in accordance with some tradition to which the artist attached importance, but which has not survived to our day. His posture deserves special notice, as it confirms what has before been said as to the point of time seized by the painter. Bartholomew had been seated quietly at the table, with his feet crossed. On hearing the words of Jesus, he sprang instantly forward, as if to catch any faint whisper in explanation of them. The motion was too instantaneous to permit any change in the position of his feet; and he stands

leaning on his hands in a sort of balancing posture, quite awkward if regarded by itself, and wanting in dignity, while yet it marks to the very life the precise moment of action and the eagerness of the disciple. The attitude is extremely natural to one suddenly surprised; but it is an attitude to be sustained only for one second; and he stands in such a tottering position, that it seems as if our eye caught him in the very act.

We will now pass over to the other side of the Master, — to the figure nearest his left hand. There has been some controversy what disciple is here represented. Some engravings have inserted on the upper fringe of his tunic the words, taken from John xx. 29, as found in the Vulgate, — “*Quia vidisti, Thoma, credisti,*” — “Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed,” — being the words spoken by Jesus to the incredulous disciple; the intention being to mark this figure as representing Thomas.

Our author examines this point, and says there is no authority for this writing. Not a sign of any letters appears in the original fresco, nor in the early copies. On the other hand, the earliest traditions and nomenclature agree in calling this figure James the greater, brother of John, both sons of Zebedee; their mother's request here being fulfilled, — that one might sit on Christ's right hand, and the other on his left. It is not improbable, that, in their peculiar intimacy with the Master, they often took this position when at table with him; and this may have suggested to her the request, that so they might be seated when he came in his kingdom.

The character of this disciple is most clearly revealed. He takes a prominent part in the evangelical history; and every reader recalls at once how often the three names of Peter, James, and John, are placed together. Ardent, active, full of sensibility, he had, as the artist believed, more self-reference than either of those associated with him; and some wound to his self-love may have prompted the inquiry, if fire from heaven should be invoked upon those who would not receive Jesus and his followers. Some susceptibility of this kind is imputed to him in the representation before us. He takes

the charge as a personal offence. He seems to say, "Here, look at me: I detest any implied accusation." His face is one of the most remarkable in the picture for the striking success with which the supposed sentiment is brought out. Beside the curl of the mouth, the wrinkling of the brow, and the fire of the eye, there is something quite noticeable in the movement of the lower part of the face. One who feels his self-respect invaded, and is suddenly angry through scorn or hate, almost invariably starts back, and draws in the lower part of his head.

The head in the rear of James is Thomas, who holds up his forefinger before his face. He appears but seldom in the Gospels; but one fact gives us a distinct idea of his character, and has made him for ever known as the incredulous disciple. The variety of shades of character, mental and moral, among the twelve apostles, is very remarkable; and Leonardo seems to have carefully studied this point. Thomas was not a man of profound sentiment like John, nor a man of immediate vigorous action like Peter, nor a man quick to take offence like James. He was a man of facts. His life was outward in the senses, curious in inquiry, careful in observing. It is a common type; and though we never greatly respect one whose chief object seems to be to obtain facts, irrespective of the use to be made of them, yet such men have their place to fill, and the gospel did not disdain to adapt itself to their wants.

No one who has visited the East can mistake the meaning of that uplifted forefinger. It makes to the eye the word *one*. Thomas wanted to know exactly what the Master had said. His gesture and earnest look, translated into words, mean, "One? did you say one? — one of us shall betray? Is there one that is guilty? — do you mean to refer to one?" How striking the contrast between him and James! The attention of one is objective; that of the other, subjective. One is self-forgetful in his eagerness to verify the precise statement: the other seems wholly intent upon the bearing of that statement upon him. One has an earnest open expression, while the face of the other is clouded by a frown. But, with all

this, the artist has been true to the everlasting distinction between the man of fact and the man of reflection, as we see at a glance when we compare the intellectual development of the two heads of James and Thomas.

Philip, in the rear of James, is represented as standing up with both hands pointing to his heart. The contrast between his face and that of James is also very striking. He, too, is grieved at the words of Jesus; but it is affectionate grief, not angry and resentful. He seems to say, "Lord, look at my inmost heart, laid open to your eye! How could this heart of mine, overflowing with the most devoted love for my Teacher and Saviour, — how could it harbor one thought of being unfaithful to him?" And, as we look into his eyes, it seems as if they filled with tears as he tremblingly utters these words.

In the Gospels, Philip appears altogether in the background. From the meagre notices of him, we should infer, however, that there was a deep affection between him and Jesus. The words, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" seem suggested by a tender love. It is said, Leonardo attached importance to a tradition, that Philip had rare powers of persuasion and oratorical gifts; and hence the artist has presented him in an attitude that speaks to the eye, and moves the heart. From what is recorded of the time of Philip's death, it is evident, that, at the date of the Last Supper, he was quite a young man.

Matthew, by a strong and earnest gesture of both arms, connects the right-hand group of three persons with the rest of the company. The skill and significance of that gesture are seen at once. Those three heads are so remote from the other figures, and two of them looking from them, that it might be inferred that they were intent upon something known to themselves alone; and the unity of the picture would thus be destroyed. That gesture tells to the eye what it is that has excited them, and connects them with the rest of the disciples. When we see how Matthew prolongs his neck, and reaches out his head, it is not perhaps a groundless fancy that

the artist intended to represent the aged Simon as somewhat deaf, so that he did not hear the incredible words of Jesus, repeated to him by Jude, and confirmed by Matthew; whose whole attitude and look seem to affirm with emphasis, "Yes, the Master *has* said this."

Matthew belonged to a somewhat higher class than the other apostles. He was not a fisherman, but was a farmer of the revenue; and it is generally supposed that he was a man of some wealth. The publican, as is well known, was hated by the Jews, as the person who officially represented their subjection to the Roman power; nor did they hate him probably any the less for being in social position above them. The artist has given Matthew marks of superior breeding and culture in the finely-formed features, in the well-dressed hair, and in the graceful robes that compose his dress.

"Judas, not Iscariot," or Jude, or Lebbeus, or Thaddeus, called also Zelotes, as was his brother Simon, from the ardor of their zeal, is the next figure to the right. Replying to Simon, he points with his thumb to Matthew, as much as to say, "You hear what Matthew says;" and the attention which both he and Matthew give to the aged Simon is explained by a knowledge of the position which he held among the disciples. Simon was the eldest of the apostles; and, according to tradition, he was one of the shepherds to whom the heavenly choir announced the birth of the Messiah. The Twelve felt for him a peculiar veneration. There is an expression of anxiety, amounting almost to anguish, on the face of Jude, whose attention seems to be half divided between what Matthew is saying, and the effect of those words upon his brother Simon. Jude is supposed to be the author of the Epistle which bears his name, which does not leave an impression of much depth of wisdom or reflection in the writer; nor is his figure here in the picture marked by intellectual power. An awkwardness in the gesture of the hand and in the attitude of the neck, together with a certain wild expression of the face, would lead one to single this out as the weakest character in the whole scene. It might be inferred that he was under a Nazarite vow to wear his hair uncut;

for there is an untrimmed appearance both in the beard and hair ; and it was a long time after this before all the disciples had emancipated themselves from the ceremonial law.

Of Simon, the extreme right-hand figure, but little is to be added to what has already been observed in regard to him. His venerable age, his dignified posture, the full and rich robes on his person, the fire in his eye, his noble brow, and the firm expression of his mouth, all stamp him as a man who held a position of influence, though not strictly one of the leading men of this circle. It marks the tact of the artist in placing the two brothers side by side, — a similar arrangement having been noticed at the other end of the table, in the case of Peter and Andrew ; and the remarks made of them, relating to the frequent different development of character in the case of brothers, apply with as much force here in the example of Simon and Jude.

A few words may now be added in regard to the general appearance of the room in which the scene is represented.

It has been objected as a fault in the picture, that the direction, both of the beams overhead and of the floor underneath, is different from that of the table, producing a cross impression, unpleasant to the eye, which would have preferred that all the long lines should run in the same direction : in other words, the table should run the length of the hall. But it should be remembered that the fresco was made for the end of a long room. The beams and floor of the engraving form no part of the original picture, and are probably introduced only to indicate the situation which the fresco occupied.

So, too, it has been said that it is an unfortunate arrangement to place the figures only on one side of the table ; for thus we see only the upper half of each form, and we have a long, straight line and a vacant side in front. If, however, full-length figures would have given variety, and filled up a space on which the eye does not rest with pleasure, it is yet obvious that figures on this side of the table would present only their backs to the observer, and would hide those seated on the other side. Of all the attempts made to represent

this scene, no one has, on the whole, been regarded as more felicitous than this:

The walls of the room are represented as hung with tapestry in quiet colors, but in a rich, solid manner, comporting with the massive work of the ceiling. The folds of the tablecloth, its clean, unused appearance, the care with which it is put on with reference to the border on each end, the distinctness of the plaits, and the delicate blue shadings that mark them, all give an air of refinement and dignity. And here the exact size of the fresco may be named. It is thirty-one feet and four inches long, and fifteen feet and eight inches high.

It has been the misfortune of this master-piece of Da Vinci not to have been placed in one of the great centres of art, like Florence and Rome, where probably it would have received greater care, and have attracted more admiration. Milan has been the theatre of commotion ever since the completion of this work. In time of war, the room in which it was made, and where it is now seen, has been filled with hay, and used as a stable. Soldiers have been quartered here, and turned the place into barracks. The cooking of victuals has been carried on so near to the picture as to cover it with smoke and soot. Monks, ignorant of its value, have cut a door in the wall immediately below it; thus jarring the plastering so much, that portions of the fresco have fallen down. A coat of arms was rudely nailed up over the head of Christ, to the injury of the figure. Two or three times, the room has been filled with water in sudden inundations; and in a like number of times have poor artists been permitted to retouch, by their daubings, the outlines and colors.

The best idea of the work as it came from the hand of Leonardo is obtained from copies. Fortunately these were soon and frequently made. Immediately when finished, it was copied for the Hospital of Milan, in 1500; and, in 1510, for the Refectory of St. Barnabas in the same city. The Convent of Castellazzo, near Milan, obtained another copy of it in 1514; as did the Certosa of Pavia still another in the same year. In 1517, a copy was made for Paris; in 1525,

one for Mantua; and, a few years later, one for the Vatican, and another for the Escorial at Madrid. In 1600, Rubens painted a copy; and engravings without number have since made it familiar to all eyes. Of these engravings, that by Morghen is generally the most esteemed; and his work, and another by Wagner, also well done, are those which are commonly seen. A new engraving, the result of two years' hard study and careful labor, will soon appear from the burin of F. Bacon. These facts are named merely to intimate the estimation in which this work has been held.

And now one word as to the great artist himself. What an amount of study must he have given to this scene, to enable him to conceive it with so much truthfulness and force! And not in painting only, but in philosophy, engineering, in curious and exquisite machinery, he gave proof of exalted eminence. He worked in a quiet and serene spirit, with little of the enthusiasm of Raphael, and with none of the brio of Michael Angelo, but with a patience of labor and a longing for perfection that have never been surpassed. Who can study his own refined, gentle, thoughtful, spiritual face, without feeling that he was one of the most wonderful men that have lived? To him belongs the great praise of having fixed the conception which the world in all coming time will have of a scene, than which the world has seen none more significant.

H. A. M.

PRACTISE thyself even in the things which thou despairst of accomplishing. For even the left hand, which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practised in this.

I HAVE often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others. If, then, a god or a wise teacher should present himself to a man, and bid him to think of nothing, and to design nothing, which he would not express as soon as he conceived it, he could not endure it even for a single day. So much more respect have we to what our neighbors shall think of us than to what we shall think of ourselves.

H Y M N.

Ps. xlii. 10: "Be still, and know that I am God."

IN the shock of mighty armies
Which the land with tumults fill,
Learn, my soul, the lesson taught thee,
And in waiting trust be still.

Though the solid earth be shaken,
And the mountains tottering fall,
Yet, if God be our protection,
Nought can harm, and nought appall.

He, in every time of trouble,
Is a present help indeed,
And will to his children hearken
In their darkest hour of need.

He our country will deliver,
If we call upon his name ;
And the foes of Truth and Justice
He will put to open shame.

Come, behold what works he doeth ! —
Making wars at length to cease ;
Sending to earth's farthest borders
Messengers of love and peace ;

Calling on the sinful nations
To forsake their sins and pride,
And believe the Saviour's message,
Who, for all who live, has died.

He in earth will be exalted,
And his purposes fulfil :
Know, my soul, his power and goodness,
And in waiting trust be still !

J. V.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN, AND AUTHOR OF
 "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

XII.

BEFORE PARTAKING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THOU declarest, O Lord ! in thy Word, "*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him.*" Thus, also, hast thou knocked at the door of my heart, and hast called upon me to draw nigh unto thee at thy Holy Table. From thee has this invitation come, and I have accepted it: I have not resisted thy grace. But still I do not find in myself that devotion, that composure, that holy longing, with which so great a feast ought to be celebrated. Therefore I come now before thy face, and entreat thee that thou wouldst prepare me for it; for I cannot do it myself. I can only pray for it when thy spirit prompts me: to will and to do comes always from thee. It is thy gift when we live rightly, act rightly, suffer rightly, die rightly. It is also thy gift when we rightly receive what thou offerest us in thy Holy Supper. Oh ! bring all the powers of my soul into harmony, that none may separate or hold themselves back, but that all, with united effort, may direct themselves to thee and to thy heavenly gifts.

For how gladly would I celebrate the Supper to-day, so that it may be blessed to myself, and well-pleasing to thee ! How gladly would I be secured to-day from those sins of which I have so often been guilty in this sacred act ! When I for the first time engaged in it, how little did I myself know what I was doing ! how little did I recognize the greatness of thy love and mercy ! how faintly did my unconverted heart perceive them ! How seldom since then could I resolve to repeat this celebration ! And, when I did thus resolve, was it not called forth more by outward urgency than by an inward need ? Did I in those times always confess my sins with the deepest sorrow, and with a longing desire for holiness ? Did I spend sufficient time in prayer, in the reading

of thy Word, in pondering my duties and my spiritual state? Have I not often come to thy Holy Table still absorbed in worldly affairs? and have I not, as soon as I have left it, thrown myself again into the whirl and confusion which they make? Have I not thus lost the blessing which thou hadst given me notwithstanding this defective preparation, and which I ought to have kept more carefully? Oh! grant that to-day, and as often as I may yet celebrate thy Supper upon earth, I may avoid these great faults and sins. Grant that to-day and from henceforth I may contemplate thy heavenly gift with true faith and deep emotion, may receive it with open heart, and may keep it with unvarying faithfulness.

O Lord! what mouth can express the greatness of this gift? what created mind can fathom the mystery of thy Supper? "*Take, eat,*" thou hast said: "*this is my body; it is broken for you. Drink ye all of it: this cup is the new testament of my blood!*" Thy body which was broken upon the cross, which arose, and with which thou didst ascend into heaven; thy blood which gushed out of thy wounds, — thou wilt give this to me! I cannot comprehend it. I am amazed; I feel myself moved and agitated to the very depths of my heart: but thou hast said it, thou hast promised it; therefore I believe it. Yes: thou hast indeed died for love of us; thou hast given up thy body to death for us. Why shouldst not thou, who hast all power, be able to leave to us also thy body in thy holy Supper? And where thy body is, art thou not there thyself? Canst thou give thy body without giving thyself? Lord, whither art thou leading me? From one height, from one depth, to another? Yes: I am to receive thyself, whom it will be my bliss in heaven to behold, — thyself, whom the angels adore with veiled faces. Thou wilt come to me with thy Father, and take up thine abode with me. Oh! strengthen me. Let me not at once sink back into the feeling of my unworthiness. Let me comprehend something, however little, of this mystery. Thou wilt give me thy body; thou wilt come to me, and unite thyself with me. Does not that mean that thou, by thy gracious, all-powerful, soul-healing presence, takest away all the punishments which I, as so great a

sinner, have deserved? for how could he be still punished who had become one with thee? Does it not mean, that, between me and that world of light and holiness, a closer connection is to be formed, and that access is to be opened to my heart for its saving power? Does it not mean that thou wilt live in me, and that I also shall live in thee?

But now, Lord, I am not able any longer to comprehend the overflowing riches of thy grace; and I yield to that impulse which leads me to explore all the depths of my misery and of my sin. *But let every one examine himself!* Thy holy apostle has admonished us. Ah! who would not examine himself when he stands before thy face, and when thou comest to unite thyself with him? Who would not, before thy light, clearly recognize his own darkness? No: I will not conceal from myself a single one of my sins. Alas! how can I avoid turning my eyes upon them? They have been committed before thy holy sight; thou hast seen them; thou seest them now; thou seest more than I see. *Ah! forgive me also my unknown sins!* But, for the very reason that they are all known to thee, it becomes easier for me to confess them to thee. Why should I not tell thee what thou thyself already knowest? It becomes easier, I say, yea, it becomes possible, for me to acknowledge them to thee, because thou wilt forgive them. Were it before a judge who threatened with punishment, I might perhaps have denied or have been silent: before the Redeemer, I may permit the tears of repentance to flow unchecked. Oh indescribable misery! more than all else worthy to be lamented. How have I offended thy faithful and loving heart! How have I injured my brethren! With what an insupportable burden have I laden my own heart! How many innocent joys which might have bloomed for me have I spoiled, and trampled down with my own feet! What fate would overtake me, if, where sin abounded, thy grace had not abounded much more! The fate of those who, in everlasting separation from thee, are tormented by the worm which dieth not, and by the fire which is not quenched,—it shall not overtake me: for this thou hast died. It shall not overtake me:

so says thy Word to me ; so says thy body, broken for me, which I am to receive. I have indeed, Lord, greatly sinned : but I will not harden myself ; I will not repel thy grace ; I will not believe the enemy of my soul when he tells me that I may be deprived of it. Thou wilt reconcile me with thy heavenly Father : I will permit myself to be reconciled. Thou offerest me forgiveness, and I accept it. No merit of my own have I ; but I have thine : and thus I stand here, as it were, without sin, and gloriously adorned before God.

But how I hate, O Lord ! the sins which thou hast forgiven me, and through which I have been guilty of thy sufferings, the bitter pains of thy cross ! How gladly would I cast them off ! How gladly would I become like thee, whom I love in thy holiness ! Ah ! how I long in future to contend against my depraved instincts with greater power ; to walk constantly in the way of life, and never more to forsake it ; to labor in my calling for thy glory, and the salvation of my neighbor, with more perseverance and joy ! I would have a heart disposed to greater gentleness towards my brethren, and would always be inclined to bear with their weaknesses, to forgive their offences, to rejoice in their prosperity, to alleviate their wants by personal sacrifices. I would that this terrible coldness which I usually have towards thee, my heavenly Father, towards thee my Redeemer, might be supplanted by a really fervent and consuming love. I would that I might ever delight in the reading of thy Word, ever feel the desire for prayer, ever walk in thy fellowship and before thy face. I would that this were so, Lord : it is my earnest desire. Thou wilt it also. Thou, by entering into my heart and uniting thyself with me, wilt fulfil every thing in me that I wish. Oh ! grant to me only that I may receive and hold fast what thou shalt give me ; and let not thy rich blessing again be lost upon me.

Often have I found myself, O Lord ! in great sadness at thy Holy Supper ; and thou hast always fulfilled in me thy precious promise, — that thou wilt refresh all the weary and heavy-laden when they come to thee. When I thought that I and my beloved ones were threatened with some calamity, thy

altar appeared to me a refuge, whence fear and anxiety fled away, and where I felt myself safe in thy hand. When death robbed me of those whom I loved most, thou hast vouchsafed to me, at thy Holy Table, a deeper glance into thy invisible world, so that I could behold with the eyes of faith not only thyself, but also, at thy right hand, those for whom I mourned. And now, Lord, I belong not to those who are driven hither and thither by the storms of life; but, after many tempests, thou hast caused a brighter and a calmer day to dawn upon me. For this I praise thee; and for this I will praise thee at thy holy altar, as well as for the comfort and the help which I have received from thee in trouble and in grief. And yet, O Lord! although I count myself among the happy, I, too, am weary and heavy-laden, — laden with the misery of this earthly life, which makes me sigh for redemption. O Lord! hear now my deepest, dearest, most ardent wishes. If I have so often implored thee to fulfil them, how much reason have I to do so now, — now, — at the moment when I shall receive the benefit of thy body and blood; at this moment of grace, when no believer can pray in vain! Give me, O Lord! when the appointed time shall come, a peaceful and happy death! Give me, with all thy chosen ones, to behold thy glory in heaven! Give me there a joyful re-union with my friends! Keep them and me, while we live upon the earth, from grievous sorrows and temptations. Give me the power and the means to serve thee, to edify my brethren, and to help some that are in want! Grant that those with whom I stand in connection may be able to bear with me and with my many faults and infirmities; and that, when I have done any wrong, they may forgive me; and that, to my last hour, I may enjoy that great felicity, — to be beloved by some good men for thy sake.

But I pray not for myself alone, but for all who to-day partake of thy Holy Supper. Among these, as thou knowest, are some souls very dear to me, closely allied to me by the sacred bonds of blood, of friendship, and of love. Oh, grant that what I have asked for myself may be bestowed upon them also, and in tenfold measure! To each one of them also

mercifully grant what I entreat for him especially, in the knowledge of his peculiar wants ! May thy grace be richly poured out upon all those who shall eat with us of the same bread and drink of the same cup ! May no one of them all, though they should number many hundred, receive thy Holy Supper unworthily, to his own injury and condemnation ! If any one has sinned, even grievously sinned, may he in bitter tears repent of this grievous sin, and appear before thee justified by faith ! If there is in any heart even the least bitterness, oh, melt it away, and change it into love ! Yes, Lord : may love, sincere, holy love, fill all those who approach thee to-day, as it fills those who are assembled about thee in thy heaven above ! and oh grant that we all, who to-day celebrate thy Supper, may find ourselves at last meeting again at that feast which is to endure for ever !

Thus, then, will I approach thy holy altar, O Lord ! Be it unto me according to thy promise. Thou hast promised to give me thy body and thy blood ; and I wait to receive thy body and thy blood, to receive thyself. What gift is greater in heaven or on earth ? What moment is more holy and sublime than that when this gift comes into our possession ? Let me rightly enjoy the blissfulness of this moment. Keep far from me all evil and distracting thoughts : I abhor them ; and, because I abhor them, I know, that, even if they should come, they cannot injure me. Let me remember thee ; let me look confidently to thee, that I may behold thee alone ; that the whole world besides may disappear from me : verily, I possess the whole world in thee ! Grant me, if it seem good to thee, some blessed tears of emotion ; if not, yet grant me a deep earnestness and an elevated piety. Hear and answer all the many prayers which thy Spirit within me, with sighs that cannot be uttered, shall bear up before thy throne. Come to take thine abode in me, Lord ; come into my heart : it is a poor, sinful heart ; but consecrate it for thy house, thy temple ; and may it be a place well-pleasing unto thee ! Mayst thou never forsake it, but dwell in it through time and through eternity ! Amen.

L I F E.

WHEN first the yearning heart begins
 To feel the emptiness of earth,
 All unbaptized by faith divine,
 Which gives to life its noblest worth,—

That heart goes forth, and earnest strives
 To have its restless questions solved.
 Ah! “who will show me any good,”—
 Pure good, no more with guilt involved?

The skies look down with pitying eye;
 They cannot answer to the soul:
 Silent, though beautiful, their voice
 Is heard not as the planets roll.

The mountains in their grandeur rise;
 The ocean heaves from shore to shore;
 The landscape in its beauty breathes,
 But silent,—silent evermore.

O restless spirit! God alone,
 Speaking to thine own depths within,
 Can whisper peace and hope and power
 To one who flees from self and sin.

“Go forth,—go forth in holy prayer;
 Thy simplest, humblest duties seek,—
 Fulfilling all, as given of Heaven,
 With spirit cheerful, gentle, meek,—

And thou shalt feel fresh, opening life
 Flowing like waters through thy soul,
 Reviving all thy barren wastes,
 And spreading beauty o’er the whole.”

BLESSED is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our present state, that, after a while, it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.—
Coleridge.

A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

AT the breaking-out of the war, there was a small Liberal society, in the town of Berlin, Wis., with a pastor inspired with fervent zeal, and, as will be seen by the article which follows, by a beautiful Christian spirit. They heard the call of the country in its hour of trial. Some of the members enlisted in the army: the pastor became chaplain of the Fifth Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers; which is now in the Army of the Potomac, fighting its way to Richmond. The wife of the devoted pastor, having had a medical education, formed a band of nurses, which was approved and accepted by the governor of the State; and early in September, 1861, she went under orders from Washington to St. Louis, and bore an important part in opening the three largest military hospitals there. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, owing to failure of four days of help hourly expected to arrive, she went through extraordinary hardships in ministering to the sick and wounded, and was carried back in her husband's arms, entirely prostrated, to Wisconsin. The pastor was active in forming soldiers' aid societies, under commission of the governor, before being called to the chaplaincy of the Fifth Regiment.

Owing in part to this absorption of its life in the great cause, the little society at Berlin ceases to exist for the present as an organized body; but it has sown good seed and diffused a leaven to be heard of in time to come. There could not be a keener satire upon the dogmatic orthodoxy of these times than that suggested by the fact, that it cannot hold and include such spirits as these of the Berlin Society. This pastor had been previously tried for heresy, and expelled from a theological school. After taking charge of the Berlin Society, a quarterly convention was organized under its auspices, which sought to draw together the friends of a free spiritual Christianity throughout that section of the State. We have been exceedingly interested, as we doubt not our readers will be, with the enterprise, as our brother, the former

pastor, describes it. He sends us this account, written just before his regiment broke camp for the stirring battle-scenes which are now thrilling the heart of the country. It seems, that though the Berlin Society has given up its organization, in the absence of the pastor and some of its members, the quarterly convention still continues. The pastor is poet as well as preacher and Good Samaritan, and supplies his people with their hymns and spiritual songs. He writes, "I hope, if I live through the war, to return to my home and State, and carry on the good work there begun to a glorious consummation, till God's kingdom shall come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven." To which we respond a hearty amen.

It seems the convention is sometimes a camp-meeting in the open air. Our readers will not fail to note in the hymns an out-door freedom and breezy motion, having no flavor of indoor and hot-bed theology, but the freshness of the morning air and the deep blue sky. But we give place to our correspondent who thus describes the new enterprise; premising, that, out of the hymns which he sends us, we select only specimens, reserving the others for another time. s.

HYMNOLOGY AND DOCTRINES OF THE LIBERAL RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN THE WEST.

BY A NATIVE WESTERN MAN.

MUCH has been said and written that was wise, and also much that was otherwise, in our denomination (Unitarian), about the condition and prospects of Liberal Christianity in the West; but while our New-England friends, with well-meaning nicety of speculation, are subtly philosophizing upon the probabilities of the case, the live sterling work goes bravely on, unheard of, unrecognized, still in *Nazareth*, but to be made manifest in due season. The great teeming West is too deeply and earnestly busy with developing her own industries, her own enterprises, her own characters, her own religion, to give much heed to ideal efforts in her behalf; albeit she will receive kindly and gratefully any "labors of

love" that come as a grace from the spirit, rather than as a grant from the sect.

In September, 1861, the little Unitarian Society at Berlin, Wis., instituted a quarterly convention, to hold two-day meetings regularly in that section of the State, on so broad a plan, that Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, and all liberal-minded people of any sect, party, or class, or of none at all, who were inquiring the way out of Calvinistic dogmatism and influences, might thus assemble themselves together to speak and to hear of a better way; and in spite of the disturbing influences of war time, and the absence in the public service of its leading spirit, the convention has met regularly ever since, and has made itself one of the "institutions" of that region. And I can perhaps in no way give so good and fair an idea of its *animus* and spirit as by quoting here some of the hymns written and printed expressly for its use.

Here is one written purposely for the tune of "Old Hundred," and a favorite at opening or closing of a meeting: —

Let Morn her psalm of wonder raise,
And Noon's resplendent light give praise,
And Evening's solemn voice break forth
From east and west, from south and north.

The Lord Jehovah rules in love
The climes of earth and worlds above;
And all his works before him bow,
Whose days are one eternal Now.

To bear the lamp of life,
And speak the rising day;
To stay the elements of strife,
And charm their ills away;

To soothe the weary doubt,
The soul's distrust of God,
And call the spirit's beauty out
By paths it never trod;

To make our voices ring
With old truths grandly new,
And in our life's example bring
The Master's fresh to view, —

Be this our holy aim,
 Be this our dear employ,
 Till heaven and earth one mingling flame
 Breathes up of purest joy.

The next one I quote is designed for the tune of "Auld Lang Syne : " —

A living thought ye cannot chain,
 A truth ye cannot burn;
 And fitful Error strives in vain
 The march of Mind to turn :
 The waves of Life roll proudly on
 To swell the tide of Truth
 That mirrors back the rising dawn
 Of man's immortal youth.

Ye mountains ! lift your heads sublime
 To hail the glorious morn ;
 For out the spirit-night of Time
 The lands are being born ;
 And heaven to earth makes glad reply,
 With Love's inspiring voice,
 As Hope goes singing through the sky
 To bid the world rejoice.

O nations, rise ! it is the hour
 To shake off drowsy sleep :
 The night of Error's darkening power
 Flies down the eternal deep ;
 And God's pure sunlight, bursting through
 The shades of ancient doubt,
 Reveals the spirit-world to view,
 And calls our praises out.

These quarterly conventions are held in a grove, whenever the weather will admit of it ; and here is the special hymn for such occasions : —

In God's green groves we will rejoice,
 And here our anthems raise,
 Where Nature tunes her varied voice,
 And sings her songs of praise.
 With birds and blossoms, brook and breeze,
 Our melodies arise,
 All sweetly whispering through the trees
 To angels in the skies.

The hopes of every age and clime
Stand forth in bright review ;
The prophets of the olden time
Rejoicing with the new.

Oh ! let our hearts and lips unite
The fervent hymn to swell,
And feel the spirit's pure delight
As tongue can never tell.

Here is one made for the popular plaintive air of "Lily Dale : " —

'Tis a holy belief, a happy belief,
That God of his love will provide,
In our moments of sorrow, temptation, and grief,
A beautiful angel-guide.

Kind angel, dear angel, sweet angel-guide,
Now your loved voice whispers from the angel-land
Far over the soul-river's tide.

Oh ! come, let us sing till our voices shall ring
Through the realms of the spirit so wide,
And the deep-yearning prayer of the soul ever bring
The beautiful angel-guide.

Kind angel, dear angel, &c.

In love let us live, to forget and forgive
The errors of weakness and pride ;
In our free hearts infolding, at morn, noon, and eve,
The beautiful angel-guide.

Kind angel, dear angel, &c.

In Christ we read the law,
The way, the truth, the life ;
And see the glory which he saw,
And feel his kindling love to draw
Our hearts away from strife.

In Christ, the man divine
Of all-embracing love,
We see God's fatherhood to shine,
And feel man's brotherhood benign,
As love-taught from above.

In Christ, the living head
Of spirits bound or free,
We hail the living from the dead,
And feel no more a pang of dread
To pass the Lethean Sea.

In Christ, the Son of God,
 We learn what we may be :
 Perfected by the chastening rod,
 We leave to Time this fleshly clod,
 And grasp eternity.

Out of the land of fear we come,
 Whose God is a vengeful God,
 To find in love our heavenly home,
 And freedom large and broad.

Out of the vales of doubt we come,
 Whose air is a vacuous air,
 To find in faith the glorious bloom
 Of all that is good and fair.

Out of the bonds of sect we come,
 Whose love is a darkening love,
 To feel Christ's liberty illumine
 Our souls from the spheres above.

Out of the caves of sin we come,
 Whose breath is a dungeon breath,
 To find in grace abundant room,
 And victory over death.

Come, touch the silent heart,
 And quicken all its powers,
 Ye heavenly loves ! that can impart
 Your own sweet life to ours.

Arise, ye sleeping souls !
 The day is shining bright,
 And God's creation vast unrolls
 Its floods of living light.

Oh ! seek the golden gate
 Where Truth stands at the door ;
 Nor in your darkness longer wait,
 For life is on before.

Breathe forth in gentle tones
 The harmonizing prayer,
 Like zephyrs from the spirit-zones,
 Till love beams everywhere ;

And swell the soft refrain
 Of soul-inspiring praise,
 Till angel-voices catch the strain
 In more exalted lays.

These are perhaps sufficient to show that the movement which they pertain unto is not *infidel* at least to a living, spiritual faith in God, Christ, heaven, and humanity: but the author of these hymns was, less than four years ago, tried for heresy in, and expelled from, a theological school; his views being declared "not a proper *Christian* belief at all." Holy Christ, *who are thy disciples?* These Wisconsin Liberalists make little account of formulas *about* Christ, whether he be thought of as "very God," or an angel come down from heaven, or as a perfected or divine man; but the *life in Christ*, the becoming true and living disciples, faithful, practical brothers and sisters and fellow-workers with the lowly Nazarene, according to the standard of fellowship which *he* gave, — this is believed and preached and prayed and sung with a fervent sincerity worthy of so sublime a cause; not always, you may be sure, in the finely drawn discriminating phrase and classic utterance of long-time-schooled New England, but in bold, strong, vigorous speech, pregnant with life, energy, and meaning, by men and women with equal freedom; divinity in the rough, having the spirit and the power, and waiting God's good time to clothe upon itself the fittest specific form of outward comeliness.

The following is a concise summary of their doctrines or teachings, so far as they concern theology:—

1. Whatsoever is naturally and scientifically true cannot be theologically false.

2. The laws of Nature, so called, are but *the mode* of God's direct and directing energies in creation and providence; and the work or processes of creation cease not, but go on continuously from age to age, successively from lower to higher forms and conditions of life.

3. Divine inspiration is a fact in human experience, and must be so accredited by any correct science of mind, or philosophy of history.

4. The religion of Jesus Christ is at once revealed religion, natural religion, rational religion, and *the absolute* religion.

5. The real and living verity of the future life and the spirit-world is a doctrine which can appeal confidently to the Bible, to

history, and to science, for its substantial proof and reasonable confirmation.

6. Any act done, intention cherished, or desire indulged in, which we know to be not right and good and pure before God, *that is sin*, — at once sin against God and against our own highest and best spiritual welfare.

7. There is no divine, eternal, spiritual truth, nor any true and perfect happiness, either in this world or in the spirit-world, except that which is in and of the Christ-like life, character, and spirit.

Such is the inchoate Church of the Future in the great teeming West.

RANDOM READINGS.

WASHINGTON REVISITED.

JUST three years ago, we made a flying trip to the metropolis of the nation. Civil war was then a new and strange experience, and few persons were willing to believe that it would be of long continuance. Time has proved that most of us were neither prophets, nor sons of prophets. The signs of strife and bloodshed in Washington then were as nothing compared with the war-doings of the present day and hour. Then we found some half-dozen sick in an extemporized hospital within the walls of the Capitol: now the city is thronged with the sick and wounded, whilst science and love have reduced the care of them to a most admirable system. Then a few sentinels paced about the public grounds: now the mounted orderly is found at almost every corner, and files of soldiers, or squads of cavalry, patrol the streets. You may see trains of ambulances, with their sad burdens of the wounded, and the huge Government wagons, with the six tough little mules, lumber along the muddy or dusty ways of our shabby genteel chief city. Then there had been no Bull Run; no great defeat to make us sober, no great victory to make us hopeful. How happy that we did not then know what the future had in store! Now there comes again and again from the "front" the fearful story of a huge battle; and one finds himself inquiring about this and the other friend who was certainly in the fray, and who might be

amongst the missing or the dead. How strangely would have fallen upon the ear even then such words as these, spoken of a staid Bostonian and his wife: "They have been to the city to see their son (a respectable gentleman of the nineteenth century, and a graduate of old Harvard), who has just returned from a *raid*"! Where, in what age of the world, are we? Verily the times do not change as rapidly as we suppose. *Raids* were not then so barbarous, after all!

Washington is profoundly interesting in these times, not for its really magnificent public buildings (and these, in common days, richly deserve and repay a visit), not for its body of legislators still in session (of whom a word presently), but for its glorious company of suffering heroes with their faithful nurses. We have been at pains to talk with many of our wounded men, as they lay upon their beds, as they wandered about the hospital-grounds, as they made their way slowly back in railroad-cars or in street-cars to their country homes; and, again and again, their intelligence, their manly bearing, their determined yet often humane and gentle spirit, filled us with admiration. In our experience, the coarse, rough men have been the exceptions; and, whilst the sights and sounds of war sadden one very deeply, the faces and the speech of the warriors do one unspeakable good. We are satisfied that such an army was never gathered before. And it was very instructive to see how determined the men all were upon success at any cost. Their countenances lighted up instantly when they said that there were good prospect and hope of retreating no more. Everywhere there was a most hearty indorsement of Gen. Grant's "proposition to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." And those who took upon themselves the charge of nursing the sick do not grow weary. In every department there is the greatest activity, guided now by the most admirable system. Rev. Mr. Gaylord, in the Campbell Hospital, has succeeded wonderfully in creating an atmosphere of gladdening elements for the sick to breathe. We name him because we came into contact with him, and could form some opinion from personal observation of what he is doing. Believing in good books, he does not believe that a book must be dull in order to be good. His library is a very satisfactory one. He has not declined, spite of those who shake the head, the entertainment of private theatricals, so keeping the men together, instead of leaving them to avail themselves of every permission to exchange the gathering-room of the hospital for the lager-beer saloon, or worse.

These are the cheering things about Washington. They are abundant compensations for so much there which is "beastly" (we must be suffered in the use of this strong old English word) and disheartening. As to the hotels, they give one a perpetual sense of being in the dirt, of touching it on every side, of eating it, of drinking it, of sleeping in it, of breathing it in with every breath. One sympathizes entirely with the impudent fellow, who, when asked by the attendant of a steamboat to take off his boots before putting the feet that covered them into one of the berths, replied, "Thank you, it is no matter: they ain't my best!" You walk upon dirt. You are smoked and spit upon. The private houses we do not know: we presume, of course, that as there are ladies, very many, in Washington, these are all right; but, aside from these, the hospitals alone are clean. As to the habits of the people *about the hotels*, the metropolis, we are sorry to say, fitly represents the land, which is fast becoming again a land of drunkards. We want some sort of temperance league far more even than we want a league in behalf of economy. Everywhere men drink, and the liquors are of the vilest sort. Where, in old times, there was one old-fashioned bar-room, with the array of decanters which were at least honest, we have a score of "nasty" (we must use the word) "saloons" with their vile poisons. It was sadly instructive to watch the drinkers. Think of the condition of the stomach which could be quieted only with brandy and peppermint! What good can ever come to a generation of inebriates?

But the hard, sensual look of so many in Washington is not more discouraging than the trifling of so many of our legislators. The larger part of them are small men. What an outrage upon a community, every household of which is more or less a place of bereavement, to spend costly time in personal altercations, in giving each other the lie, as it was our ill-fortune to hear honorable gentlemen doing, whilst brave men were dying for them and for all of us at the "front," or waiting for treatment in the extemporized and over-crowded hospitals, or rather houses (for every house was a hospital), of Fredericksburg! And they couldn't even be short in their trifling, but must still spin out the weary and silly words of boyish strife. How we longed, as we listened, to have the provost marshal come down upon them, and order every babbler into the ranks. Whilst the legislators waste time in this way, the Government and the army are laboring night and day to bring to a happy issue our great contest. Would to God that the people would take time from money-making and pleasure-seeking, and be

at some pains to send their ablest and best men to Congress, compelling them to go, and cleaning out at one sweep the whole brood of politicians of every party and stripe; those who profess morality and trade in philanthropy along with the rest! Legislation is one of the mysteries. Legislation calls for faith in God, who saves us, spite of our follies. Do we speak too strongly? Who will say it? — who, that has ever read the record of Congressional debate, often of a character that would reflect no honor upon a third-rate debating society? Oh for some *men*! Let us confess that philanthropic zeal, real or pretended, is not the only requisite in the legislator; that men of power and scope and energy owe their services to the country. We shall come to no good until the calling of the statesman is held to be *sacred*; until men are drawn into it from above, as they ought to be drawn into the Church. The *politician* is out of place in any model commonwealth; one of the plain tokens of the Fall. It is the people that shall save us, under God, and that in spite of the politicians; and possibly the war is to bring before us leaders who will supplant the whole tribe of abstractionists, pettifoggers, and self-seekers, and give to a brave democracy some born kings. Praise the Lord, we want no office; and shall not be likely to ask any favor from one of our little great men.

B.

PRAYER, PHILOSOPHY, AND FACT.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends us a brief essay, neatly and clearly written, on the subject of prayer. We give the essay, and subjoin a fact in illustration taken from the life of Washington Allston. We do not suppose that his prayer was supernaturally answered any more than all prayer is so answered. It is an interesting fact, however, that those who live prayerful lives — by which we mean those who have daily *communings* with God, and strive after a life consistent therewith, and into which God's spirit can delight to flow — have tokens of the divine answer which are not to be mistaken or reckoned as "coincidences." They become conscious of a divine direction and aid, and the consciousness becomes a part of their being. There may be no facts which indicate open interference; the Divine Providence veils itself in common incidents: but there will be evidence that they are involved in a divine life-plan, and that all events, even to the most trivial, are harmonized by it.

WHY SHOULD I PRAY?

"It is not an unusual thing for persons of an inquiring, philosophical habit of mind to ask themselves or others, 'What good it does to pray; what use there is in prayer.' If God has foreordained all things, whatsoever comes to pass; if all events in Nature and Providence are fixed, irrevocably fixed, from the foundations of the world,—then how can it be presumed that the wants or wishes of a creature, a mere speck in the universe, will be heeded? How can it reasonably be expected that general, universal laws shall be changed or suspended or modified, in however slight a degree, to meet the peculiarities, the clashing desires, of individual cases? Now, these are hard questions; and I know not, that, as strictly metaphysical inquiries, they have ever received entirely satisfactory answers: if so, I have never seen them. But still there are two things about the matter, which we do know. We know, that, in all times of danger or distress, when human strength and sagacity fail, it is an instinct of our nature to pray. We know, too, that this natural instinct was implanted by God himself; not ingrafted by any scientific process, but born with us, and common to all ages and all conditions of men all over the world. What, then, must we infer as a matter of logical necessity, aside from any precepts of revelation? Why, manifestly, that prayer is a reasonable thing, unless our nature be a self-contradiction; unless God be untrue to his works; unless he be obnoxious to the charge of causing in us a hungering of spirit, and yet has furnished no heavenly manna; unless he has given us yearning affections, and yet has provided nothing but an abstract law to which their tendrils may cling; unless, in a word, he has given us an intellectual and moral nature, quick with eager sympathies and kindling aspirations merely to mock us. But, as this supposition cannot be made in respect to God, we are driven, notwithstanding any metaphysical difficulties in the case, to the conclusion, that men may pray without being guilty of any absurdity at least. The positive utility of prayer is oftentimes illustrated by different persons in different ways. Some suppose that prayer in its influence is entirely reflexive; that though it may not affect God, yet it does affect the individual who offers it. The river of God's love and mercy flows through the world. Men, by praying, may not be able to change its course a hair's breadth: yet they may bring themselves to the verdure and beauty which clothe its banks; they may quench the fever of their thirst with its cooling waters. I know that Coleridge does not think much of this view. I remember that somewhere he speaks of prayer, offered with no higher faith than this, as no better than the moanings of a wounded lion in his solitary den, or the howlings of a dog with his eyes fixed on the moon. But, after all, I think that this reflexive influence, though it may not be all, is yet an important part, of the influence of prayer. I have seen or heard it somewhere illustrated in this way. A steamship is pursuing its majestic way across the ocean. Behind it, a man is following in a little boat attached to the ship

by a rope. One end of the rope is fastened to the prow of the boat: the other end, passing over a pulley in the stern of the ship, is brought back, and is in the hand of the man in the little boat. Now, it is obvious, that though the man, by pulling at his end of the rope, may not affect the course or motion of the ship in the least, though he may not draw the great ship the thousandth part of an inch towards himself, yet he will bring himself to the ship. Just so it is with us. Prayer is the golden cord let down from the throne, prefigured three thousand years ago by a heathen poet. If we cling to this golden cord, we may not bring God down to us; we need not: but we know that he can and will bring us up to him. And it matters little whether God come to us, or we go to him, provided only that our spirits, whether in the body or out of the body, be with him."

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ALLSTON.

"Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent; more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from Heaven. His heart seemed filled all at once with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expression of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten, and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting 'Angel Uriel,' regarded by the artist as one of the master-pieces which had won the prize at the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold.

"Can it be possible? Not sold? Where is it to be had?"

"In this very room. Here it is,' producing the painting from the corner, and wiping off the dust. 'It is for sale: but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated; and I would not part with it.'

"What is the price?"

"I have done fixing any nominal sum. I have always so far exceeded my offers, I leave it for you to name the price.'

"Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?"

"It is more than I ever asked for it.'

"Then the painting is mine.'

"The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and became from that moment one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. The instantaneous relief thus offered by the liberality of this noble visitor was always regarded by Mr. Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was wont ever after to attribute the increase of devotional feelings which became a prominent trait in his character."

THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE OF THE SOUL.

GOD never forgives a sinner, without, at the same time, infusing grace into his soul. The Pharisees stood round and wondered when Jesus pronounced his audible absolution over the outcast sinner: they would have wondered still more if they had seen what the angels saw, — the marvellous change in her sinful soul. Was it light from heaven that came and wrapped her round, unseen by mortal eye, yet visible to angelic sight? As the sweet words fall from the lips of Jesus, a voice of joy is heard in heaven, loud as when the "morning stars praised God together, and the sons of God made a joyful melody" at creation's first dawn. But not even the pure light which burst in all its stainless plenitude upon the darkness can compare in brightness with the grace which is infused into the sinner's soul, when God takes him back into his favor. In this, at least, light is like the grace of God, that it is not material; but it belongs to the world of sense, while grace enters into an order which neither tongue can tell, nor heart conceive. It is a part of that great spiritual world of which news have reached us, which we know, but which we have never seen. This alone we know, — there is a spiritual quality which lends its own special lustre to the soul of Jesus, before which even the natural glories of that beautiful spirit grow pale; a brightness distinguishable amidst the very splendors of the Godhead to which it is united, and raising its operations to a height in some sense proportionate to the divine Person of the eternal world. That quality is sanctifying grace. Or turn to look at an angel's being, crowning the beauty of those glorious seraphim, adding unutterable strength of loving to spirits already formed for heavenly love, heating to tenfold vehemence the living lamps that stream and burn before the throne of God. There is a quality, the absence of which is the difference between these selfsame angels and demons in hell: that, again, is sanctifying grace. To what shall I liken that hallowing influence which comes pouring down from the lips

of Jesus into the Magdalene's soul? It is soft and gentle and noiseless as light. But, once more, it would be doing it wrong to call it by that name, unless, indeed, we say that it is a reflection of the inaccessible light which is the dwelling-place of the King immortal, invisible. It is spiritual; yet it is not a substance. It is not the habit of charity, though it makes our hearts burn and glow with heavenly love. It is not the Holy Spirit of God: and it is necessary to give you that warning; for so intense is its beauty, so glorious is its loveliness, that some have mistaken it for God.

If I would compare it to any thing, I would say that it was the supernatural life of the soul, just now dead in sin, like the vital force coming upon the organism of the body, and raising its mere chemical elements to the rank of living things. Sanctifying grace is a spiritual quality, which makes the soul to live a heavenly life. — *The Holy Communion; its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS.

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN WAR.

BROTHER FERNALD's treatise, "God in his Providence," abounds in exceedingly apt illustrations, and applications to all states and conditions. It is hard to see the "order of disorder" when we are involved in the confusion; but those who look down from above see it and us involved in the eternal harmony. Here is some of Fernald's very beautiful philosophizing: —

"The whole process is corrective in its nature, and tends to greater and greater harmony. It could not *at all* be permitted without this tendency; and the true and manifest principle is, that no evil is permitted which is not the most direct means of preventing a greater. We cannot see in each individual case the justice of their sufferings who fall victims to the desperadoes of the earth: they are frequently innocent and harmless. Whole populations of unoffending inhabitants may be swept off by one unholy war, and countless human beings fall a prey to unconscionable villanies. But yet we should remember that sin has defiled, more or less, the whole human race; and though we cannot see the cause in many individual cases, yet the cause undoubtedly exists in some plague-spot or other of many a sacrifice to mysterious death. But let us leave these generalities, and come to some specifications. How much more is a *principle*, once gained in the world, an established principle of liberty or justice, than the sacrifice of whole armies in war to secure it! What were all the cost of the American Revolution in blood and treasure compared with liberty and free institutions? The blessings thus secured will de-

ascend to uncounted generations through all time; while the men who perished in the struggle were few, comparatively; and even these lost no life but the bodily life, and by that conflict by divine appointment to their proper places in the spiritual world. And so, when God lets loose some tyrant to scourge the human race, and destroy property and men by the hundred thousand, we may rest assured that it is not without some cause in the evils of that very humanity, and to procure blessings which by no other means could follow. Evil has created the crisis; and by evil, under a good Providence, it must be met. The Divine Providence is as much in the evil, or over the evil, as in the good. And how much cause of gratitude we have, and what consolation should we take, situated as we are in this evil and calamitous world, to know that the plan is so vast, so complicated and grand, embracing with most wonderful particularity both worlds and all eternity in its reach, and that our little affairs which so perplex us are conducted with the same steady and everlasting order as the movements of the planets or the quenching of a sun in the mighty constellations!"

WADSWORTH AND SEDGWICK.

THE chaplain whose communication we have given in the preceding pages wrote just before the advance. "I am in the Sixth Army Corps, under Gen. Sedgwick. Gen. Grant reviewed the corps yesterday. The army is in splendid condition and spirits, and *terribly in earnest*." Events have since verified these words in the hardest fought battles of the war, perhaps with the most hopeful prognostics. These victories have cost some of the best blood of the Republic, in the loss of two splendid officers, — Wadsworth and Sedgwick. They were not only splendid officers, but noble specimens of American character and of human nature. Wadsworth was a man of fine culture and enlarged Christian philanthropy, who had used his ample means and opportunities in doing good, in improving the system of popular education in his native State, and in purchasing and distributing useful books on household economy. His white, silvery hairs symbolized well the purity and benignity of his life. Many are the homes where his name will be pronounced with blessings and tears of grateful love. Sedgwick was as good and upright as he was brave. He was in Kansas, and belonged to the United-States regular troops at the time of the troubles there, when the administration at Washington was hounding them on to harass the free settlers, under the dictation of the slaveocracy. Sedgwick nobly refused to be a tool in

such hands ; and, in every way he could, helped and favored the Kansas settlers. These men have gone up to a place in history, to live long in its annals by their noble deeds and stainless fame.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!"

S.

HOW TO LIVE LONG: A NEW METHOD.

THE "Annual of Scientific Discovery" tells us, that M. Robin, an eminent French chemist, in a memoir recently presented to the French Academy, argues that human life may be greatly prolonged by taking what he calls "lacteal acid;" which, in good Saxon, is sour milk. Thus he argues: The mineral matter which forms an ingredient in most of our food is left in the system to harden and stiffen it, and hinder the vital processes. Human beings are furnaces always kindled. Life exists only in combustion, which takes place in our bodies as in our chimneys, leaving a deposit which is ultimately fatal to life. It forms incrustations on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart. Hence the old age of the human body. As buttermilk abounds in the "lacteal acid," and, so says the Frenchman, "*is an agreeable kind of food*," he strongly recommends its habitual use to remove the mineral matter and keep the body young.

We take it that the mind must be kept young also, the feelings fresh and joyous, our love of nature and man and woman always alive and abounding, else old age will creep over us, the buttermilk notwithstanding.

S.

CENSURE AND RIDICULE.

No one ought to pride himself of his moral courage, merely because he can endure censure and opposition. These will arouse and stimulate the latent energies, if such exist. Many a person can endure these, and even thrive by them, who could not bear to be ridiculed or laughed at; and yet, until ridicule and laughter have come to fall upon our ears like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," we cannot be said fairly to have overcome the world. Children should be early taught neither to use ridicule, nor to be turned aside by it; for you always observe that this more than censure grates on the sensitive nature of childhood, and touches the place of tears.

S.

WESLEY PREACHING FROM HIS FATHER'S TOMBSTONE.

ON his return, he passed rapidly through many towns, preaching daily. He stopped at an inn in Epworth, the parish of his father, and his own birthplace. The curate, who was a drunkard, refused him the pulpit. David Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's servant, was with him, and announced, as the congregation retired from the church, that Wesley would preach in the graveyard in the afternoon. He accordingly stood upon his father's tombstone, and preached to such a congregation as Epworth had never seen before. For one week he daily took his stand above the ashes of his father, and "cried aloud to the earnestly attentive congregations." He must have deeply felt the impressive associations of the place, but paused not to record his emotions. His one great work of preaching, preaching day and night, seemed wholly to absorb him. His hearers, however, felt the power of his word and of the scene. God bowed their hearts, he says; and on every side, as with one accord, they lifted up their voices, and wept: several dropped down as dead. A gentleman came to hear him, who boasted that he was of no religion, and had not been in a church for thirty years. The striking scene of the churchyard could, probably, alone have brought him to hear Wesley. He was smitten under the sermon; and, when it was ended, stood like a statue, looking up to the heavens. Wesley asked, "Are you a sinner?"—"Sinner enough," he replied with a broken voice, and remained gazing upward till his friends pressed him into his carriage and took him home. Ten years later, Wesley saw him, and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though fast failing in body. For some years, he said, he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear; and was now waiting for the welcome hour when he should depart, and be with Christ.

VISIT TO FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

DURING this visit at Ireland's house, an humble Wesleyan itinerant, on his way to Cornwall, stopped at Bristol to greet the Arminian champion. As he arrived at the mansion with two fellow-itinerants, Fletcher was returning from a horseback-ride, which had been enjoined by his physician. He recognized them as Methodist preachers; and, dismounting, hastened toward them with extended arms. They were struck by his "apostolic appearance."

He repeated most of the sixteenth chapter of John, on the promise of the Holy Ghost. "My soul," says one of the visitors, "was dissolved into tenderness, and became as melting wax before the fire!" They regretted the effect of his controversial labors upon his health.

"If he fell a victim," he replied, "it was in a good cause." After a little further conversation "upon the universal love of God in Christ Jesus," the visitors were about to take their leave; when Ireland sent his footman into the yard with a bottle of wine and slices of bread upon a waiter. They all uncovered their heads while Fletcher implored a blessing upon the refreshment; which he had no sooner done than he handed first the bread to each, and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced the words, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Afterward, presenting them the wine, he said in like manner, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. "Such a sacrament," says the narrator, "I never had before. A sense of the Divine Presence rested upon us all, and we were melted into floods of tears. We then mounted our horses, and rode away. That hour more than repaid me for my whole journey from Edinburgh to Cornwall."

THE COARSE ARTS.

THE fine arts do not interest me so much as the coarse arts which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be such a great man as Franklin, than a Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son, I should rather see him a great mechanic, who organized use like the late George Stephenson in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show than in a picture-show, and feel more sympathy with the pope's bull than his *bullum*. Men talk to me about the absence of art in America. You remember the stuff which M—— used to twaddle forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long-haired young men. I tell them we have cattle-shows and mechanics' fairs, and ploughs and harrows and saw-mills, sowing machines and reaping-machines, threshing-machines and planing-machines. There is not a saw-mill in Rome. I doubt if there is in the Pontifical States. — *Theodore Parker*.

THE TWO WORLDS.

MAN dwells as it were on the border of the spiritual and material worlds. We shall not wonder that there is such a tugging and pulling this way and that way, upward and downward, and such broken disorder of things ; those that dwell in the confines of two kingdoms being most subject to disquiet and confusion. —
Henry More.

REFLECTIONS.

PARENTS and children are often so unlike, that they do not understand each other ; and many of the trials of domestic life originate in this difference.

The young have a lively sense of their own merits and of others' defects. After they have been tried, they estimate both more justly. 'Tis the trials which we meet that take down our self-conceit.

The young wish to reach an object, as the tiger reaches his prey, by a single spring ; and, if that fails, are discouraged and disgusted.

As a straw may be the nucleus of a crystal, a great man's cane or coat may gather round it the feelings of reverence belonging to his memory. The Roman-Catholic Church took advantage of this feeling to establish the worship of relics. A living saint, in the middle ages, was less esteemed than the little finger of a dead one.

The great grow greater in the grave. When earth
Resumes the clay that clothed immortal worth,
The laurel wreath that decked the living head
Takes root, and blooms luxuriant o'er the dead.

The great mathematician resembles the condor of the Andes ; haunting lonely heights which others cannot reach, and delighting in the clear cold air which others cannot endure.

The world is always learning something new, and forgetting something old ; always improving in some respects, and deteriorating in others. Every generation takes pride in overturning what previous generations had taken pride in establishing. Man is placed in the world like a squirrel in a revolving cage. His restlessness keeps it moving, and he calls the motion progress. Much

of the progress of the world resembles Parry's progress towards the north pole on the ice, when the ice was drifting southwards faster than he was walking northwards. Successive generations introduce improvements into the world as successive occupants do into houses. Any change which adapts the residence to the taste and wants of the immediate occupants is an improvement, so far as they are concerned. The forms of good and evil change rather than their proportions. These changes afford variety, prevent stagnation, and keep men exercised with difficulties growing out of new circumstances, and passing through a round of delusions, varying a little to maintain their influence the better. But the amount of good and evil in the world seems to remain substantially the same. God is no respecter of persons. There is no reason to suppose that duty is easier in one age than in another, or that men are better satisfied with their condition now than they were three thousand years ago. Happiness is not to be had ready-made in any age.

Wars will cease when men are born fifty years old.

To accomplish much, a man must trust much. It has been well said, that "the distrustful man needs to have as many heads as the Hydra, and as many hands as Briareus." E. W.

N.B. — Several articles received, and omitted for want of room, will appear in the next number.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These sermons are somewhat fragmentary, and we presume the gaps were filled up extemporaneously at the time of delivery; but they are very suggestive, and always burdened with thought. They would be very useful as furnishing hints and starting-places to preachers, or to be read in the family in connection with a devotional exercise. It is plain, we think, that the sermon ought to be the vehicle of a great deal more of thought and information, and ought to tax the attention of hearers more severely and continuously. Sermons in the regular course of pulpit exercises ought to fall into a series, and develop a system of doctrine, and not run on without connection. Robertson's sermons are not eloquent; they

are not specimens of fine writing; but they address the understanding, and not the fancy: and the way in which they were received, shows that, when the pulpit aims to teach rather than declaim, to convey truth rather than be popular and discursive, its success will be longer sustained.

Life of William Hickling Prescott. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This cheaper and more popular edition of the life of Prescott, we think, was fairly due to the vast multitude of readers who had followed the historian with increasing delight and love. Like Walter Scott, he never failed to create a personal relation between himself and his readers; and no other writer, after Irving, so lives in the hearts of the American reading public. The biography is one of absorbing interest; more so than the reader would expect in a quiet literary career. We wish every young person could read it, and be drawn into sympathy with a spirit so singularly sweet and pure. There is a moral greatness in the character of Prescott, manifest not only in the obstacles overcome by long perseverance, but in the concentration of powers to noble ends, when there was so much temptation, and some would have thought excuse, for a life of ease. "I am not obliged to write for bread," he said; "and I will not write for money." Fame was the last thing he thought of, and he was surprised when it came upon him. The letters are admirably compiled, and the narrative flows on with increasing interest to the end.

S.

America and her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864.

"The object of this work," writes Mr. Tuckerman, "is twofold, — to present a general view of the traits and transitions of our country, as recorded at different periods and by writers of various nationalities; and to afford those, desirous of authentic information in regard to the United States, a guide to the sources thereof." Two very interesting objects, which the author has zealously and happily prosecuted; and readers who have neither time nor taste to make the explorations and the condensations which have been requisite have cause to be grateful to Mr. Tuckerman for a vast deal that is curious and instructive in this handsome volume, which is as patriotic in its tone as it is scholarly in its literary execution.

E.

Thoughts for the Christian Life. By REV. JAMES DRUMMOND; with an Introduction by J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864.

Dr. Holland gives us in his introduction a very interesting sketch of his friend; and the sermons which follow quite bear out all that he claims for him as an earnest and able minister of the New Covenant. We hope that the volume will gain a wide circulation; and we are sure that the Word printed will prove, like the Word spoken, to be quick and powerful.

Rhode Island in the Rebellion. By EDWIN W. STONE, of the First Regiment Rhode-Island Artillery. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1864.

Rhode Island *against* the Rebellion had been a better title; for no State can show a better record than she. Mr. Stone has done a good work, — a work for which he will receive the thanks not only of the readers of the present day, but also of the future chroniclers and historians of our nation. The testimony of an eye-witness is invaluable. The portrait of Burnside is admirable.

The Ferry-Boy and the Financier. By a Contributor to the "Atlantic;" author of "The First Visit to Washington," in the April number. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1864.

Our young friends will hardly ask whether this book is sent forth to help off the ten-forties, or to set Mr. Chase a step forward towards the Presidency. The biography of a live boy will be sufficiently attractive to gain for the fair and well-illustrated pages an attentive reading.

E.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Zurich. By SARAH W. LANDER. Third thousand. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street.

The children will be very glad to put on the spectacles again, and look at the glorious scenery and the old towns of Switzerland; and they will pronounce the book fully equal to any of the very pleasant series to which it belongs.

E.

PAMPHLET.

Shall we suffocate Ed. Green? By a Citizen of Malden. Boston: James Redpath.

IMPORTANT NEW WORKS.

IN PRESS, AND WILL BE ISSUED SOON:

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Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864,
Or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c. Together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a classified list of Patents; Obituaries of eminent Scientific Men; an Index of Important Papers in Scientific Journals, Reports, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. With a Portrait of Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, U.S.A. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

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The above are only specimens of a very large number of notices by the best authorities, such as the New-Englander, Christian Examiner, Boston Review, Congregational Quarterly, Freewill Baptist Quarterly, Methodist Quarterly, Evangelical Review, New-York Methodist, Boston Congregationalist and Recorder, New-York Examiner and Church Advocate, American Presbyterian, &c.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXII.

EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES.
1864.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by
LEONARD C. BOWLES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
15, WATER STREET.

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Terms, \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance. Single Nos., 35 cts.

THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 1.

JULY, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

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FOR 1864.

REV. EDMUND H. SFARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

The object of this Periodical is to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, to quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." It will sustain no representative relation to any sect or party, but gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Proprietor would inform his subscribers that the increase in the price of paper, which costs about double what it did two years ago, and the advance of thirty per cent in the wages of printers, have compelled him to raise the subscription-price of the Magazine. It is, however, enlarged in the number and size of its pages; making, when bound, two large royal octavo volumes of upwards of 800 pages the year, handsomely printed on fine paper and clear type.

The Editorial Department of the Journal will be in charge of the same Editors who have so ably conducted it the past five years; and, with the aid of many of the old and several new contributors, our readers may feel assured that its character as a useful and interesting periodical for families will be fully sustained; and it is hoped that the necessary advance in the price will not materially affect the circulation of the work.

TERMS.

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Two copies to one address, \$7.00, " " "
Three " " " 10.00, " " "

LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 134, Washington Street, Boston.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

JULY, 1864.

No. 7.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL, D.D.*

John xiv. 28: "I go away, and come again unto you."

WHAT has been the most common spectacle now for years throughout this country but that of a regiment of soldiers going away to the war? How, with burnished armor and gay uniform, keeping step to the music of the Union, in full ranks and with elated looks, they parade on the Common, march through the streets, embark on shipboard, or crowd the express train! Here and there, amid the jubilee patriotic courage makes in waving its splendid flags, may be seen some poor woman: it is a wife, a mother, a sister, weeping in a corner, noticed only by the curious and sympathetic eye, considering such things more than all the pomp of the world.

Some clouds and tears, in a sort of April weather of the mind, may well dash the sunny sight. When shall the resolute company return, and how? — with what gaps in its lines?

So asks every thoughtful observer, while, with prayers in many a throbbing breast, these living forms, as if already bleeding, are laid on the shrine of country. When shall

* Preached in the West Church, June 5, 1864, in memory of George Doane Wells.

they come? "Nevermore," our melancholy American poet interprets the raven as croaking over his chamber-door; and Byron celebrates, in strains of matchless pathos, "the unreturning brave" who went down to the fatal field of Waterloo. *Not to come back*, — that strikes the chill on our heart, ever since, in the nursery ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," we read, —

" But never more they saw the man
Returning from the town."

But in due time, the term of service expired, the regiment as a unit comes back, greeted with cheers of enthusiasm surpassing those that made the air tingle over its going-forth. It has withstood the foe. It has won the day. It has advanced the cause of liberty and native land. It has endured hardship, hunger, watching, exposure to cold and damp, the forced march, fearful peril in the teeth of charging bayonets, before the open jaws of artillery, or amid the musket-shot, singing so musically in the air, yet to swifter ruin than any siren voice. The companions that dropped from them by the way, under the iron hail or the sapping of disease, are martyrs. They themselves are heroes. They are idols. With what warmth of love and admiration the heart of humanity goes out to its defenders, who held the breach when all dear to it — home, freedom, religion, posterity — were at risk! It is holiday, and holy day too, when they re-appear. If it happen to be sabbath morning, over to them at once does the sacredness of the season pass; and no superstition of Puritanic rigor can hinder the solemn ovation whose spontaneous outburst, like extemporaneous discourse, precedes or displaces the prepared word and appointed occasion. The band, the very footfall of the troop, sounds as gracious and religious as any bell in the steeple. The torn and smoky banner, begrimed with dust, singed with the explosive sulphur, snatched in mortal hazard from hostile capture, shows more beautiful, worn, rent, and stained, over the veteran column, than when it flaunted in the breeze, clean as a maiden gift, stitched and mounted from white and slender

fingers, gilt with all the perfect emblems and shining capitals of human rights. Ah! the ensigns that have been borne through scenes of jeopardy and carnage, that have floated high over the surrendered strongholds of the enemy, that have been rehoisted where the hands of traitors once vilely pulled them down, that have been clung to with dying grasp and wet with fast-ebbing blood, that have wrapped the coffin and the corse in a fitting shroud for the last slumber,—they shall hang hereafter in hall and state-house, or some well-honored private dwelling, signals of honor and fidelity, and ever-fresh inspirations of patriotism to our children's children. Ellsworth shall be seen ages hence, perhaps in some masterpiece of a picture, hauling down the usurping standard of Rebellion to replace it with the stars and stripes; and Anderson, keeping up the national color at Sumter till all the concentric fire South Carolina could muster from her millions burnt out his little garrison of seventy men; and some black private folding close, as though he had been any white free citizen, in his dead arms the bit of painted cloth which was the only symbol to him of personal dignity and the salvation of his race. Not gold or silk or ornament painted or embossed shall be the preciousness of it, but courage and sacrifice and deliverance. I am speaking, in my subject to-day, of what comes back; and the banner is what comes back almost invariably. Few of the costly emblems are left in hostile hands; but the manly shapes among which it was reared, what numbers of them mantle no more with the tide of life! In the throat of the dreadful battle, they have been devoured, or, in worse torture of slow sickness or festering wounds, pined away. What a tomb, far and wide, over the parallels of latitude, the populous land has become! The soil of Kentucky and Tennessee, the swamps of the Chickahominy, the waters of the Mississippi and the Gulf into which it flows, the long line of the dreary hospitals on whose cots of pain some last breath is mercifully each moment drawn, will not restore the victims they have claimed. The burial-places on the field of slaughter at Murfreesborough and Cedar Mountain, in the Valley of the Shenandoah and

around the heights of Vicksburg, yield not up their dead, till the heavens be no more, from the sod of the soldier's graveyard. Have you thought what sort of graveyard that one of the soldier is? It is no fair spot granted by municipal authority, or chosen by the selectmen of the town, for a quiet resting-place to those, who at length, in the course of nature, must expire, and where, as the bard tells us, —

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

No beautiful fence of painted wood or more enduring iron surrounds it. No granite portico, engraved with soothing sentences of consolation or kindling words of inspired prophecy, overarches its entrance. No polished marble monuments deck each private enclosure, nor do pious hands plant flowers or fetch wreaths; nor is the place selected where the north wind, as one desired, blows freely, or some whispering pine or yew-tree will breathe the low plaintive murmur of a perpetual dirge over the ashes of the loved and lamented. No; but, when the leader of the host begs a truce to bury his dead, what asks he leave to do? To gash and trench the ground in what coarse and summary way, with brief prayer, and no hearse or procession; shovelling in the heaps of gory mortality as he does the unvalued clay and gravel in which they are so hastily and superficially hid! Yet, if for conscience, if for country, if for man and for God, the souls once animating this dusty, disregarded refuse have contended, no glorious sepulchre, no mausoleum of Hadrian, no poet's grave in Westminster Abbey, or hero's obelisk in Père la Chaise, is nobler than the frequent rising mound, though holding, like those of the ancient tribes of this continent, only indiscriminate relics, not confounded in the sight of God, whose close companionship in the dust answers to that in the noble strife.

But all we can see or hear or humanly know of them is there abandoned. They come not back. The squadron that defiled through our loud applause, before our delighted gaze, returns not merely decimated, but halved sometimes, or a scanty remnant left, by the cruel strokes of modern warfare,

more fatal than the antique scythe-armed chariots you see on some ancient canvas. Poor fellows! you may say; food for powder, their bones a bridge for us to walk on, their blood a manure for the common ground, their misery the purchase of our joy, their existence perished that others might live. Poor unfortunate fellows! Nay, I reply, we may look too pathetically or with a false pity on their fate. It is not so sure they have suffered more or been less happy than we. God is not so unjust as to pinch hardest his most devoted servants, or dole out to them as stinted starvelings the elixir of gladness. They have a good time too; yes, very good. Whoever lives, endures, expires, from an inspiration, cannot be wretched. "Turn me over, that I may die with my face to the foe," said an officer recently fallen on the sacred Virginia soil. Was he a pitiable object? Can we afford to commiserate him? He might better commiserate some of us. Ecstasy of devotion in any worthy enterprise, as the whole history of martyrdom proves, exalts men, so that they smile at anguish, privation, and death. What think they of their life?—they throw it in. What of their limbs?—they leave them behind. I saw a man, with his right sleeve empty, walking to the funeral of his brother-in-arms; but he had peace and a good conscience in his face. I wished I could look as happy, as I passed him by. I know a colonel, a fine musician, who, having lost one of his arms in battle, stood before a piano in his brother's house with streaming eyes and twitching nerves that he could touch it no longer; but he remembered the reason, and was comforted with a tune sweeter than his own or other fingers or any *Æolian* harp could render. We do not see the romance of our own time. We are too near the mountain to measure its proportions or observe its top; but what a pictorial grandeur will hang on this age to the eye far enough off to mark its particular hue and size among the centuries! What man, privileged beyond Hume or Gibbon, shall write its history? What bard, with a theme as great as Homer's or Milton's, shall chant its epic? What sculptors and painters, with equal opportunity, shall match the Greek or Italian genius? Every year now adds virtually a hundred

to the longevity of this people. We shall come out of the war very old and experienced, venerable as any nation on the globe, through the offerings for our redemption now made; and Russia, whose friendly fleet anchors so peacefully in our bay, or England and France, regard us as vain, juvenile, sensitive new-comers no longer. They will not be able! We shall be reverend as they. But list to the repeated refrain of the lament, that they come not back! Nay, I answer, come back they do or will. When Jesus told his disciples he was coming back as surely as he was going to sink under murderous blows, he touched the high-water mark of human belief in God and immortality. Was it guess-work or fancy with him? No: it was vision, if such a thing in the human soul as vision there is.

He said what he saw, and we may see in every moment of transport like his own; and I am here to-day to declare, that our vanished friends, despatched by the merciless ball or fainting on their lonely beds, do and will come back.

They come back to our thought. None of our friends ever come so fully to our thought as when they have vanished from our sight. We must lose to find them. Who of us perceived what disguised angels they were, till their mortal robes fell, to reveal them as angels indeed? Jesus must go away, else the spirit, which was his own, would not come to the disciples. Only after any beloved ones have taken leave of the senses do they first effectually approach the soul. I will not deny that the senses make a nice house for them to inhabit, with these eyes for its windows, and this whispering-gallery of the ears to talk in, and these foundations and supporting beams of the solid frame to embrace their presence in its circuit, and overarch it with a living roof; but because the earthly house is so noble, and the accommodation seems so perfect, the entertainment so fine, we are too often content to have them occupy it alone, residing in the senses, and the comparatively superficial affections waiting on the senses, which but partially introduce, and hinder them from entering the recesses of the breast. When the tenant of the senses is expelled, and we sob and grieve

that we can no longer hold him in our looks, our hearing, and our hands, as we must have him somewhere, and cannot give him up, then we must open to him our very souls. Nay, he enters as of right and his own accord, unquestioned, and needing no formal invitation to sit at the heart's table, like God and Christ themselves, in the inward feast that needs no earthly bread or wine, to sup with us, and we with him. Then we know him first; then we love him best; then we possess him truly. He has not gone: he has come. In what a warm and holy closeness, no more uplifted than domesticated to our inmost bosom, familiarly he is folded, to demonstrate that the heaven he has been admitted to is not far off, but in us, and unseen at our side! Is it pleasant fancies and baseless hallucinations I indulge and preach? No, but facts which none of you will refuse to own respecting all the esteemed associates and kindred of whose outward presence you have been bereft; while they are how conspicuously verified in regard to our soldiers fallen on the field, these modern confessors of the religious and political faith which alone can regenerate the world! Is it not, truly, manifestly so? Were the half-score of young men whom the war has claimed for our sacrifice, and whom I seem to see in ordered line at this moment, ever more with us than now? Would they be as much with us if they had not gone? Are their brothers and sisters, any of the youth of the congregation, actually with us more than they? No, indeed. We must not judge by the gross view of things or persons on the outside. It is not bodies alone that the most heedless and sensual of us notice. Talk of haunted houses! We are all haunted, in this vital and wonderful dwelling of ours, by those who have said farewell, and by none more than by the dead soldiers, our conscripts for the fight. They glide in with me at yonder porch as regularly as any of their contemporaries or mates. To our imagination, which is the most real and lasting of our faculties, they sit in worship; or hover, living shadows, over our heads. It is not only their portraits that they have left behind to hang in our Sunday school or on your chamber-wall. They themselves perhaps, to behold

and overhear us now, revisit the scene. Like constant lodgers, they retain their room from year to year : nay, they repair, adorn, enlarge it. Do they not better and brighten it in your breast ? They work for truth and justice among us mightily, as never before.

Thus they come back, not to individual mourners, brothers, sisters, parents only, but to their country too. She has not lost but gained them for ever. The blood of the martyrs was never more the seed of the Church than it is the seed of the State. When, by and by, the loud-mouthed cannon shall have ceased to bellow, and the garments of the warrior to be rolled in blood, and the curious in many a field shall pick up tokens of the strife ; then, while in the old places of rank corruption and thorny oppression the harvest of justice, fruit of civilization, flowers of humanity, social order, universal love, genuine faith, and sincere worship, shall in all our borders blossom and plentifully grow, whether our moral taste shall recognize it or not, from that same blood of consecration will the richness and flavor come.

But it were a quite imperfect, and, to the loving, mourning heart, melancholy satisfaction, if, in this imperceptible, intangible way alone, our redeemers should return. Our religion, the very instinct planted in us by our Almighty, teaches a personal restitution too. Somewhere, sometime, somehow, though where, when, or how, I cannot tell, yet face to face, eye to eye, voice to voice, touch to touch, in some marvellous membership of the as yet inconceivable celestial body, will they come to us when we, too, are ferried after them across the narrow stream of death, into that affectionate, blessed intimacy which we call heaven.

So I have spoken of the soldier's return. Must I apologize for my subject, of which you have so much in the week-time, the street, the atmosphere, that you would wish it left out of Sunday and the pulpit ? But that it is the bidding of Providence at which I speak, with a vocation rather, if I may say so, in my nature to purely spiritual themes, I should regret my own words. But I must preach to you, so long as I preach at all, the religion of the hour ; not about

Genesis or the Fall, the Flood or Noah's ark, or the make of the Hebrew tabernacle. Since the war began, I have made it the rule of my duty to pay at least a passing tribute to every one, out of the fifty now gone from this church, who should fall in the field. That duty I intend to perform now. At the battle of Spottsylvania, another victim for the altar was demanded of our number. GEORGE DOANE WELLS, named for the good physician whom many will remember, on the 18th of May yielded up his life, in its very spring, for his country; taking his place with the multitude that have lain down in the grave for her resurrection. Born the first day of January, 1847, and styled, when he came, "a new-year's present," — being but little over seventeen when he died, he is by far the youngest offering from us yet claimed, the very firstling of the flock, the flower in the bud, which is "no vain sacrifice," with the dew of God's baptizing yet upon it. On account of his extreme youth, he had been strongly advised not to enter the service; but no arguments, no multiplied, long-continued, and persistent expostulations, could avail against his own resolve. He seemed, as he bent his ear inward, to have heard a call in his own soul, so clear and loud as to drown all counsels, though of his elders, from without. The zeal of God's house, in the shape of our political order and the temple of our liberty, had eaten him up. He saw every thing dear and valuable in life and human society on these shores at stake; and the spirit of his ancestors thrilled in the veins of the orphan-boy, whose father and mother long since arose, and passed up. A higher breath than kindred blood can impart, from God and the time, blew through his breast, till it made the music there of the trumpet-stop. In his childhood, it was observed that spotless simplicity only covered an indomitable native resolution. He would always go till he dropped. So was he stirred from within to mix in this conflict of the land and the age. He felt a noble shame, which he could not bear, in staying at home out of the quarrel for the Right. But how shall I tell the story or portray the character of such a boy-patriot? All is so short, all is so simple, that to dilate

in language would be to turn eulogy to insult. How did the courage of the bearded man get in under that downy cheek? In what way did scorn of death blend with those blushes of innocence? Whence did that softness draw strength to endure all the hardness of the camp, the march, the watch, the fight? What lesson did the Sunday-school child learn, from those quiet seats below, amid the gentle hum of teachers' and pupils' voices, during his six years' listening, to carry into the smoke and roar and boundless confusion of embattled hosts? When only two in the whole regiment fell, why was this lamb taken for one? I know not, save that, having marched a hundred and twenty-five miles at the head of his men, he still kept in front. I know not. He who ordains knows. No weapon is lifted, no missile sped, by chance. Every bullet that whizzes through the air has invisible wings attached to it by God. It goes only where he directs it. He appointed, that, in this rising of an inspiration against a conspiracy, and this putting-down, with uncalculating devotion, of a wilful and malignant plot, as young David slung the stone into the forehead of Goliath, not only gray hair and stalwart manhood, but our lads, should act an important part; and that one of the tenderest of them from this our shrine of prayer, whose ingenuous, hearkening face I seem to see in the pew yonder, leaving his mortality to make up more of the nation's needed ransom, should rejoin for praise the dear and revered on high. But, young as he was, he did not go till he had honored their name on earth. It is a remarkable fact, that no private from this society has perished in combat. Wells was, for bravery, promoted from corporal to be sergeant, in the enemy's face; passing through two engagements unhurt, for which he wrote home he thanked God, to sink in the third. Did he not thank God still, as being safe still in his hand? I believe it! As I think of him, he comes back to his friends. So fully present with them he never was before. He comes back in the longer breath his country draws from the lips of all expiring for her sake. He comes back on high to those missing him a great while, as he will come back there to us. His pure, invincible, victorious,

triumphant spirit is all of him we have now and here. On what spot his body sank, how long it lay on the ground, by whom of his comrades it was tenderly lifted, where it was hastily interred, whether it can be recovered, or any rude head-board, with name and date inscribed, marks its rest, we know not. It is no matter. It matters only that it was offered for Justice and Truth; and for their furtherance its fall is accepted. It matters only that Nature will care for it in one place as well as another; and God, with his welcome to the faithful, keep the soul.

My friends, one word more. It is not only individuals that come or will come back to us. Our country is coming too. I seem to hear her good genius saying, like the Anointed of the Lord, "I will come again." Broken, bleeding, with mutilated members, and her very heart stabbed at, the finger of contempt and gratified hate pointed at her dissolution from over the sea, as though from her ending the proud rank and royalty of foreign lands might take another prosperous lease of a hundred years, she appeared to be mournfully and miserably going away from her place in the earth, and on the point of giving up the ghost. What has once and again been between her and ruin, the sack of her capital, dispersion of her government, and tearing asunder of all her limbs? Let us, on our knees in our closets, or bowing in these courts, confess, nothing but an almighty Preserver, using splendid leaders and the equally important lowly followers as his agents alike, himself in and over all, has manned her citadel, and towered at her gates, and instilled purpose and hope into the sons and daughters, that, in her rescue, have had an equal share. Do not the mothers that send their sons fight as well as the sons they send? She is coming back, with the sections that have been severed, re-united once more. Every sound on the southern wind assures us of it. Great qualities, evinced on either side, have developed, and will more and more unfold, a mutual respect. A deep purification has passed over our sin.

The passions of the conflict, falsely thought eternal, will go down. The point of view, North and South, will be

changed from slavery to freedom. There is to be a "second coming" of this people, as of the Lord, after the divine idea of our fathers and founders more worthily fulfilled. When Jesus was manifested, it was believed Elias or some other old prophet had returned from glory to the world. God, who sent hither our pilgrim-sires, with the torch he meant not to be extinguished in the blood of civil war, shall not lack instruments to the last to accomplish his design on these shores, till, in a perfect human society, his Son come down to earth again; and the light, which the pilgrim-disciples brought, flame back over the sea, across which it came, for the guidance of the nations.

"LIGHT IN DARKNESS."*

WE presume there is no indelicacy in saying that this book is the production of Rev. W. L. Gage, who, it will be remembered, published a few years ago a small volume entitled "Trinitarian Sermons to a Unitarian Congregation." He withholds his name from the present volume only to avoid the appearance of egotism. It is a relation of personal experiences under the two systems of Unitarian and Trinitarian Christianity, if the former may be called a system; and the design of the book is to show the poverty and insufficiency of the former, in contrast with the sufficing joy and peace which he finds in the other. Unlike his former volume, it is entirely Christian in its tone; and he means to be candid and friendly towards the communion which he felt constrained to leave. It is written at a time of impaired health from overwork, and in its form, therefore, is hardly a subject of criticism; but its contents are of some interest, and, read in the kindly spirit of the writer, they may be of much use to Unitarian readers.

* "Light in Darkness, or Christ discovered in his true Character:" by a Unitarian. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The writer avows that he preached with no satisfactory results as a Unitarian. He did not believe the innate or hereditary depravity of the human heart, nor the necessity of regeneration. He only preached "development." His views of Christ were unsettled; neither holding his essential divinity, nor the extreme humanitarianism of Theodore Parker. Christianity was a general atmosphere to be breathed, a "diffused force;" not a compacted system of defined truth, which could be wielded and applied with the intensity of a "hand-grasp and a heart-beat and a look of love." The Bible was a collection of documents, without congruity, yielding no system of doctrine which unitized the whole. In his preparation for the ministry, he read in his spare hours, not the devoted expounders of the Word of God, but Emerson, Carlyle, the German thinkers, and the "Westminster Review." Consequently, though he had an intelligent congregation, with a good share of devout and earnest hearers, he could form this noble material into no working and efficient organism; and his sermons "seemed to fall dead."

Mr. Gage's experience of the relative sectarianism of Unitarianism and Orthodoxy is of special interest. He says that the *esprit du corps* is more intense among the Unitarians than it is in any other denomination. "A concentrated ecclesiasticism is a leading Unitarian feature, strange as it seems, and utterly contradictory as it is to their theory." This is partly from self-defence; but the fact is so. They have become "clannish," "girded by a cordon of strong dislike;" and "they have become compelled to publish their own praises loudly." The author says he shared fully in this denominational littleness, but that under Orthodoxy there is a great deal more of freedom and comprehension. "In the Evangelical Church, I found a breadth of view and a charity which Unitarians do not credit it with; an unexpected freedom from sectarianism (in the Congregationalist body at least, which I know best), and a single-eyed desire to convert men, not to an *ism*, but to Christ." As an indication of this Unitarian littleness and want of comprehension, he alludes to the manner in which he was criticised himself, in one of the

Unitarian organs, before he had left the denomination; and how, because he had expressed opinions not conformable to the average Unitarian standard, he was answered with flings and virtual charges of dishonesty. This is what gave the touch of bitterness to the Introduction in his volume of sermons published on leaving the denomination; and this he now says he has never ceased to regret.

It is also very interesting to know how Orthodoxy shapes itself in the mind of one who had been educated to see its manifold difficulties and inconsistencies. As he writes evidently to convert Unitarians, he ought, we think, to have been more full upon this point. He says, however, that he does not find that prevalence of what is called Tritheism which he had supposed to exist in the Trinitarian churches, nor any such doctrine of total depravity as he had imagined them to hold. The three "persons" are not persons in the common acceptation of the word; and the term is only used on account of the poverty of language, and because there is no better word. On the subject of the atonement, he does not say explicitly whether he regards the sufferings of Christ as strictly *penal and substitutive*. Mr. Gage must be aware, at any rate, that that is not genuine New-England Orthodoxy. It is clear, however, that he makes the death of Christ, not his resurrection and second coming in the Paraclete, the central fact and the one of prime efficacy in the salvation of men.

On a review of all the statements of his book, we are not surprised that Mr. Gage should have left the Unitarian communion. What we regretted was the Parthian arrows he threw after him; and these he regrets himself. Touching this present volume, there is one remark to be made upon it, and all of its class. Mr. Gage does not say that his personal experience is to be taken as an exponent of the value of Unitarianism; but his book implies it. In this he does, without intending it, a very great injustice. The Unitarian churches are *congregational*, not only in name but in fact; each standing on its own foundations, differing, doubtless, as much from each other as from the Orthodox churches in working power and in reciprocity of the divine grace. They

are not responsible for each other ; but each is responsible to the Head of the church, and to him alone.

The sort of argument which the book uses will work either way. We happen to have been born and brought up in an Orthodox church, educated in Orthodox schools, and graduated at an Orthodox college ; and, though our right hand shall sooner lose its cunning than fling back missiles at a communion which as our nursing mother did its best for our earliest years, yet we could certainly make out a book of more telling personal experience than Mr. Gage has done ; of inefficient preaching, sleepy churches, and faith divorced from life. Indeed, in the same bundle of books with Mr. Gage's, came Gail Hamilton's "Stumbling Blocks ;" and what does she say of the preaching she hears, which is Orthodox ? Hear her : "My testimony is this : so far as the real exigencies of life are concerned, so far as people get any help for the week-days from Sunday's sermon, a man might just as well have gone up into the pulpit, and talked in the Old Frisc through the half-hour, as to have preached nine out of ten of all the sermons that I ever heard."

So far, however, as Mr. Gage's autobiography shows the wretched policy of sending out divinity students grounded in nothing, with no message to deliver, and no Bible to enforce it from but a bundle of independent documents, probably fabulous and of less authority than the "Westminster Review," with no system of truth, but only a "diffused" Christianity, — so far the lesson is good, and is worthy of being read and pondered in all the divinity halls.

We are not by any means convinced that Mr. Gage's strictures on the sectarianism of our denomination are not more than half true. It makes very little difference whether a creed be written or no. There is a certain average sentiment in a denomination, which must not be departed from, if one means to be regarded as sound ; and the important question is, whether the average gives room for an all-sided growth and progress, or only a narrow and one-sided development. It would be difficult to run into any sort of neologism, with any danger of being challenged for unsound Unitarianism ;

but it is perfectly true, as Mr. Gage has said, that, before his views became distinctively Orthodox (they are only so now in a very modified form), he could not remain in the denomination, without being charged with dishonesty. He must either quit, or be shoved off to the remote circumference, as holding a "diluted Orthodoxy," using "theological cements," and so forth, unless he could make and vindicate a position of his own. He chose to quit. We are glad if he has found a communion whose catholicity shames our Unitarian narrowness; but the abuse of Henry Ward Beecher in the "Boston Review," the trial of Rev. Charles Beecher for heresy, and the ecclesiastical council called by members of Rev. Mr. Dimon's church, who leaves the ministry for a professorship, do not indicate the most perfect spirit of catholicism in his new connection. Truth is, a man might range through all the denominations, and not find the New Jerusalem come down from heaven and *located*. Every sect has its special mission and work, else it would have no right to exist. It may do some things well, and leave other things for another sect to do. Orthodoxy fills churches, prayer-meetings, and conference-rooms a great deal better than Unitarianism: but that which prepares a soul for heaven is neighborly love, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and childlike obedience to the divine law; and our brother Gage will find these, if he looks for them, sometimes just as much where the forms of prayer do not exist, and sometimes a great deal more. For ourselves, we have ceased to care a farthing what denomination we work with, provided we have the freedom of working. The more imperfections and short-comings we find, either in faith or practice, in the body we belong to, so much the more urgent are the incentives to stay and help supply the needs of the hour. As was said facetiously the other day, in the address before the Ministerial Union, we are not "come-queters," but "stay-inners," glad to work with any who will work with us to prepare the way for the full coming of the Christ.

It is very plain, we think, that all the denominations are transitional, and that none of them is final. One of three

things must be. We are driving into Naturalism, where all the denominations are to be swamped and lost ; where Christianity will be numbered among past religions, whose force is spent ; or there is some sect which will outgrow the rest, and swallow them up, or make a conquest over them ; or else, thirdly, all the sects tend towards a higher and more inner and spiritual union around the Christ, the "God with us" from age to age, whose divinity, life, and doctrine reveal themselves with more warmth and splendor, melting through the depravity of man, and making denominational lines to be less and less. This last being true, the new catholic church will arise, — a church, but not a sect nor an ecclesiasticism ; because the social and humane element shall prevail over the ecclesiastical, and the love of self or sect or party shall be less than the love of the neighbor, the love of Christ, and the love of man. This last is the faith in which we abide and rejoice with an exceeding joy.

Indeed, Brother Gage, by his own showing, is drifting hither. By his own showing, the Orthodoxy which he now finds is very different from that which was offered to him in his boyhood ; and its hard, Calvinistic features have been softened by the suffusions of a new divine grace. He is a German scholar, and knows, a great deal better than we can tell him, how the hard, dogmatic Orthodoxy with which the Reformation opened has been changed and humanized ; how the new German philosophy and criticism, which threatened at first a general disintegration, tend now to a reconstruction more grand and beautiful than before ; how, though they have given to the world the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" and the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss, they have also given Schleiermacher's "Glaubenslehre," and Dorner's great work on the "Person of Christ ;" and the re-action against naturalism is pronounced and strong. Christ as a divine humanity, more perfectly apprehended on the divine side of his life, because more tenderly and philosophically apprehended as a man, is to be the result of free thought and criticism ; and Orthodoxy is becoming transfigured in the Renaissance of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Gage has a very kind and generous allusion to ourselves; but we rather object to his calling our Christology "Swedenborgian." It is the ante-Nicene *Logos doctrine* of the church, as we apprehend it, beginning with Paul and John, and is brought out in all its possible shades in the discussions of the Eastern churches the first three centuries. Swedenborg has formulated this with great precision, and illustrated the three-ness of the Divine Nature from the analogy of human nature with a clearness which is unsurpassed, and with the Divine Unity and personality sacredly preserved: but his doctrine of incarnation is inconsistent with his "glorification of the human," and confused;* and upon this we do not see that he reconciles any difficulties, or sheds a ray of light.

If any thing is found in the New Testament, it is the complete humanity of our Saviour, not its mere cuticle and appearance; and that is what gives to the works of the humanitarians, such as Furness and Renan even, a most intense realism, bringing out the human side of the life of Christ in such tints and shades of moral beauty, that even those who are dazzled or blinded with his divinity fall down like Mary, and clasp his feet with wonder and with tears of love. These very works prepare the way for a more perfect apprehension of Christ, and therefore of God; for, when in Christ both the divine and the human come perfectly to their rights, both can be seen in unison, and a DIVINE HUMANITY will be revealed to us; God, not on the other side of an awful and impassable gulf, but brought marvellously near, and filling the souls of his children till they overflow with the divine tenderness, and are effusive of the divine grace.

* Swedenborg denies that Christ had a human soul; and therefore he assumed, not our nature in its wholeness, but only its outer covering; leaving the question exactly where it was left by Praxeas and Apollinaris. In the incarnation as taught by Swedenborg, our humanity never comes to its rights, but is what the Germans would call a *scheinbar*. To say that Swedenborg did not teach every thing, is not denying that he is one of the great sources of modern enlightenment, which we believe. The principles of pneumatology, illustrated in his "Heaven and Hell," we think incontrovertibly true, involving the doctrine of the resurrection and retribution; but we do not believe that the "eternity of the hells" was ever revealed to him or to any one. We cannot accept his discoveries in the planets; and the morality of his "scortatory love" we vehemently reject.

In describing the threeness of the divine nature, Mr. Gage says the term "person" is used not in its ordinary sense, and is chosen from the poverty of language. Is he sure it is not rather from poverty of thought? Is not Christ a "person" in the ordinary sense? and are the other two persons of the Trinity persons in the same sense? If so, there is blank Tritheism. If not, the same word plays fast and loose in the same formula, and only expresses confusion of thought. We believe it is universally true, that, when ideas have once been clearly formed, they fall inevitably into the forms of speech; and, when Orthodoxy herself has determined what she means by the three distinctions, we have not a doubt that there will be words enough to clothe the meaning in intelligible language.

But we must take leave of our brother's little book, not without a sincere prayer that the "Light" which found him in "darkness" may brighten to the perfect day; and that he may find full restoration to health, and strength to use his excellent acquirements for long years, in a communion more congenial with his feelings and beliefs; uncaring in what vineyard he works, if only he helps prepare the way for the more perfect coming of the Lord Jesus. s.

ON the fact that neither *Josephus* nor *Tacitus*, nor other historians, make any mention of *Christ*. — So far from being unfavorable to his claims, it is in their favor; for it is unquestionable that *Christ* existed, and that his religion was a matter of public notoriety. They could not, therefore, have been unacquainted with it; and it is evident that they were silent by design, or that references to it existed in their writings, which have been suppressed or altered. — *Pascal*.

LET them say what they will, it must be acknowledged that Christianity is an astonishing religion. "This is because you were born in it," it may be said. So far from it, that very fact puts me on my guard, lest I should be prepossessed in its favor. But, though I was born in it, the facts are none the less as I have stated them. — *Pascal*.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

IX.

ICH WEISS DASS MEIN ERLÖSER LEBT.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.

Melody: "Was Gott that, das ist wohl gethan."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;
 He is my life already :
 Whoso to him his heart's trust gives
 Against death's fear is steady.
 I onward tread The way he led :
 For night, and night's drear feelings,
 Comes light with sweet revealings.

Thou liv'st, thou liv'st, in hero-worth ;
 The under-world surrenders :
 Thou art the champion of the earth,
 The trust of poor offenders.
 Who cleave to thee Shall pass on free,
 Of sin's load disencumbered ;
 With ransomed spirits numbered.

Thou liv'st, my healer ; healing still,
 And daily, my diseases :
 Thou strengthenest me in every ill ;
 It scares not when it seizes.
 Oh ! live in me, That I in thee
 May blessedly be living,
 Beyond the world's conceiving.

Thou livest ; in the dark my light,
 My comfort in my anguish :
 Thou'lt not desert thy servant quite,
 Nor leave his soul to languish.
 Advice in need, And strength in deed,
 And life to heaven projected,
 Thou giv'st to thine elected.

Address thee more and more, my heart,
 To joys that are unending ;
 While now with pleasures, now with smart,
 Thou still must be contending.
 With spirit true The fight pursue ;
 Then shall e'en I be sharing
 The crowns that are preparing.

N. L. F.

X.

"STRAF' MICH NICHT IN DEINEM ZORN."

[GEORG ALBINUS. Rosenmüller's Melody, 1655, is much admired.]

In thine anger smite me not ;
 Lord Almighty, spare me !
 Show the Fount of Grace, and what
 That alone can bear me.
 Sins provoke Thy sharp stroke ;
 Stripes of Christ's own feeling
 Let me find my healing.

Show to me thy Father-heart ;
 Stay with Trust my failing ;
 Teach thy child how good thou art ;
 Soothe my heavy wailing ;
 That to thee, Constantly,
 Mightiest, Blessed, Ever-living,
 May be poured thanksgiving.

Evil spirits, off from me !
 God hath heard my pleading :
 Now with joy the path I see
 To his presence leading.
 Off ! I cry ; Demons, fly !
 What was once distressing,
 God pours out — a blessing.

Ah ! how gladly can my breast
 From these vain things sever ;
 Take a soft and sacred rest,
 Waiting joys for ever ;
 Which he there Doth prepare,
 Where in heavenly regions
 Float the angel legions !

N. L. F.

WHAT SHALL SUBDUE SIN WITHIN, AND REDEEM THE
SOUL FROM ITS POWER?

THE tendency to sin, and the fact of sin, are more or less clearly matter of observation and consciousness. The chief occasion of it, according to the Apostle Paul, is in the flesh. "I know," says he, "that in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." According to our modern modes of thought and expression, we convey the same idea when we speak of the lower nature of man, the seat of the appetites and passions. With the flesh the apostle contrasts "the mind," or, as we say, the higher nature, which has the delight of approbation in the divine law. It is also termed "the natural man," and describes the person, who, with whatever perception of the true and beautiful and good, has not yet the "spiritual" born in him, sees not the spiritual nature of the kingdom of heaven, nor obeys the divine will with a filial spirit.

The lower nature, the flesh, is so strong, that the higher, that of the mind, is brought into subjection to it, and is led away by it. In vain does the mind confess the allegiance it owes to the law of God. In vain does it feel and avow its delight in that law as "holy, just, and good." In vain it pays inward homage to ideas of truth, honor, nobleness, purity, benevolence. In vain the reason discriminates between rectitude and injustice, and the conscience condemns violations of the right. "I see better things, and approve them; I follow the worse," was the confession of a heathen poet two thousand years ago; and very few have not been obliged, at some period of their lives, to confess the same.

In some persons, the subjection of the higher nature to the lower becomes so complete, that both the will to do good and the power to do good seem to become utterly lost. In others, there appears a fluctuation in the ascendancy of one over the other; and the dominion of evil, on the one hand, or of the good, on the other, seems only temporary. In some,

the *higher* so predominates, that, to an observer's eye, there is no outward act or expression of wrong-doing. The law of equity, sincerity, temperance, humanity, seems faithfully observed in public and in private life; duty discharged with cheerfulness; the character free from the lesser as well as from the greater faults.

But duty is a relative term, and is commensurate with one's abilities and opportunities. While the eye of man may see in another an exemplification of all the virtues, there is not seldom felt by the person so viewed a painful consciousness of short-coming; a failure to reach one's ideal of a generous, devoted, true life; and such an ideal perceived by the mind is the law for that mind, wherever there is a possibility of reaching it. There are feelings, moreover, which a delicate conscience justly condemns, though they have not passed into any visible, outward wrong act, — feelings which at first may not have been within the direct control of the will, but have at last borne with them, perhaps only for a very short time, the consent of the will, and have occasioned a transient thought of sin. Now, if the soul is conscious that it did not at the time exert its whole moral force against the temptation; if, especially, it feels that only an opportunity may have been wanting for the passing of the thought into action, — certainly there is there the consciousness of sin and the criminality of sin.

Now, is there any thing which shall enable one not thus to come short of his ideal of duty? any power which can bring the life into harmony with the law of God? any force to enable us to fulfil the righteousness of the law as written on human nature and taught by Christ? What shall make the lower nature of the flesh subject to the higher law of the mind, and transform that mind itself into the spiritual? What shall free human nature from servitude to sin, and cause a man to be, in purpose and in act, pure and just and good? Who or what shall do this for us in a degree still higher than any of us have reached, but which we see to be possible?

No mere law or precept alone, announced by revelation

from heaven, or recorded in human statute-book, or established by human will, can do it. The declaration of law is, "Thou shalt, and thou shalt not. Do it, and thou shalt live; do it not, and thou shalt die." The language of law is stern and uncompromising. It knows only penalty where it is disobeyed. As saith the Epistle to the Hebrews, "The law was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received just recompense of reward;" and though there were in it many exhortations and inducements to repentance, though there were revelations both by Moses and the prophets, which presented God in the aspect of Father and Friend to those who would obey, the result shows that the law was inadequate to make the Jews an obedient, holy people. There were, indeed, individuals, here and there, who stood forth conspicuous for their general piety and obedience. There were, in the corruptest and darkest times of the nation, as many as seven thousand who did not bow the knee to Baal; but these were only a remnant; and, when Christ came into the world, the demonstration was very clear that righteousness could not come by the law. Moreover, the present character and state of the Jews show how inadequate is the law, in which they glory, to produce a people worthy to be called the people of God.

See the inefficacy of mere law where it is relied on as the main governing force; for instance, in the family! It alone, or chiefly, can never form the children to habits of cheerful obedience; but under it thrive perverseness, and a disposition to set at nought all restraints. If by the government of law, if by commands of "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," enforced by a resolute will, there is success in producing obedience, it is a slavish obedience; it is external and mechanical; there is no heart in it; it is not worthy of the name. Generally, mere prohibition or command stimulates the will to do what is just the contrary. To this fact the apostle seems to allude, when he speaks of the motions of sin which were by the law, and of sin taking occasion by the law to work in him all manner of unlawful desires. If mere prohibition ever succeeds in bidding the waves of passion, "Thus

far shalt thou come, and no farther," the angry surge will still continue to chafe the shore.

Law has indeed its divine authority, its indisputable place in the government of mankind. "Of her," in the language of Bishop Hooker, "it must be said that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." There can be no parental, no national, no self government without it. It is a necessary force in the administration of affairs. Its authority must be preserved and respected. Its violation must be attended by penalties of some sort. Passion is so bent on its object, that often it heeds no manifestations of forbearance and generosity. It rushes to its end, and involves others, it may be nations, in the ruin attendant on attaining its end. In such a case, law and its administration — in other words, government, as God's vicegerent — must extend its arm of power, be it the parental or the civil, to hinder the self-ruin of the wrong-doer or the injury of others; but, when the power of the sword or the force of external authority shall have accomplished its end, something more will be necessary to make good, obedient citizens. Authority becoming recognized, love must finish the work.

Not only no mere moral, no mere statute law, but no laws of nature, no familiar knowledge of the constitution of man, no human philosophies or sciences, have ever proved sufficient to mould human conduct so that it should be conformed to the right, the true, and the good, or to make these the governing purposes of the heart. They never did it for the philosophers: they do not accomplish it now for any one who most asserts their efficacy, or for others on whom their efficacy is tried. These are all connected with human welfare: but, as methods of redemption from sin, they are powerless; and really their highest value is for those who first come under a higher spiritual law.

This higher spiritual and moral force is the gospel of Christ. This can accomplish, and has accomplished for multitudes, what mere law cannot do. It is the power of love: it is Christianity. See what it did for such men as Paul, who, having been educated under the Mosaic law, and re-

garded as blameless in respect to its righteousness, so broke the law, both in letter and spirit, by persecuting the followers of Christ for righteousness' sake, but who was raised to so much higher and nobler a life when he himself became a Christian, and was therefore qualified to speak from experience of the comparative influence of law and gospel on the soul ! Not only for outward sins, but for the inward sins of thought and feeling, was his conscience smitten ; and from the despair accompanying the perception of his duty, and his violation of it, or coming short of it, the inward revelation to him of the gospel of Christ awoke him to hope and true righteousness ; enabled him to perform what he had before in vain *willed* to perform. See what the gospel has done for many whose moral condition has been considered almost hopeless in the world ! See what it has done for many, and is still doing, who, educated under Christianity, and fretted by no restraint, and apparently under the most genial and loving influences, pass the greater part of a youth in no passions of the flesh indeed, yet without having their higher nature regenerated, without the upspringing and play of love to the heavenly Father, without cheerful obedience to his will and filial trust in him, but who at last yield freely and gently, sometimes very suddenly, to the spirit of God, and show a radical change in the whole character and conduct ! There is of this a very remarkable and yet by no means solitary illustration in a biographical sketch of Rev. Dr. W. B. O. Peabody's daughter, of Springfield, Mass., in the beautiful memoirs of that gifted and sainted man. "She had reached the age of eighteen, full of talent and animation, earnestly devoted to reading and literature, with acquirements not generally expected at her period of life, and entering with all the ardor of a youthful heart into the pleasures of society. . . . Though reverent and not inattentive to her religious duty, she had not heretofore regarded that duty as the great object of her life." But her mother, whose views of God and humanity were always Christian and hopeful and inspiring, had said of her, "The time will come when she will change ; and, when she does, the change will be true."

"And," writes the father, "the time did come: she was changed; her heart opened to a sense of her relation to her heavenly Father; she acknowledged the various duties growing out of it, with the sincerest desire and effort to do them. From that hour, a lovely serenity and cheerful and earnest thoughtfulness spread themselves over her manner, and shone from her placid brow. It was not that she was cold and unworthy before, but a new revelation had evidently dawned upon her spirit. She saw how great a thing existence is, and what wonders of glory and love there are in it to those, who, instead of snatching the joys that float by them on the surface, look deeper for their happiness, and find their treasury within. From her youth she could have no power over her brothers; but she at once established an influence within them, and they cheerfully submitted themselves to the authority of love." To her father she was every thing that was "watchful, patient, self-denying, and tender;" and he says, that, "for himself, he was like the wanderer, who, falling on the mountain-side, grasped a small plant for his support, and thus brought to light the rich mines of Peru." A fever carried her away a few short months after her mother, and the record closes with these words: "The first eighteen years of her life were comparatively a blank: the last few months were the well-filled, the deeply-written, the richly-illuminated page."

Such is the power of Christianity. Sorrow, it is true, aided it in the instance just narrated. A most excellent mother, in whom Christ was formed the hope of glory, had been removed from a very dear household, and, now shining full-orbed from heaven, touched this daughter's heart, and stirred its deepest feelings. Rather a mother's piety and a father's were to her the Heaven-ordained means of mediating between her soul and Christ; and in Christ, the great Mediator, by his teachings and spirit, she became reconciled to God. The piety of a Timothy dwelt first in a mother's heart, and still earlier in that mother's mother. Happy those who through such influences come early to Christ, and, whether in a brief or long life, fill with worthy and Christian deeds

a richly-illuminated page ! May such a change come to many others, and the change prove true !

Among the motives which the gospel presents to effect the change, whether in youth or in later years, stands pre-eminently the truth announced by Paul, "GOD SENDING HIS OWN SON IN THE LIKENESS OF SINFUL FLESH AND FOR SIN." This has divine power to condemn sin in the flesh, and to awaken to a new life. Whoever receives it in the full objective form in which the apostle presents it will more and more thoroughly feel its power.

"God sending his own Son." It is God whom the apostle presents as the source of all our salvation : "All things are of God ;" "all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ ;" "all things are yours ; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." A spiritual efficacy attends the perception of the Being thus presented to our mind and heart. We are drawn upward by it out of our earthly thoughts, and the divine presence awes and humbles, and yet attracts us.

God SENDING HIS OWN SON ; him, the brightest of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person ; him, the beloved Son, in whom the Father was well pleased ; him, in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily, the adequate power to bless and save. In such a gift for human redemption we have an idea of divine mercy and compassion which touches the heart, and moves it to duty. God has sent many saviours in different ages to save, many servants who have been sufferers for humanity : suffering itself is a divinely ordained method of relief and cure. But as the divinest expression of this fact, as the purest and greatest manifestation of suffering for others, "God spared not his only-begotten Son, but freely delivered him up for us all ;" and in him he has thus exercised the mightiest power to save.

It was the Son of God IN THE LIKENESS OF SINFUL FLESH ; that is, with a human nature and form like our own, so that he could perfectly sympathize with us, understand our great spiritual need and all our needs ; feel, from the human heart within him, for man, as though he were in man's place ; him-

self learn obedience, and become perfect through suffering ; strengthen and encourage mankind by his perfect example ; draw them by his holy, filial spirit into union with him in one divine humanity, receptive of all good, and capable of a divine life ; in short, establish in human hearts that kingdom in which the Father's will is done on earth as it is in heaven.

He was sent not only in the likeness of sinful flesh, but FOR SIN. It was the object of his coming to endure suffering brought on him by the SIN of others ; to set at work special instrumentalities for the removal of SIN from the world ; to condemn and subjugate sin in the flesh ; to free the soul from the sense of unpardoned sin, and deliver for ever from its power.

It is in the thought of Christ sent for SIN, more or less clearly apprehended, that hope of redemption has its first rise. In the good news which he proclaimed, there was prominent the divine willingness to forgive on repentance, and to give repentance itself a true change of mind and a governing power of action ; in other words, " power to become sons of God," to " all who received him." He showed us the Father, and with that comes the consciousness of our having gone astray. We resolve each one to arise, and go to our Father, and say, " Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy-child : make me as one of thy servants." And in this state of mind there dawns on us the heavenly Father's presence, who meets us afar off, and receives us to the bosom of his love. We were dead, but are alive again ; were lost, but are found. Nor do we become servants, but children ; " heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ." We have received the spirit, not of bondage, but of adoption ; whereby we cry with Jesus, " Abba, Father !" Nothing now comparatively so easy as to serve God with willing minds and loving hearts. The exclamation of the apostle, after his long struggle with sin, and hopeless endeavors to do better, as soon as he now began to catch a glimpse of the true way of escape, " I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord," breaks also from our own lips, and we find that we have passed into that state in which there is no condemna-

tion resting on those in Christ Jesus, because they have his filial spirit; because they walk according to that spirit, and not according to the flesh.

It was the remark of the same excellent man on his death-bed whose memoirs have been quoted, "How much good we might do, if we only would!" It is the great glory of the gospel that it is the power which gives the disposition to do good; that it inspires us with the spirit of him who always pleased the Father, and makes us obedient in heart and life. Let us come afresh and every day to this source of strength, and we certainly shall find established in us, and growing broader and deeper, a righteousness which not the law could impart, but that which in spirit it demands. F.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

Jan. 21. — To-day I visited John Haven in his sick-room. I have known the kind of life this man has led, rich, handsome, independent (that is, alone in the world), brilliant in society, enjoying and enjoyed by the most fashionable circles, and, under this bright surface, another life! I must keep in mind the suffering wretch I have seen him this afternoon, or I shall forget to pity. He was taken a few weeks ago with a sort of fit in a house in — Street, and was carried to his hotel, where he has been terribly sick ever since; something of the nature of delirium tremens, though not precisely that. Ferguson attends him, and reported yesterday that he was wholly neglected by his old friends, and left in the charge of his man-servant only, and would probably be glad of a visit from any one who came with kindly purposes. With all his vices, I believe there is still good in the man; and, at such a time as this, it may be possible to reach it. Ferguson thinks so; and I shall certainly try.

I found him in a large, handsome chamber, furnished in luxurious style. Elegance, lavish expenditure, and self-in-

dulgence, were everywhere; so now were dust and disorder. There were pictures on the walls: in the parlor, a fine copy of "Titian's Daughter" glowed through the dim light; in the chamber, several hung with their faces toward the wall. Books were lying about; and I looked into one — bah! The height of the discomfort of the room was reached by the sick man himself. He has been delirious and noisy often; but to-day, though suffering much, was quiet, and showed that his old politeness was not mere surface by struggling to thank me for coming, I had a little cheering talk with him, and ventured to give some hints on nursing to Jones, his servant, an Englishman, who has zeal enough, but evidently never was sick himself.

Feb. 5. — Have been with Mr. Haven nearly every day this fortnight; for he is friendless. He has gained a little, both physically and morally. He is disgusted at the neglect of his gay companions, and bitterly distressed at finding that certain matters have come to light which have so disgraced him that he cannot hope to find admittance again to the truly best society. It seems to me a good sign that he has always tried to keep a position in this circle as well as among the really fashionable. He says little of any deeper feelings than these. I fear he is not inwardly touched and humiliated yet.

Feb. 10. — Haven's fate is awful! He is growing blind. Ferguson feared that this long illness and fever would leave some permanent evil; and now it has come. He does not know it yet himself.

Feb. 11. — Haven spoke to-day more frankly than before of his regrets for the past, — merely from a worldly point of view, however; and then told me of some good plans he had formed for the future. It was a great deal for him to speak in that way to me, and he was evidently hurt at my hearing him without expressing approval: then a vague idea of something wrong came over him; and he questioned me so closely, that I soon had to tell him the truth.

He had thought his room was kept very dark; had expected every day that the pain in his eyes would pass off; had never suspected the truth. He would not believe it at first, and

insisted on sending for Ferguson and an oculist. When they had gone, leaving him convinced, he asked me not to quit him at once, but did not say another word. It was no time to talk to him. I did not know whether he realized that I was still there, until, when I was obliged to go, he held out his hand, and thanked me for staying.

Feb. 14. — These four days, Haven has lain still, more tractable than before, but never speaking except to answer us; getting acquainted with his future in silence and increasing darkness. To-day I found, that, though he was not yet ready to speak of the immediate past or the present, it was a relief to him to talk a little about his boyhood, long ago, in his country-home. His mind is evidently turning back there with pleasure in this dreary time.

Feb. 20. — Have spent more time with Haven than elsewhere; for I believe it better to concentrate time and thought on saving a single soul than to scatter half-efforts over a wider space. He has continued, at various times, to tell me about his youth. What I make out of it is this. His father is a wealthy land-owner and farmer in a country-town. He has only a dim memory of the gentle mother who died too early to have much influence on his character. He grew up in a sombre home, where a sternly upright father repressed, instead of educating his children, with a wide gap in years, and a great difference in disposition, between the older and the younger brothers and sisters, and no sympathy for the warm-hearted but boisterous and pleasure-loving boy, except with his darling twin-sister. She died when they were about sixteen years old; and then he could bear the restraint of his life no longer. I am afraid the elders of the household were glad to be rid of such a troublesome member by getting him into business in the city; though they must have known that it was the very mouth of the pit to a lad of such tastes, with no home-influences to guard him. He says, however, that, although his brothers and sisters desired it, his father opposed the plan, and only yielded reluctantly when John threatened to run away if he were not allowed to go otherwise.

It is singular to watch how constantly his thoughts turn

back to that innocent, early life, avoiding the dark years which have passed since. Ferguson and I have observed the same thing on other sick-beds; and it is almost always a good sign, morally at least.

Feb. 23. — I find that Haven yesterday overcame his pride so far as to send Jones to one of his old comrades, whose rooms are next his own, to ask him to come in to see him; but he, a heartless fellow, as I happen to know, sent back a cool refusal, which must have stung Haven keenly. He has been more fractious than ever since that.

One cannot wonder at his indignation. In fact, I share it somewhat; for these fellows are no better than he: they knew what he was all the time that they were glad to share his wines and cigars; but other people know him now, and they are afraid to risk their precious reputations by continuing the intimacy. Moreover, they know he is to be blind; and, beside the shrinking such people always have from the afflicted, they do not expect to get any more "jolly times" from him; and their friendship, being no longer supported by selfishness, no longer exists. Still I wonder a little at their neglecting a *rich* man so entirely under any circumstances.

Feb. 24. — The coolness of Haven's associates is more fully explained to-day. The rats think the house is falling indeed, so they scud. Haven has been a very rich man. He got into business early, and had some great successes in speculation, which made his fortune — and his ruin. But he has lived with the greatest extravagance, and is deeply in debt: his creditors, wine-merchants, tailors (and the like), are all upon him at once now; for it is reported that his affairs are in confusion, and that is enough to start a *sauve-qui-peut*. Bills have come in at such a rate for a few days, that Ferguson declared they would soon drive both doctor and patient "clean daft:" so he brought his cool Scotch head to bear on matters; had one quiet talk with Haven; found that he really had property enough to pay all his debts comfortably, with some retrenchment and time; but, if he were to be forced to clear every thing off at once, it would impoverish him seriously.

Poor as well as blind would be hard measure. Ferguson just assured Haven that the thing could be easily arranged; forbade him to ask questions; carried off the bills, he being too sick to resist. According to our usual plan of division of labor, Harry has undertaken the perambulatory part; that is, he is going round to all the creditors, and by compromises and promises, by appeals to sympathy, and a liberal use of his own honorable name, is quieting them for the present. Still there is a general impression that Haven will be left poor, and he himself begs us not to contradict this. It is a touchstone which reveals to him some hitherto unsuspected facts.

Feb. 25. — Haven has had one great blessing in his life, — a father whom he must respect. He said to me to-day, “I have tried to believe, with my comrades, that there was not such a thing as a truly *good* man living; but my father stood in the way. I always feared him more than I loved him; but I know he is a good man. And my two brothers, — they are much older than I, — I never cared much about them, and have hardly seen any thing of them for years; but I have always known that they were like father, no hypocrites, but upright, honorable, pure men, through and through.”

But he added that he had grown terribly suspicious, and had found it easy to doubt the sincerity of every man considered virtuous; and then he told me what a lesson he got about Dr. Ferguson when he was first sick. It seems the doctor did not leave him at all the first night. He lay in a stupor most of the time, but had an interval of distinct consciousness; when, although without the power to speak or move, he could watch all that went on around him, while no one suspected it. He saw the doctor glance up at a French picture on the wall, consider it an instant, then favor it with a grimace, and turn it face to the wall; after which he stole round the room, and treated some others of the same class in the same way. A most characteristic performance; and can't I imagine the disgusted contortion of that honest phiz!

Feb. 27. — Haven hinted something to-day of his utter

uncertainty as to what was to become of him in the future. This hotel life, which was just suited to one who spent all his time in gayeties, parties, clubs, and so on, would be intolerable to what he is to be; and I fear, from what he tells me, that he really has cut himself off from his home. He has seldom been there since he first came away: his last visit was many years ago. The intercourse by letter has dwindled away to almost nothing. He says frankly that this is his own fault. He did not care to think much of his home and family in the gay life he has led: their sermonizing letters annoyed him; and he left them unanswered till they were justly hurt, and grew silent themselves; and he has drifted farther from them year by year.

He is now much older than I had supposed; for his skilful toilet has hitherto hidden his age. He is about forty, — several years older than Harry and I. It is strange to remember that, contrasting him with Harry, and the work he has already done, and the position he has won, to say nothing of our home, which he has made.

Feb. 28. — I have read aloud to Haven often, choosing pleasant books, travels, &c., which would not tire his head; but to-day I told him that I also wanted to read from the Bible every day. Except a few words of prayer always, on leaving him, I have done very little of that nature; for I felt, that, before I could accomplish any thing as a minister, I must know him, and he must know me as a friend.

When I proposed this to-day, he said coldly, "As you will;" and then added, not exactly with rudeness, but hastily and proudly, "You must remember, Mr. Ray, that I am not like the ignorant creatures whom you visit. I have heard the Bible read often enough, from my childhood to the last Sunday before I was sick." I asked, "Are you sure? Your ears may have heard it; but have you?" and I read the parable of the Publican and the Sinner. Neither of us made any comment thereon.

Feb. 29. — I wish Haven would be half as considerate of poor Jones as he is of me. I told him so to-day; and he said manfully that he knew he was cross, and was ashamed

of it, and would try to do better. His thoughtfulness for me touched me. His room is kept rather dark, because light pains his eyes, and does not enable him to use them either; and yesterday he was afraid I should hurt my eyes, reading from my small pocket-Bible; so I found on the table a beautiful English one with clear print. He acknowledged that he was not in the habit of reading it; and said, "If you will look at the fly-leaf, you will see why I have kept it." There was first the name of his mother, and then that of his dear sister Amy. His own name was under hers; and he said she wrote it there herself while she was sick. I think he listened to the reading.

March 2. — It is one of the most fearful effects of such a course of sin as Haven has been through, that it so blinds the soul to its own foulness. Such men cannot see the evil of their lives. Until to-day, I had seen no proof in Haven of real, heartfelt shame; and I felt that it was time for it. To-day he talked a great deal of his sister Amy, and how good she was, and how they loved each other; and at last I asked, "What do you suppose she thinks of you now?" He cried out sharply, "Be still!" and turned away. After a long time, he put out his hand, saying, gently enough, "I beg your pardon."

I do not know whether he was going to talk any more just then, — do not think he could: but, at any rate, I could not; for I was forced at that moment to decamp from the bedside to the sofa, send for Hans and the chaise, and lie still till the pain had gone enough to let Hans get me home. I am afraid it gave Haven a great fright; for he is not used to my tricks yet: but, as I shall probably be able to be with him again to-morrow, he will see that it was nothing serious. It shows how unusually well I have been this winter, that, in all the hours I have passed in his room, this is the first time I have broken down there.

March 3. — Haven questioned me to-day as to my belief concerning those who have entered the other world. He made no direct allusion to yesterday; but, of course, I understood him. He asked whether I believed that those

spirits were near us, and saw what we did and suffered. How could I answer? On these subjects I dare not say, "This I believe," to any thing but what grows clearer to me year by year, — that our Father sees that it is good for us not to know, not to be able to conjecture, what lies behind the veil. I could only tell him that it seemed to me that future recognition and re-union were surely promised to us, both in written revelation and in our hearts; and that, in the present, I myself could not resist an individual feeling, that the spirits who loved us were oftentimes near us, and were perhaps waiting for their full happiness until we should join them, when our sorrows had done their work, and our sins had been washed away by repentance.

March 6. — I did not see Haven yesterday; but to-day he returned to the subject we spoke of the day before. He had always revolted from the doctrine of eternal punishment and certain other features of the stern Calvinistic faith, and seemed much interested in the different views held by our communion.

He has found no difficulty in believing much of his father's creed: he confesses that he has often struggled to escape from all faith; but what he learned in boyhood could not be shaken off. I suppose none of those doctrines seem quite so cold and repulsive when it is a father who holds and teaches them. I am glad indeed to find that Haven has retained any faith, and I shall take care not to disturb it by doctrinal differences. Spiritual truths are higher and all-sufficient.

March 9. — This morning, Haven began abruptly, "If I had died when I was taken sick, without a conscious moment for preparation, what do *you* suppose would have become of me? I know that, according to the preaching I used to hear, I should have been hopelessly damned: do you believe that?" I answered, "No: I cannot believe that God's mercy is not great enough to outlast ten or twenty or forty years of sinning. I do not believe he will ever withhold pardon from repentance in either life." — "Then," asked he eagerly, "you believe it can never be too late? You be-

lieve there is always a chance of pardon?" — "Yes, as long as the soul can repent; but I believe that the human soul can almost, perhaps wholly, sin away its own power of repentance. I also believe that this pardon can only be gained, in this life or the next, through the deep, bitter pain of remorse; that is, in cases where there has been great sin in the past, as with you." He was not angry, but said, "I knew what you thought of me; but I cannot myself see why I need suffer so much to win pardon: I have not been worse than many other men." — "Ah!" said I, "so Satan has been drugging you with that very poor wine. What have you to do with other men, when you stand in God's sight? Compare yourself rather with what you should have been, with what God meant you to be; compare your life with that life of Jesus, the pattern set for us by God."

After thinking for some time, he said, "I have remembered your asking me if I had really heard the Bible; and I shall have to acknowledge that I have not. I find I have but a vague idea of Christ's life and character." So it was decided that our Bible-readings should now have a fixed object to set forth Christ himself clearly. Surely that will show him his own life in its true light.

March 10. — Our reading has been carried on with much interest this week. It is pleasant to see how eagerly Haven receives every explanation of Eastern customs or idioms, which makes scenes or characters more life-like to him.

To-day, however, another matter occupied much of our time. Haven has written to beg to be taken in at home, the poor prodigal! His thoughts have turned that way more and more; and a realizing sense of his folly in abandoning kindred and home has come to him with the knowledge that he never can see them again. He says, "I could find my way about the old house better than anywhere else; and if I could sit under those elms, and grope round the familiar garden, and be among my own people, and hear father's voice, the darkness would not seem so terrible."

His sight is not quite gone yet: so, a few days ago, he tried to write himself, but could not make it legible, and strained

his poor dim eyes so that he has been suffering acutely from them ever since. To-day he was a little easier, and forced himself to dictate to me a letter to his father. It ran thus, as I remember :—

“MY DEAR FATHER,— You know I have gone wrong in the years since I left home. My way of life brought on a sickness, almost delirium tremens, from which I am recovering; but it leaves me blind. I have wilfully neglected my home; but that is over now. Can you forgive me, and let me come back? I should not be a burden on you, and I do not think I should be much trouble; I would try not to be: and I probably shall not live long. If you could forgive me, and let me come home, I think it would help me up again. This is written at my dictation by my friend Mr. Ray.— Your son, John Haven.”

In his fear of calling too much on his father's sympathy, he did not tell all about his condition that I thought a father had a right to know: so I have ventured to add a note. But there is no hope if his son's note does not touch him. If he could have seen the agony every word of it cost! No formal protestations of repentance, and promises of reform, could give me so much hope. He wanted to speak of me in a different way; showing a depth of gratitude which I did not at all suspect, and do not deserve.

March 20.— No answer for Haven yet. He has gained strength, and is now up most of the day, groping feebly about the room, or lying on his lounge. That room!—it has been a subject of constant despair to us. Neither hired hands nor friendly male hands can keep a sick-room comfortable. Harry, to be sure, is an exception to that masculine rule; but he has not been there yet: we thought Haven might be frightened at having *two* ministers upon him. Moreover, I was sure, from the feeling that he showed about his mother and sister, that a good woman (*e.g.*, the aforesaid Harry's wife) could do more for him now than any man: but Muriel has so much to do at home, that I did not like to propose it; so, when she and Harry thought of it, and suggested it themselves, I was rejoiced.

To-day, accordingly, I asked him if my sister might come

and read to him. He exclaimed, "What! Mrs. Irving? She would not come near me: she is one of those who would never have any thing to say to such men in society. I respect them for it now." — "Nevertheless, she wants to come and see you to-morrow," I said. He seemed touched at first; but I heard him muttering something about not caring to be pitied; and I was afraid his pride was up, and would make trouble: so I told him, as merrily as I could, that no one must talk to *me* as if it were a disgrace to a man to be pitied, and that was enough to make him disclaim such an idea; for he is very considerate of my feelings always; and he put on some of his old polished manner as he sent a message of thanks to Mrs. Irving "for the honor she proposes to do me." If he receives her visit in that cool fashion, I shall be provoked!

March 21. — As soon as I entered Haven's parlor to-day, I saw that he was feeling differently, — was excited; and, when Muriel came, he quite forgot his affectations, and stood before her in confusion and shame, — a sinful man in the presence of a pure woman. She, of course, knew just what to do and say; and I left her reading to him.

This evening, as we sat in the study, Ferguson popped in his head, literally nothing more, and pronounced, "Just from Haven's room; and patient vastly benefited by morning's dose: both hope it will be repeated."

April 3. — A weary fortnight to poor Haven. No letter yet. It is to come to my care, as I must read it to him; and it goes to my heart to see him, when I enter his room each day, leaning forward, trembling, his fingers quivering, his wistful blind face turned toward the sound of my crutches; and then, when I have to say "Nothing yet," falling back with such a heart-sick look! He does not murmur, but sometimes says, "I am afraid there is something the matter at home: they would surely write." I should be almost glad to be sure of any good reason for it: I am afraid of deliberate neglect. To-day he was more hopeful, and told me he had been thinking that perhaps the delay was a good sign, — perhaps they were making some arrangements to receive him.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE OF THE GLORIFIED CHRIST.

THE influence of Jesus Christ upon the world since his death is entirely different in kind as well as in degree from that of any other man after death. Many great and good men have lived in the world whose influence for good still remains. Being dead, they yet speak. By their writings, or the record of their lives, they still work for good in the hearts of men. And some would say that the influence of Jesus Christ in the world is of this character only; but such a view is manifestly insufficient to explain the facts of history, as well as opposed to the representations of the Scriptures. Not only by his works done eighteen hundred years ago, and by his teachings recorded in the gospel, does Jesus now work in the hearts and lives of men, but much more by his present personal power from his throne in the heavens.

Washington has had, and still has, great influence in the history of our country, by his writings and the record of his life; and we believe his name and influence will become more illustrious through all coming time: but we have no reason to believe that his spirit has been personally and actively present in our national affairs since he left the world. The Platonic philosophy is a resultant of the life and teachings of Socrates, and might continue to exist were the names of Plato and Socrates buried in oblivion. But not so is Christianity a result of the earthly life of Jesus. It is the outflow of his ever-living person. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Our Saviour repeatedly and in manifold forms declared to his disciples that his work in their behalf and for the redemption of the world would be far more richly manifested after his departure from them than when he was visibly and bodily present with them; and his chosen apostles, the inspired ministers of his word, continually direct our attention to the now-living and ever-living Saviour. While Paul does not omit to ascribe man's redemption to the sacrificial death of

Christ, he yet the more continually directs our attention to his present glorified life. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, *much more*, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." And again, when setting forth the certainty of redemption, the surety of salvation, he speaks of "Christ that died," he immediately adds, "*Yea, rather*, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God; who also maketh intercession for us." Thus the apostle makes the present heavenly glory of Christ the more direct object of contemplation to the Christian heart. Faith in Christ is not merely a belief in him as an historical person, who, centuries ago, lived and died, and whose life is recorded in the Gospels; but it is a belief in him as a now-living, an ever-living Saviour to all who call upon him. Faith indeed never loses sight of his sacrificial death. By an ordinance of his own appointment, the Lord's Supper, the memory of it is kept fresh in the heart of his Church; but faith beholds the now-living and exalted Redeemer, dispensing from his throne in the heavens the benefits of his death upon all who believe in him. It beholds in him such glorious excellency as leads the soul to trust in him as one mighty to save, even to the uttermost, all who come unto God by him; by the attractiveness of his glory, drawing to himself the most earnest affections of the heart, uniting all its powers in his love and service. This is the faith which worketh by love, which purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world. This is the faith which makes the believer a citizen of God's heavenly kingdom, and assures him of redemption and eternal life.

The contemplation of the glorified life which Christ now lives in heaven opens for us an exhaustless theme of thought. In the present article, we would only consider some of the things which Christ in heaven is now doing for his Church on the earth.

Having by himself purged our sins, he arose from the grave, and ascended into the heavens, and is seated at the right hand of God. He is invested with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. Angels, prin-

cialties, and powers are made subject unto him, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. All power both in heaven and in earth is committed to his hand. He is head over all things to his Church.

1. One of the things which Christ in his glorified state is doing for his people is that he gives them the Holy Spirit. He said to his disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but, if I depart, *I will send him unto you.*" In various forms did he repeat this promise, that he would send upon them the gift of the Holy Ghost; and when, on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit was shed forth upon the assembled multitude who listened to the preaching of Peter and of the others, so that in one day three thousand souls were added to the Lord, Peter said, "This same Jesus, being at the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." The unbelieving world may be astonished at the wonderful success which attended the early preachers of the gospel, and seek to find natural and earthly causes for the effect produced, when, at the name of Jesus, thousands bowed the knee and submitted their hearts unto him; but the words of Peter tell us the cause. The glorified Christ was fulfilling his promise that he would send upon his disciples the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that, by this power received from him, they would be able to do the same things which he had done, and even greater things; "because," said he, "I go unto the Father." His going to the Father was the reason why his disciples, after his departure, should extend the blessings of his redeeming work more broadly than he himself had done while bodily present with them. From his throne in heaven, unseen by mortal eye, he would make use of them as instruments to extend the blessings of his kingdom to the ends of the earth. The dying Stephen, the smitten Saul on his way to Damascus, the exile John in the Isle of Patmos, were privileged to see the glorified form of him from whom this power proceeded; and the eye of Christian faith still sees Jesus on the throne, like the

sun in the heavens, pouring life and light on the four quarters of the globe. For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit by Christ was not limited to that early day of the Church. "The promise is unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off; even as many as the Lord our God shall call." On the throne of Christendom (which word means "Christ's kingdom"), there sits the risen and exalted Redeemer. He it is who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. From him cometh that divine influence which is the life of the soul. It is by the dispensation of the Holy Ghost that Christ will yet subdue the whole world unto himself.

The truth, that from the risen and glorified Christ comes the gift of the Holy Ghost, is one of vast practical import. Every reviving of religion is a wave of divine life from his heavenly throne. By his ascension to heaven, he laid aside the limitations of his bodily presence, that he might become a spiritual presence in the hearts of his people always and everywhere. What elevation of love and joyful hope might they attain, did they give to him the place he desires to fill in their hearts! They would all be one in Christ, and Christ be all in all.

2. Another thing that Christ in his glorified state in heaven is doing for his people on the earth is that he ever maketh intercession for them. The Scriptures represent the risen and ascended Redeemer as interceding with the Father in order to secure to his people the benefits of his redeeming work. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "Who is he that condemneth? Doth Christ, that died; yea, rather, that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God; *who also maketh intercession for us?*" It was also with reference to what he would do for his disciples after his departure from them that Jesus said to them in his farewell discourse, "*I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.*" Nothing like this, in the whole Scripture, is ever intimated of any other departed son of man. Abundant examples of the living praying for the living, but not the least encouragement for believing in de-

parted saints as our intercessors with God ; but no sooner is Jesus ascended into the heavens than his name is connected with that of the Father as the source of spiritual blessings to his people. In the Epistles of Paul, there are not less than one hundred and fifty cases of this joint mention of the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, as if constantly to remind us that we are not to think of the Almighty Creator and Father of all, without remembering that his government over the world is administered by his glorified Son ; and also to prevent our resting on the thought of the Mediator, without ascending to the heavenly Father manifest in him. In accordance with this teaching, Christians ever look to the living Christ as their Mediator with the Father, through whom they present their prayers to the Father ; through whom, from the Father, they receive the blessings of his grace ; and it is by his ascension to heavenly glory that he is qualified to become their Mediator with God. "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name : ask, and ye shall receive." And he not only promises to hear their prayers, and to pray the Father for them, but also himself to fulfil their petitions. "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, *I will do it*. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *that will I do*, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." What exalted majesty expresses itself in these words of our Lord, "*I will do it!*" what fulness of divine life ! what assurance of divine power ! They bear so clear a stamp of originality, that we need no other evidence that they are indeed the words of our Lord. Had the Pharisees heard them, they would have asked, "Who can thus claim to hear and answer prayer in all its variety and extent but God only ?" as once before they had asked, "Who can forgive sins but God only ?" The fulfilment of any petition depends upon the power and will of him to whom it is presented. The fulfilment of all prayer presupposes a fulness of power, knowledge, and goodness, that belong to God only. For as prayer differs from requests made to our fellow-men in this, that it is directed above the sphere of finite existence, to a being of superhuman and a superearthy power, on whom

we feel ourselves and all created things to be dependent, and to whom, although we see him not, we look for the bestowal of the blessings desired ; so the granting of desires expressed in prayer presupposes a knowledge and a power exalted above all human limitations. Christ, our Saviour, promises to do whatsoever we ask for in his name. Encouraged by this and similar promises, the early Christians frequently addressed their prayers directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. Stephen prayed, " Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Paul besought the Lord to remove the thorn that troubled him ; and the Lord replied, " My grace is sufficient for thee." How many Christian hymns are songs of worship and praise to Jesus Christ ! What place of high honor has Christ always had in the devotions of his people ! The teachings of our Lord and the example of his first disciples warrant us to continue to call upon his name ; and this invocation of the name of Jesus is no infringement of the honor due to the Father of all, because, in calling upon our Lord Jesus Christ, we call upon the Father manifest in him. And the craving desire of our hearts, when engaged in prayer, to have some definite idea of God, the Father Almighty, is satisfied when we think of the brightness of holiness and truth, the fulness of love and power, that are embodied in our ascended and glorified Redeemer. The Father hath commissioned him to receive this honor from men ; and no man cometh unto the Father but by him. " The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment " (i.e., all rule, authority, and power) " unto the Son." The government of the world is in his hand. To whom, therefore, but to him, should we look for the blessings we desire ? and our prayer to him will not be in vain.

" Jesus is kind to our complaints :
He loves to hear our praise."

3. Our Saviour in his glorified state is preparing a place for his people in heaven. " In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. *I go to prepare a place for you ;* and, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that,

where I am, there ye may be also." It would be in vain for us to conjecture what may be the precise nature of this agency by which Christ is preparing a place for his people in heaven. We know that he is now preparing his people on earth for their heavenly inheritance by the progressive sanctification of their hearts by his spirit and grace; but, besides this, he is continuously preparing a place in heaven for them which will be ready at the final winding-up of all earthly things. The closing book of the Bible describes the heavenly city in language drawn from the richest of this earth's goods,—its gates of pearl, its foundations of precious stones, its streets of pure gold; thus going to the farthest extreme of description of which human language is capable. The riches of the universe will be brought together to beautify the habitation of the saints, and the infinite power of God to make his people happy be realized for ever. The western sky, at the time of some brilliant sunset, may be a faint image of the gateway to the celestial city: but in heaven itself there shall be "no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Christ himself will be the chief blessedness of his people to all eternity.

How precious is this Saviour! how perfectly adapted to be the Mediator between God and man, the Reconciler of heaven and earth! In him humanity and divinity are joined together, the finite with the infinite, human limitations and weakness with divine fulness and strength. We are drawn to him by the ties of human sympathies; we are drawn to him by the cords of divine love; and in him the want of universal man is completely satisfied. Human thought can never imagine a religion more glorious than that of the gospel,—a religion in which God and man are united in one person; and human affection can never cease to find nourishment and full satisfaction in the love of him in whom are all divine excellences in absolute perfection, yet embodied and veiled in one whose form is like unto the Son of man.

E. R.

THE WAR AS AFFECTING OUR VIEWS OF DEATH.*

At a moment like the present, — when embattled hosts are marching nearer and nearer to a conflict which may shake the continent with its fierceness, and destiny holds the balance in almost breathless suspense, — we are led to think of every moral compensation for this material sacrifice. When we contemplate the destruction and desolation that always attend war, we are not surprised that some pronounce it under all circumstances contrary to the principles of morality. The position taken by the Friends is certainly very strong; denying, as they do, that any war is consistent with the gospel. And civil war, where brother lifts his hand against brother, and a nation is rent with the deadliest of all possible strifes; where the land is laid waste, and fire and famine sweep off all that is spared by the sword, and murder is practised on those who (as in the recent case at Fort Pillow) have surrendered, and are pleading for life on their knees, — such a scene strikes us as monstrous.

Fastening our minds on the terrific sacrifice, whose realities pen or tongue can hardly exaggerate, through which we are now passing, — property wasted by thousands of millions, and an uncounted number, every sun that shines, torn from their associates, and thrown into deadly prisons and hospitals, which often destroy rather than save human life; seeing throng upon throng wounded, maimed, and many of them for days and nights left without care or pity, — we shudder at the spectacle.

Nor is the picture yet complete. Multitudes are every day yielding up their lives, either on the field of battle, or from mortal wounds, or under the swift shafts of disease. Take the aggregate who perish on both sides, and you are appalled at the footing-up of the fearful columns. You find that the records of history — blood-red though they seem, when you read of the desolating track of the Xerxes, Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons of past ages — dwindle almost to

insignificance before the works now and here going forward ; and Marathon and Blenheim, and even Waterloo, appear trifles compared to what we witness to-day with our own eyes and ears. The vast scale of the present war cannot be appreciated perhaps by those of us who are seeing its gloomy panorama unfolded, not in one single hour, but step by step, so that we lose the effect of that startling impressiveness with which another generation will review it. And still "the awful register goes on ;" and at some moments we ask, with bated breath, "When will the end come ?" I do not wonder that they, who limit their view to the immediate horizon of this strife ; who never rise above its material bearings, but carry with them the unrelieved burden of the sacrifice of property it involves, and the how much more melancholy cost of the precious lives of many of our truest and noblest, some in the bloom of their youth, — I do not wonder they exclaim, "It is a cruel war : it must be stopped, no matter what comes next ; let it be at once stopped."

But man is not all matter. He has a moral nature ; and that is clearly intended to rise above and predominate over all merely earthly considerations. There is an inner good, before which houses and lands, stocks and estates, the welfare of the body, yes, and life itself, shrink into comparative worthlessness. What we call evil is manifestly an instrument employed by Him who governs the moral universe to work out man's ultimate and highest good.

The chief and overwhelming sacrifice of this war (I suppose none will deny this) is its destruction of human life. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." But is there no possible compensation even for *this* great loss ? We cannot as Christians certainly take that ground. The New Testament makes the life of the body a small thing, compared with the life of the soul. We are expressly commanded by Jesus Christ not to fear those who kill only the body, but cannot touch the life of the soul. Whatever does not and cannot reach that, he makes of light importance.

The inherent life of the soul, and the continuity of that life, — this is the great concern of the Christian religion ; and

it is represented, too, as a present possession. Our Saviour does not say, "I shall be," but "I *am* the resurrection and the life." He does not speak of the generations whose flesh has mouldered to dust as lost to vitality, and to be restored only by a future resurrection; but, referring to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he affirms that they are now living. "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." "The dead," he distinctly says, "are raised;" that is, already they have entered on an immortal existence. "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." It is not a distant heritage, to be enjoyed only after untold ages of sleep in the grave, and parted from us by the broad gulf of what we call death.

To the thief on the cross by his side, Christ expressly promises, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." He evidently makes no account of any partition-wall between this life and that which is to come. Before him, death stands discredited and disarmed. He is no longer the king of terrors, but the subject of one who is Lord and Master of the great spirit-realm.

If there is any one purpose standing forth in the whole life of Jesus Christ, beaming from his character, and radiating from his cross, it is that he came to revolutionize men's conceptions on the subject of death. Not only did he preach of a new heaven and a new earth, but he consummated, once and for ever, their union. He unfolded the New Jerusalem as already come down to this our sublunary world: and Paul, too, reiterates this sublime strain, "Christ is risen from the dead, and become" (that is, even now he has become) "the first-fruits of them that slept;" and, referring to his converts, he does not carry their minds forward to some distant and mysterious resurrection through which their re-animated bodies are to pass, but he connects them indissolubly with the Master. "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." This was the view of death taken by the early martyrs and confessors; and they were little likely to misunderstand the great Teacher. The inscriptions on the tombs of the catacombs under Rome all breathe a tone of cheerfulness in regard to the future life. The gloom of death

had been exchanged for the effulgence of that light which beams from the celestial mansions. Heaven was not up in the mystic heights of space, but it lay about their daily walk. They spoke of the believer as having "already passed from death into life." They showed the purity, depth, and adamantine firmness of their own faith, by demeaning themselves as already citizens of the great upper kingdom.

Now, this view I regard as pre-eminently the fruit of Liberal Christianity. I care not what name any denomination may bear; if they have escaped the old bondage of the fear of death, I gladly extend to them the right hand of fellowship: and I believe one among the many compensations for the sad works of the present war is its tendency to liberalize and at the same time to harmonize all the various sects who enter our armies. It is only by constrained and forced processes that any thing like sectarianism can be fostered in their ranks. Over and over we have the testimony that ministers of the gospel, who stood aloof from others on account of their supposed heresies at home, here exchange services; and none question the soundness of another in the faith. Before the common enemy, all are brothers and friends; and, in the hour of conference and prayer, all fall on their knees together, and, before a common Father, all blend their voices in the diffusion of one and the same broad practical religion.

Especially is this homogeneousness of faith and trust seen in the hour of peril, and at the approach of death. Said one at a late anniversary in Boston, who has officiated in a chaplaincy, "All in the army die Unitarians." All, he would say, divest themselves of a false and depressing theology, and yield with cheerfulness to the call, "Come up hither." Whatever gloom had gathered over their creed and their associations on this topic at home, on the battle-field it has been dissipated; and our ministers testify, that as they pass through the several wards of the hospitals, and meet the loyal or the disloyal, rebel or Unionist, when the hour comes that summons them on high, they fall asleep calm, serene, and full of trust in the mercy of God.

Now, I do not know how this strikes others ; but to me it seems a precious compensation for many of the hardships and sufferings of this unhappy war. Never closing my eyes for a moment to the cruel lot of many of our noble men, — as they linger far away from home, and the dear offices of a mother, wife, or sister's love, or as they fall in the sharp agony of the battle-hour, — I still feel there is a solace in their cup ; for they die with no resistance to God's will, and with no fear in their hearts.

That (as took place within the personal knowledge of the writer) a young man can offer himself for a "forlorn hope," feeling with an almost absolute certainty that another sun is to shine on his breathless form ; that he can sit calmly down and prepare his last will and testament, and write to a dear kindred what disposition he wishes made of his body, if he falls, with the same composure as he would write of a journey home, — is to me a mystery. God be praised for such power given to his frail child ! God be thanked that there is in this mortal frame a spirit, which, in the pride of youth and hope, and in the joy of health and strength, can thus look into the open grave, and never blench or fear ! It is a lesson, I sometimes think, that, in the tranquil days of peace, our youth and our strong men would never have learned ; and a wise Providence, through war, is illustrating what man can do and what he can bear, even while he is looking what we call grim death in the very eye.

There may be something in the position of the soldier which disarms the king of terror. He is often near the last of earth ; and, of course, he imagines himself never secure against it. And we are so constituted by our kind Creator, that, as we approach the hour of death, we derive new strength to bear it. Did we really believe our dissolution might occur at some near moment, we should doubtless have a peace and self-possession given us we had never anticipated. The long space that seems to lie between full health and our actual demise is often haunted with apprehensions, so that "we die a thousand deaths in fearing one." It would appear as though this evil was studiously enhanced by the gloom

thrown by many of our false arrangements over the future state, clouding heaven from our sight, and forcing us to attempt to reap the harvest of immortality out of what is made a repulsive grave.

But the soldier realizes the wrong that is done in this way to man's nature. He knows, by his own experience, that, while "cowards" (moral as well as physical cowards) "die many deaths, the brave die but one." Apart from the influence of a religious faith, his very situation arms him with power to meet his last hour without trembling; and often, in the thick fight of the field, a previous devoutness is kindled to the intensity of the early martyrs. As they, when thrown into the amphitheatre amid lions, calmly kneeled in prayer, and saw heaven open above them; so does God sometimes pour down his sustaining spirit amid the combatants in battle. If they could perish at the stake unmoved, amid shrivelling flames and brutal jeers, and death was abolished, and visions of glory broke on their enraptured sight, he, too, is not seldom re-animated by a like uplifting persuasion; and when one falls who is instinct with a high patriotism, and willing — and, more than willing, rejoices — to die for his country, we see the bracing energy of a disinterested love in the hour of death. The blessed temper which Christianity calls forth, deepening and expanding our love of our race, increases our faith in a future life, and enables one sometimes, before the moment of mortal agony, to overpass the narrow stream that divides the two worlds.

The principle I describe exerts a reflex influence on the affections. The greater the sacrifice which the soldier makes for his country, the more truly he loves it; and the stronger his love, the more cheerfully he offers up his life in its service, the less does the change appear to him, and the more insignificant is the boundary-line between this scene of battle and strife and the realm above. The pure atmosphere of a generous service extends up to that field where angels obey the word of the divine Commander. To the Christian patriot there is no antagonism between this life and the near future. He realizes that "the dying" do indeed "melt into the great

multitude of the departed as quietly as a drop of water into the ocean ;” and that death does not tear them away, and bear them to some strange abode, but it rather brings them home.

A friend said to me, not long since, that he could not lay down his life, even if he knew it would save the country. Perhaps many of us would join in that sentiment, if the test were put to us here, far away from the tented field, and in our quiet and secure position ; but what if the whole nation, and under all circumstances, had taken this ground from the beginning of the war ? Let us give thanks for the noble spirits which have put us to the blush ; taking their lives in their hands, and going, not a few of them joyfully, at the call of patriotism, freedom, and humanity, ready to do and to die in this glorious work.

I doubt not that even we, if once placed in their position, should experience an unaccustomed devotion to something higher than self. I have been told by more than one, that, in the hour of battle, the sense of personal danger often vanishes, and the soul is braced to a courage never before imagined. That is not an unmingled evil (who will say it is ?) that can lift a human being to this sublime elevation. Any thing is better than a sordid, rayless selfishness, which lives and cares only for its own paltry security in this world.

In writing as I have, I by no means forget that other motives than the highest and purest sometimes sway the spirit in the scenes of battle and peril : ambition may be there, caring only to win the laurels of victory ; pride may be there, ashamed to be guilty, in such a presence, of cowardice. It may be only a fear of personal penalties for misconduct before the enemy that forces one to stand up and face the mouth of the cannon ; and bounty and wages may actuate the soldier, and no care for his country. Still, I must feel, the tendencies, especially in scenes of actual conflict, are to purge the spirit of these grosser influences, and arouse it to a generous interest in the great cause at stake, and to cherish a disdain for a selfish clinging to life under all possible circumstances. The great sentiment of such services, fostered in

every heart capable of what is high and holy, is, that whoever will lose his life for his country's sake and for Christ, Christian civilization, human liberty, and the advancement of his race, shall save it; while he who basely saves his life, come what may to the nation and the cause, shall ignominiously lose it.

M.

CRITICISM ON THE BRAIN.

WE find some of our politicians — we can hardly call them statesmen, that class of persons seems to have mostly ceased from the land — charging their companions in legislation with having “Constitution on the brain,” whilst those who are supposed to be afflicted with this malady retort in a counter accusation of “negro on the brain;” and we remember to have heard an overworked Sanitary Commissioner complain of suffering from “supplies on the brain.” The phraseology is expressive. We hope that we shall not be thought to have made an entire sacrifice of dignity, or to have yielded to the very prevailing temptation to indulge in slang, when we say that some of our modern teachers of Christianity seem to us to be afflicted with “criticism on the brain.” That is what ails them, and what renders much of their well-meant work comparatively unprofitable. Criticism is good, but not “criticism on the brain;” just as water is good, but not “water on the brain.”

We claim to know something about this disease, because in our time we have had it, and had it badly; and as it is not self-limited, and really requires the advice of a physician, it may not be amiss to describe it in a few words, and drop a hint or two as to the right treatment of so serious a malady. “Criticism on the brain!” we say, when it seems to be the chief end of the writer or speaker to emphasize the objections to the views which are commonly entertained amongst well-informed Christians as to the canon of Scripture. There is a considerable class of students, not always the most profound, who proceed to the study of the external evidences for

Christianity, as if the presumption were against these evidences. They mean no injustice; but they seem really to be engaged to admit the force of every difficulty, and surrender at discretion upon the feeblest demands. The critics have prevailed against and overmastered them. Somebody will have it that the book of Acts is not authentic history, but only what is called an *irenica* or conciliatory treatise, illustrated by facts which are no facts, or facts colored and perverted and dislocated to suit a purpose, and that purpose to show that Paul and Peter did not differ so much after all, spite of the testimony of the Epistle to the Galatians, — a book not written in the first century and by Luke, but much later and by some unknown writer. A pleasant fancy! — not very creditable, perhaps, to the supposed author, — somewhat damaging, it must be confessed, to the reputation of the religious communion, the Church, which could adopt such a Scripture into the canon, and call it sacred. The evidence for the theory may be still somewhat defective; the proofs, of that slightly uncertain kind known as subjective. No matter: if you have “criticism on the brain,” you will give in at once: to do otherwise would indicate a base servitude to the traditional and to outward authority; and it is fortunate if you do not feel bound to publish the glad tidings, that the book of the Acts of the Apostles is a fiction, inferior to other fictions in *not* being founded upon facts. Again: somebody undertakes to say that the Gospel of John was not written by that apostle; nay, that he could not possibly have written it; nay, that it could not have been written before the middle of the second century; nay, that it does not matter when it was written, or by whom; that the subjects discussed in it were not before the Church in John’s day, as appears from the fact, or assumption, that he did not write his Gospel. If you have “criticism on the brain,” you will give in to all that; all the old testimonies, all the indications of authenticity in the Gospel itself, will go for nothing; they shall not be remembered in favor of the apostle: it shall be enough that he who leaned upon the Saviour’s breast, and was nearer than any to his heart, has set down deep things and high concern-

ing the heavenly Lord, in measure, not in kind, beyond the other evangelists ; and another book must be dropped from the collection of sacred writings. Are there no evidences in favor of the genuineness of St. John's Gospel ? There are, and they are exceedingly strong ; but " criticism on the brain " closes the eyes against them.

Again : the victim of this painful malady seems to take it for granted that the results of criticism, even when they have been tolerably well verified, are more significant and serviceable than the grand verities of religion ; and that it is incumbent upon the gospel preacher to make them known in his pulpit ministrations. Now, there is a great deal of Scripture knowledge which children and adults can be left to grow into : it comes to them little by little, they hardly know how, and in a natural way, without any violent change ; as the day succeeds to the night. When, in the progress of our faith, the time has come to read as allegory or as poetry what we have been accustomed to read as fact, we find that we are so reading it ; that others are so reading it with us ; that we have lost nothing out of our dear old Book, — nay, that we are gainers ; that the spirit breathes more freely than before upon the Word ; that gospel truths come to light in stories, prophecies, psalms, which, in their letter, were not very significant to us ; we gain the ideal, and lose none of the real ; we read the old narratives to the congregation, and, because we read with a fresh interest, they find listening ears ; we are not careful to tell them just how literally they are to be taken, for the spirit that is ever speaking to the churches has already enlightened them. There is no need to have men in the garden whose duty it shall be to aid the buds in their unfolding ; to turn back the outer covering, and spread open the flower. There is no need of any one to crack the husks of the nuts in the autumn : when the nut is ripe, the husk will open of itself.

In truth, what we want to secure is Christian growth ; and we may be sure, that, wherever and whenever this is the first object proposed and sought, there will be no difficulty in parting with whatever has been outgrown. The Christian Church

in the beginning found the Jewish Scriptures to be for edification ; and they accepted them as a sacred inheritance, using more or less freedom in the interpretation of the letter. Where there is life, there will be freedom ; where there is an abundance of life, freedom can do no harm. What we want is life ; what we want is to have and to communicate the love of God in Christ Jesus, which is the essential principle of the new creation : we gladly seize upon every thing in old sacred story that can help us, and we find that the Word is rich unto all who bring with them seeing eyes. Criticism is a good thing to the mind which has been brought into sympathy with the mind of Christ, and into the communion and fellowship of saints and apostles, and so has been brought into a condition to prize the contents of revelation. We want to be in the spirit, so that we may be able to make up the canon for our age, as the early Church made it up for the fathers. Criticism must help us in the work as it helped them ; we shall have our books "universally received," and our books that are "questioned ;" and we may not draw the line just where they did, but we shall be sure *not* to draw it correctly if we give to the questioner every advantage, and make common opinion presumptive evidence of error. We must know Christ first ; and then we shall be able to search the Scriptures, and learn in what passages and by what pens they testify of Christ. Suppose it were true, which, as it seems to us, it is not, that the historical evidence in favor of the genuineness of John's Gospel were equally balanced by the historical evidence against it : the reader who had learned to accept and enjoy its doctrine that Christ is not a mere teacher and prophet, but in all ages a real and living presence in his Church, himself the Way, the Truth, the Life, Vine, Shepherd, Door, would hardly be able to resist the persuasion that such vital truth concerning the Christ must have come from "him whom Jesus loved," whilst "criticism" a whole life long would hold a suspended judgment.

Let us say again, it is not "criticism" to which we object. It is only to that morbid condition which finds in "criticism" the chief end of man, even of the Christian, and, when the

objector raises his voice, feels bound to accept his words for oracles, and, when one would idealize a little, demands proof, and appeals to grammar and dictionary and logic. The gospel suffers about equally from the dogmatic conservative and the dogmatic destructive; from the men who will have it that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and the whole of it (which the Bible nowhere claims), even to the extent of describing in the way of prophecy his own death and burial; and from the men, who, instead of preaching the gospel, have time only to criticise the Scriptures old and new, and to put into the foreground every thing hard to be understood, and to insist that the salvation of the world depends upon the world's knowing how much of the Old Testament is history and science, and how much divine poetry and wisdom.

Reader, if you are afflicted with "criticism on the brain," treat it homœopathically. Take a very little, for the time only an infinitesimal dose, of that which wrought the mischief. A little will do you good. Meanwhile let us prescribe, also, air and exercise: go forth where the breath of the Lord breathes freely; leave your books behind you; study the lives of men and women who had faith; study the life of Jesus, if you have not been persuaded altogether out of the belief that it is the only life of which we have no reliable record; and be sure to do whatsoever you know, — to put your faith into work. The pressure upon the brain will grow less and less; you will see that "criticism" hath its fashions and its assumptions, its canons and its formulas, its arrogant assertions and bigoted judgments, at least as truly as historical Christianity, and that there is no subject upon which many excellent and faithful scholars in our day are less fitted to pronounce impartially, than upon the claims of the Sacred Scriptures to be in a transcendent sense the Book, the Word, the Lively Oracles, the Manual of Divine Science and of Holy Living.

E.

WE ought to know ourselves: if this does not enable us to discover truth, it serves to regulate our lives, and is, in itself, the highest wisdom. — *Pascal*.

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

[The following letter from the chaplain of one of the fighting regiments, who sent us the communication in the June number, describing the "New Movement in the West," will be read with much interest:—]

IN LINE OF BATTLE, NINE MILES FROM RICHMOND,
June 11, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER SEARS, — On the other half of this sheet, I send you a few more specimens of our Western liberal hymns, for your own private friendly eye, and to print if you see fit. I see by the June number of your Magazine, which came duly to hand, that you are well pleased with our liberal movement: so I thought some more of our characteristic hymns would at least please you to read. I have not with me here copies of *all* our hymns (mine, perhaps I should say, so far as the making them is concerned); and we also have some for our children, in keeping with the tone, sentiment, and style of the adult hymns. Our doctrine of the future life is, that those having similar tastes, loves, and desires, good or bad in their various kinds, associate together by spontaneous mutual attraction or affinity; and every spirit is known by all the rest precisely *as it is*, with all its goodness or all its badness unmistakably discerned by every one. But we hold, also, that the justice of God would require that every being which he has endowed with an immortal existence should, by some means, attain at last to a happy existence. We believe that evil and error are transient, while the good and the true things are eternal. If it were not so, where were God, and what his character?

The copies of your Magazine which I have received have been read with wondering interest by some of the men of my regiment, who had never before seen or known any such thing as *Liberal Christianity*. But, alas! our best men are gone, — killed or wounded. My regiment started on the campaign with less than five hundred men in the ranks, and has already lost, I believe, two hundred and fifty-two; but it was an old *fighting* regiment, under Russell, Wright, and Sedgwick, all *fighting* generals: and, indeed, I suppose the entire annals of human warfare has nothing to compare, in terribleness, persistence, and endurance, with this campaign. Our men are not flippantly jubilant or boastful, but seem

solidly settled down into a sort of old Norse-like, grim determination to dare and to do all that mortals may, and fight the fight of final victory.

I write this within a few rods of Gen. Grant and Meade's headquarters, sitting squat on the ground, with a piece of board on my lap, or one knee rather, for a desk. At the extreme front, sharp-shooting and skirmish-firing are going on incessantly; at the rear, bands are playing; and along the line there is kept up desultory cannonading. Our army is in good discipline, excellent spirits, unusual good health, and full of stern, manly confidence that we shall take Richmond, and at least break the great backbone of the Rebellion, this summer.

I distributed this morning, among our sick and wounded, an armful of the "New-York Independent," and a few copies of the "Christian Inquirer," with some other odd numbers of papers, and also a quantity of the American Unitarian Association's and other army tracts. Our mails have been few and doubtful; and reading-matter, where there is quiet and safety enough to read, is a positive luxury to the soldiers. My own regiment is always well supplied with reading-matter, — I verily believe, the best of any regiment in the whole army; and I frequently have a considerable surplus, which I always take pains to distribute elsewhere, so that nothing be wasted.

With many thanks for your friendly kindnesses, I remain, sincerely and truly, your brother and fellow-worker for the coming of the kingdom of heaven among men,

H. A. REID,
Chaplain 5th Regt. Wis. Vols.

Infinite Spirit! Sovereign Lord!

Thine all-commanding power
Through love secures divine accord
For every wayward-seeming word
In Nature's glorious dower.

No soul of man shall suffer ill,
Nor even a sparrow fall,
Without thy sovereign, gracious will
Some larger law to more fulfil,
In mercy more for all.

And thus we learn the law divine
Of love's self-sacrifice;
And read new grace in every line,
Of human will at one with thine,
On earth or in the skies.

Oh ! help us evermore to own,
 In every thought and prayer,
 "Not my will, Lord, but thine be done,"
 As father trusted true by son
 For wisest guardian care.

Attend, ye listless souls ! and learn
 Ye cannot glide to heaven alone :
 Salvation's fires refuse to burn
 In hearts to succoring zeal unknown.

Go, like the Good Samaritan,
 Assisting, on his hapless road,
 Your robbed and wretched brother man,
 Who bears in grief life's weary load.

Go, cheer the poor ; go, guide the young ;
 Let love's good deeds be your delight :
 Go, help the weak ; go, right the wrong ;
 And meekness be your conquering might.

And thus the Saviour's lesson learned,
 And thus the Christ exemplified,
 Your crown of joy is sweetly earned,
 Your heavenly well-spring full supplied.

"I go a meet place to prepare,"
 Said Jesus to his friends,
 "That where I am, there ye may be,
 And all my joys may share and see,
 As God's pure light descends."

Lo ! in our heavenly Father's house
 Are many mansions true ;
 And each shall find his spirit's own,
 With fruits of love or hates o'ergrown,
 As each doth here pursue.

Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
 Of gross or pure desire :
 All selfish lusts and passions vile,
 Whatever doth the soul defile,
 Still feeds its cankering fire.

But those of sweeter, holier loves
 The balmy life shall breathe,
 Of grace divine from God's own sphere,
 Where wondrous glory doth appear,
 Yet glory more inwreathes.

O Father! teach us thy pure truth,
And fill us with thy love,
That we may find our resting-place
With holy ones of every race,
In thy pure climes above.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

"Now, dear Mr. Editor and esteemed friends, editors of the 'Religious Monthly Magazine,' and brethren and fathers in the ministry, isn't it about time to have done with excommunication or exclusion or repulsion, or refusing the Christian name, or any other form of schism, with reference to speculative matters in the Christian Church?" — *Christian Register of May 14.*

We think it is time, at least, to have done with much confusion of ideas in reference to what is called "the Christian name." It may mean either of two things. It may mean the Christian theory, or the system of truth which Christ taught. Persons may differ in their conceptions of what that system is; but a man has a perfect right to call himself a Christian believer, who believes the word and teachings of Christ according to his best means of ascertaining them. It is a question of interpretation. But, having ascertained them, to reject them then as false, and take something else in their place, and call *that* after the name of Christ, were an abuse of language too palpable, we should think, to admit of debate. If language can be used in this way, what in the world is it good for as a medium of thought? and, if opinions are not a test of Christianity taken as a theory, what in the name of common sense is?

But, again, "the Christian name" may be an expression used to designate the personal qualities and character which are Christian, — humility, gentleness, goodness, charity, the spirit of self-sacrifice, trust in God. That a person may have all these, and yet reject the Christian theory, or not believe it through some mental peculiarity, we have not a doubt: indeed, we know it. We should go a great deal farther than this. We have known many persons, who, without the Christian theory, in life and character were more thoroughly Christian, and, as we believe, more meet for the kingdom of heaven, than many others who have the fullest faith in the authority and teachings of Christ, but whose faith has never been converted into conduct. And yet this does not abate

in the least our estimate of the value of Christianity as a system of truth and doctrine in changing the human character and redeeming the race. The spirit of Christianity may come otherwise than by intellectual faith in it, through a long line of ancestral tendencies, through germs of good implanted in youth and childhood, through the inbreathings of parental love, through the reflex influences from the life and character of others, through all the appliances of Christian nurture. And yet these would not have been, if there had been no Christ as the fountain-head whence they have come to the families of the earth as their richest inheritance; and we have not a doubt that human virtue, as all human life, would again lose ultimately all the sweetness and flavor of the Christian spirit, if the personal Christ were blotted from the faith of mankind.

Indeed, we think the besetting danger of naturalism is exclusiveness in its worst form, and want of the comprehending charity of the gospel. With much that is excellent in Mr. Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker," it seemed to us we never read a book of more rampant bigotry. It would seem to be one of its leading ideas, that supernaturalists in general, and the "Boston Association" in particular, were either hypocrites or fools. s.

"A VIEW FROM THE PEWS."

SAY what we will of Gail Hamilton's dashing style, with her sturdy good sense she does hit the mark more often than most writers. In one of her essays, she preaches a sermon to ministers which is worth reading. It is specially for Orthodox ministers, though they ought not to claim all the benefit of it. Here are some of its items:—

CLERICAL READING.—"Our finest hymns are ruthlessly murdered. Some hymns are bad enough of themselves; but good and bad are ground in the same mill, and come out alike, sheer doggerel. We shall not soon forget the impression by such a reading of the line,—

'Faith, set upon a world to come.'

Instead of making a slight pause after faith, with steadfast eye fixed upon a future world, the minister scanned the verse, bringing the pause after 'upon,' and the emphasis upon it, thus:—

'Faith set upon—a world to come;'

as if faith were a hare set upon by a pack of hounds. It really needed

reflection to select the real meaning from the possible ones into which the barbarous accents of this excellent man had translated it.

"It is rather worse to disfigure hymns in this way than sermons. The sermon is a man's own, and his own reputation only suffers; but the owner of the unfortunate hymn is dead or absent, and cannot help himself. On the other hand, however, the sermon is to instruct, admonish, and enlighten the people: and, if by carelessness or wilfulness it is badly written or badly spoken, it is *not* the man's reputation alone that suffers, but the welfare of the people; which is of infinitely more importance. The most excellent way is for a man to learn to read before he begins to preach; then he can read any thing. If, unfortunately, he has begun to preach without knowing how to read, 'it is never too late to mend.'"

PULPIT PATOIS. — "Was an Orthodox minister ever known to use the word 'wife' in the pulpit? From the manner in which he steers round it, one would suppose that its utterance was under a ban. Your 'consort,' 'companion,' 'the partner of your joys' or 'sorrows' or 'bosom,' is recognized; but nobody ever prays for your 'wife.' Why is it not just as well to say that Mr. A. will preach in the *afternoon*, as in the 'after part of the day'? Why not say that the man whose life you are sketching was *married* at a certain age, rather than that he 'entered into the marriage relation'? Why in the pulpit shall we not bear our own tongue in which we were born? If dignity cannot stand Anglo-Saxon, so much the worse for dignity. Good, common, honest, racy, idiomatic words and phrases are not only the strongest, but often the most eloquent. The cumbersome euphonisms of a pulpit *patois* are neither pleasant to the taste, nor good for food."

RAW THEOLOGY. — "How can a living man have free course for half an hour, and not come in contact with any one either to help or to hurt? How can a man fire into a crowd for half an hour, and hit nobody? It must be that the minister does not stand on the same plane with his people. They are groping on the earth. He is groping or charging among the clouds. Like the soldiers at Bunker Hill, he fires over their heads; and, like their officers, one feels moved to cry out, 'Shin 'em, boys! shin 'em!' The people are groaning and travelling in pain; they are bewildered in the labyrinth of life; they are overwhelmed in the tide of ignorance and worldliness and selfishness and passion; and their minister comes to them with his emasculated abstractions. The people crave bread, and they get — theology. But scorn theology, the science of sciences, the central truth? Nay, verily. Absorb in your seminaries as much science as you can, but do not transmit it to us raw science. Assimilate it, and transmute it into the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby. What we the people want, is not theology theological, but theology vital. We do not care for oxygen and nitrogen: we want air."

PRACTICAL SERMONS. — "So rare is it to hear a sermon that gives one any definite thing to do, or points out any special fault to correct, that an

audience looks with something like suspicion upon such a sermon when it does come. They do not exactly know what to make of it. They are not quite sure it is religion at all, but rather think it is morality; and, as Unitarians are supposed to be given over to morality, the minister needs to have years and experience, or his creed may be called in question."

LAW vs. LOVE.

"I TRY to do my *duty*," was the stolid reply of one upon whom we were urging the performance of some outside and not strictly imperative deed of Christian charity. "I try to do my duty;" and the sanctimonious look which accompanied the words barred all farther solicitation on the subject. Duty! it is a cold word. We almost hated it just then. Supposing the narrow idea of duty ran through God's universe, binding it in its iron strength down to the mere routine of the recurring seasons, the coming of day and night, the descent of the rain and sunshine; supposing Nature were shorn of every thing but her necessary facilities for carrying on the processes of vitality and recuperation,—not one leaf more upon any bough than was positively required to act as lungs to the whole forest, not a blade of grass over and above the need of God's cattle upon a thousand hills, not a waste sunbeam, not an unused rill, not a useless herb or flower in all God's beautiful creation: what a barren world would this be of ours! what desolation for beauty! what nakedness for exuberance! what gloom and dearth and darkness for glory, sweetness, and perpetual bloom! God be thanked for the munificence of his thoughts towards us in the displays of his outward creation, as well as for the riches of his mercy towards us in Christ Jesus our Lord!

"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!"

C. A. M.

I CAN be contented with entire obscurity; but, if God appoints me a condition partially obscure, that very partial obscurity it is which dissatisfies me, and that because I do not find in it the merit attaching to perfect seclusion. This is a fault, and shows that I make an idol of my obscurity, without looking to the appointment of God, which ought alone to be the object of my adoration. — *Pascal*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Stumbling-blocks. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," "Gala Days," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Fifteen essays, on religious subjects mainly, make up the contents of the book. "The Ins and the Outs" is of church members and non-church members. "A View from the Pews" is a pungent criticism upon some of the faults of the pulpit. We have given a specimen of this in the Random Readings; which will also give some idea of the general style of these essays. "Prayer-meetings" lays open with great freedom the faults of those who lead in these meetings, sometimes lashing them with great severity. "Amusements" approves of dancing under proper regulations, and censures those Orthodox Christians who agree with her, and yet do nothing to rescue this recreation from its abuses. "Church Sitings," "Ordinances," "Controversies," "Praying," are among the other topics. The writer is always reverent and orthodox, assaults cant with unsparing mercy, abounds in excellent advice, told with so much pith and with such robust common sense, that the book will be an exceedingly useful one to all classes of readers. s.

The Potomac and the Rapidan. Army Notes, from the Failure at Winchester to the Re-enforcement by Rosecrans, 1861-3. By ALONZO H. QUINT, Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

One feels sad and indignant by turns in reading this book. It has every mark of faithful testimony to facts of which the writer was a personal witness. How much we are imposed upon by false reports of battles and victories; how many thousands of lives have been wasted through incompetent commanders, and those lives the very flower of the Republic; what wretched mismanagement has attended this war, both in the field and at home, — all this is faithfully and graphically told. We have learned wisdom by experience; and the prospects are vastly more bright

than in those gloomy days whose events Mr. Quint describes. His book will be an important one to those who come to write a true history of the war, if that shall ever be done. His opinion of generals will not go for much; but his description of details and experiences we have no doubt is as true as it is sometimes harrowing. S.

Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family. By two of themselves. New York: M. W. Dodd, No. 506, Broadway. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We are late in calling attention to this book; and our explanation is, that it has but just come into the editorial hands. Our readers, many of them at least, have already been made to feel its charm, and have found in it a valuable aid against that reactionary tendency which is carrying away some from the simplicity of our Protestant faith. We do not know when we have read such simply eloquent words of testimony to that religion, pure and undefiled, which standeth not in the wit or the will of man, but in the power of God. The book is rich in the sayings of Luther, and in those treasures of Christian love which he did so much to bring to the knowledge of his contemporaries. There is none of the bitterness towards the old Romish Church which spoils so much of our Protestant literature. Our readers may not have learned that the author of the "Chronicles" is Mrs. Charles, the wife of a man of business in London, who resides near Hamstead Heath. Mrs. Charles spends part of her time in missionary work in the city, and is a contributor to various periodicals; a studious person, skilled in Greek, German, and other tongues. She has written "Illustrations of the Early Saxon Church," "Stories of the Early Days of Christianity," "Voice of Christian Life in Song," and a volume of poems; and is engaged at present upon the "Life of a Young Girl in the Days of Wesley." We are indebted for these facts to a gentleman who has enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with her. E.

N.B. — In the paging of this number, which commences a new volume, occurred an error, which was not perceived till the first signatures were struck off.

IMPORTANT NEW WORKS.

IN PRESS, AND WILL BE ISSUED SOON:

I.

Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864,
Or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c. Together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a classified list of Patents; Obituaries of eminent Scientific Men; an Index of Important Papers in Scientific Journals, Reports, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A.M. With a Portrait of Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, U.S.A. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50.

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Embracing Scenes and Incidents of Christian Bravery and Religious Faith in the Army. With Historical Notes. By Prof. Horatio B. Hackett, D.D. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25.

III.

Light in Darkness;

Or, Christ discerned in his True Character. By a Unitarian. 16mo. Cloth.

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The New-York "Evangelist" speaks of it as "one of the most valuable contributions to ecclesiastical history yet made in this country."

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The above are only specimens of a very large number of notices by the best authorities, such as the New-Englander, Christian Examiner, Boston Review, Congregational Quarterly, Free-Will Baptist Quarterly, Methodist Quarterly, Evangelical Review, New-York Methodist, Boston Congregationalist and Recorder, New-York Examiner and Church Advocate, American Presbyterian, &c.

Lectures of Sir William Hamilton. Logical and Metaphysical. The Complete, Authorized Edition. Two volumes royal octavo. \$3.25 each.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 2.

AUGUST, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE FOR 1864.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS,
EDITORS.

"The Church heareth none but Christ."—MARTIN LUTHER.

The object of this Periodical is to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, and by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, to quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." It will sustain no representative relation to any sect or party, but gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men,—the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked.

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The Proprietor would inform his subscribers that the increase in the price of paper, which costs about double what it did two years ago, and the advance of thirty per cent in the wages of printers, have compelled him to raise the subscription-price of the Magazine. It is, however, enlarged in the number and size of its pages; making, when bound, two large royal octavo volumes of upwards of 800 pages the year, handsomely printed on fine paper and clear type.

The Editorial Department of the Journal will be in charge of the same Editors who have so ably conducted it the past five years; and, with the aid of many of the old and several new contributors, our readers may feel assured that its character as a useful and interesting periodical for families will be fully sustained; and it is hoped that the necessary advance in the price will not materially affect the circulation of the work.

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Vol. XXXII.

AUGUST, 1864.

No. 2.

THE TRUE HUMANITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE actual existence, in the past, of the person of whom we speak, and his possession of a character which many persons since have striven to attain as the highest that they know, — this we take to be among the simplest acknowledged facts of history.

But it is also a fact, that this name alone has become lifted from the horizon of humanity, and set in the heavenly constellations; that, in popular sentiment, it has become linked, of all human names, with God's, as equally a subject of profanity; and that Christology has become an essential part of theology.

These facts suggest the question as to his nature. For we accept the second of the two facts mentioned, not as merely the result of certain already formed doctrines as to his nature, but as part of a genuine impression from the life and character of Jesus, which indeed helped to the formation of those doctrines. That he has been declared God himself in the doctrines of the Church, or a supramundane Being coming down into our midst, we believe follows from something extraordinary inherent in his existence, which is not recognized in that view of him which classes him among the ordinary instances of human virtue.

We recognize in him such a personality, such a life and character, as constitutes him a vital element in the religious

experience of the human race, and connects him, theologically, with all that can be thought concerning God and man. He is the ultimate revelation of God in this world, in mind and heart and life. We believe that in him this ultimate was realized, and through him must be realized, in the world and in every individual.

And we believe this, holding it to be consistent with a belief in his true human nature. It is the aim of this essay, therefore, to defend the position, that *Jesus Christ was a normal representative of humanity, and the ultimate manifestation of Deity within mortal limitations.*

Let not the phrase, "within mortal limitations," be confounded with the phrase, "human limitations," as used by humanitarians; who argue, from the proverb "To err is human," that the character of Christ must have been, in some respects, faulty and sinful. We say, "Within mortal limitations;" not daring to assert, that even Christ, with his full image of God, was, on this side the grave, all that he could become in the developments of eternity.

Again: when we say that he was the ultimate human manifestation of Deity, let us not be understood as attempting to explain how this was possible; least of all as asserting that it was wholly by his own self-endeavor. We believe that it was God's good purpose from the beginning that he should be such a manifestation; but we know that God's good purposes are not fulfilled save by man's conscious falling-in with them. "Every human life," says Hase, "results from three factors: first, a nature originally determined to the individual; secondly, something freely chosen; and, thirdly, something which comes from circumstances. . . . All these three elements of life, which in actual existence cannot be distinguished from each other, are arranged by the divine Being, more or less mediately."

Still again, by way of definition: in claiming Jesus as the ultimate human manifestation of Deity, let us not be misunderstood as to the character of that image of God. Our idea is not that of a mechanical model or pattern; not that of totality of development and the proportionate rounding of all

the segments of the brain ; but the entire assimilation, if we may so speak, of God's spirit with his spirit, the entire reciprocity of God's will in his own will, — the human reproduction of Deity, by unity of life and harmony of will, of the two. He was the manifestation of God, not only in structure, but in the living principle. So that, although every faculty may not have been in complete development, the will which was one with the divine will reigned in each ; and thus, in the wholeness of his manhood, he could show us the Father.

Finally, let us say, that, in maintaining our position, we accept all the wonderful phenomena in the life and influence of Jesus which the narratives fairly criticised report to us, and of which succeeding Christianity bears witness.

There are two principal theories concerning the nature of Christ, differing from that which we present. The first is commonly called the Orthodox view. It holds that the historical person, Jesus Christ, had "two perfect and distinct natures, inseparably joined together," — actual God and actual man. This is considered, by its advocates, as the only adequate way of accounting for the infinite wonder of that historical existence.

The second theory is that now held by some Unitarians. Unable to believe that one person can have two natures, since each must have its separate consciousness, they hold that Christ was one in nature, but that he was a being "more than man, and less than God," — a peculiar and unique being between the two, belonging to none of the classes or ranks of being commonly called angelic. This removal of Christ from the human to the celestial sphere seems to them necessary to account for the wonder that belongs to him.

The view which we now present, in opposition to these, is, that the historical person, Jesus Christ, had one only and true human nature ; that he was in all respects a human being ; while the infinite marvel of his existence is accounted for by the fact, that God, in whom every human soul lives and moves, and has his being, — God, who dwells in some measure with every soul he has created, — dwelt in him with

all the possible fulness with which he can unite with human nature. This was of God's good pleasure, and Christ's acceptance of it. Christ's consciousness was only of his own human nature and human will; and he was aware of the indwelling and superabounding God, as distinct in nature and consciousness from himself: but he was in such complete harmony and unison of will with the divine will, that the divine life flowed through him as his own; so that he spoke divine truth, cherished a divine spirit, and performed divine action, although he was truly a human being. God's intention for man, expressed through all the religious history of the race, was, in the fulness of times, realized in Christ, and is to be, through him, in the world. He is the Head, Type, and mediating Bond of the last development and new creation of humanity.

This view of the nature of Christ we shall endeavor to show to be consistent with the natural and supernatural facts of life, and with metaphysical views of human nature.

The first thought, probably, which suggests itself to those accustomed to different views, is the difficulty of reconciling all that Christ was, and all that has flowed from him, with our common estimate of human nature and human life. The sacred awe attaching to him, which only blasphemers dare to profane, seems to compel us to rank him with celestial phenomena.

But should we find this difficulty, if we could adequately take in all the suggestions which arise from the thought of the actual realization of divine humanity, the oneness of man with God? What unutterable and beatific visions! what miraculous experiences! what blendings of heaven and earth, the actual with the possible! what inconceivable influences in the world and in history! what connections with the being of God! what an infinite marvel!

Indeed, so far from its seeming incongruous to put Christ in our midst, as one of us, for our part it is impossible to make him real, or to believe in him, otherwise than as an abstraction, except on such a conception of him. The incongruity arises from the vagueness of the common traditional

estimate of him. We appeal to our readers to reflect upon their ordinary habits of thought concerning Christ, and see if there is not a lack of verisimilitude about him, of personal reality, in however exalted or however low a position they may place him; if it is not rather as a personification of qualities, an ideal standard, or an inconceivable image of devotion in mid-ether, than as a living man of history, that they habitually cherish him, and exhort others to do so. We say, "He went about doing good;" and preach the necessity of emulation of his virtues: but, as soon as we begin to bring our human habits and concerns into comparison with his, there is a feeling of trying to measure with a spectre; there is almost a sense of blasphemy. Men say that what he was is possible to us, and yet condemn any suggestion of the realization of such a possibility. Men of no great education, or acquaintance with theology or the theory of Strauss, will yet say to you, "Well, whether any such person as Christ ever existed or not, what is told of him is the standard for us, and the aim for us to follow." Thus it is that the ideal Christ comes to be cherished, without regard to the question of his real historical existence. Is it true that there were two parts of him, — the man Jesus who walked in Judæa, and the symbolic Christ hovering above him?

Now, what we ask is (and it must necessarily be asked of any belief which does not regard Jesus Christ as a myth), that, in whatever sphere of beings he may be classed, he shall be a lifelike and consistent representative of that class; that there shall be naturalness and verisimilitude to his personality, so that it shall be possible to look upon him as having lived an actual historical life, and not as a mere personification of qualities; a confused and broken image, varying with the moods of the observer.

Let this be granted, and there are these two positions to be harmonized: First, it is a fact of secular history, that this person, a man among men, lived at such a time in Judæa: that neither his body nor his soul was a phantasm; for history takes account of soul as well as body. Secondly, it is a fact of religious history, that wonderful phenomena occurred in

the life and influence of this man, — we will say, *all* the phenomena which the narratives, fairly criticised, report to us, and of which succeeding Christianity bears witness.

Shall we say, that, he being a man, these things could not be? or that, these things having occurred, he could not be a man?

No. We accept both facts; and, in accepting them, we feel, that, for the first time, we believe in Christ. We believe in the actuality of his life; and an inexpressible revelation of this our human life beams upon us, not fanciful, not speculative, but refreshingly real. We see the plain practical aspect of life as it is: we see also its spiritual connections as they are. We take cognizance of the supernatural as well as the natural, as not at variance, but in correlation and harmony. We see the human, and all that belongs to it, as indissolubly inwrought with the divine; and no longer shrink, as at blasphemy, from linking celestial glories with the uses of the terrestrial. We see in Jesus Christ no longer a divided being, but a living human soul, — Son of man, and Son of God, at once.

Is not this, after all, the secret of our inability to class Christ with men, and import him into our circumstances without shuddering; namely, that we seldom, if ever, look upon our life and its uses, save in its common worldly and material aspect? We divorce the natural and the supernatural; and thus the life and times of Christ fail to seem kindred with our own.

Yet there are days when both our physical and our spiritual senses are clear, — bright, bracing days, when the earth is full of its common practical usages; when the speculations of theology have faded, and things stand in their reality before us, — and we say, “We know it could never have been otherwise. The way in which things go on now is the natural way; and jugglery is foreign to the nature and habits of man, and the intentions of God. Angels do not come and knock at our doors, and the community receive it as an ordinary occurrence. Analyze the apparitions of the New Testament, and is there any residuum? Was there, objectively,

to them any thing more than to us?" We say, there are days when we have this firm conviction of the uniformity of nature and everlasting constancy of the facts of our earthly experience, and yet see through them also the certainty of the spiritual realities which penetrate them, and are more real, if possible, than they. When we look upon our little child, happy in the freedom of walking aimlessly from room to room, not with the eye of a speculative philosopher, but with the plain vision of familiar affection, attaching itself to every favorite peculiarity of form and gait, and at the same time see in her the workings of that young spirit which is to learn and love and live for ever, — then we know that the Bible-writers were not dealing with fictions in talking thus familiarly and palpably of the unseen and the divine. We see that this life, which we hold too mean and tame to contain a perfect man, is lustrous from infinite sources, and includes the whole range of possibilities this side of God. Then we see how Jesus Christ could live, as a man, in all his unapproached perfection, in the midst of our circumstances; and all those things which occurred about him in his time occur now, with no derangement of the objective phenomena by which we are surrounded.

Says Swedenborg, "The first men made whatever they apprehended, by any sense, a medium of thinking of the divine; and hence received a celestial delight from things worldly and terrestrial."

And Martineau: "To approach again to the theocratic faith of our fathers, we must leave the atmosphere of sacredness upon the past and the future; only spread its margin either way, till it envelops and glorifies the present. . . . I do not believe, that, if we could be transplanted to those (early) times, we should find any such difference as would melt down the coldness of our hearts, or leave us more without excuse than we are now. We see what all our fathers saw; and if we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, . . . in the day-duty or the night-musing, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden, or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.

Depend upon it, it is not the want of greater miracles, but of the soul to perceive such as are allowed us still, that makes us push all the sanctities into the far spaces we cannot reach."

How easily we grow accustomed to any unusual development of human nature of however transcendent meaning! On hearing of some new and startling facts of heinous wickedness in the community, we are at first staggered at the mythical appearance of it, as if it reached out into the infinite and superhuman realm of evil; but by and by we find that all of it which was true is but the legitimate working of traits which we already knew belonged to human nature, and it takes its place as a part of life. So of the life and character of Christ. Although it seems abnormal, seems to take hold of that beyond the veil of humanity, yet, if he should live in our midst as he did live in the midst of others, we, as they, must of course become accustomed to his life as a daily fact, albeit we should be constantly enamoured of the divine beauty of it. As usual, we should not see beneath the garb of men's ordinary habits the wide relations which stretch away into infinity. His spiritual power over us would nevertheless be the same, and his influence on the world and history. His biography, doubtless, would have the same miraculous strangeness to future generations as now to us.

We dwell upon this point because it is the undertone of our whole argument. We know that even those who have a different view of Christ's nature will allow, that, in so far as his human existence is concerned (which they regard as only temporarily assumed), he, of course, was invested with the uses of humanity. But insisting, as we do, that, if Christ is not a myth, there shall, on any supposition, at least be verisimilitude to him, we claim that his human habits, unless mere phantasms, necessitate an actual and thorough human nature. If Christ is not a theological abstraction, we maintain that a removal of him is possible into our circumstances, by which his essential perfection shall neither be diminished nor appear out of place, but by which the vague and specula-

tive additions to his nature should inevitably vanish into nothingness. We would not harmonize Christ and man by exaggerating man's character or depreciating Christ's, but by relieving Christ's nature of all artificial and unnatural halo of tradition, and investing human nature with its true and exalted connections, and partakings of the divine. We talk of Christ in the persons of the poor, and of seeing him in his little ones; but do we really believe this? There is nothing which makes Jesus more life-like to us than to think of him standing behind the disciples' couches after the supper, girded with a towel, and washing their feet. With a similar feeling, imagine a portrait of him, with the usual countenance ascribed to him, yet clothed in the costume of the Elizabethan period, or in the modern style of civilian's dress; nay, imagine him clothed in that dress walking in our streets from day to day, his nature needing no change to be found at home in our experiences. Suppose him thus, at this moment, to be approaching the door, to be entering the house to take a place among us; and though, in the sincere devoutness of our reverence, we might even involuntarily exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" would it be quite possible for us, in this veritable person before us, to see a vague element of superhumanity overtopping his human nature, and looming into the infinite unknown! And yet doubtless, to that purely human soul, we should bow as if he were indeed God, since it would be with all the reverence of which our souls are now capable.

Remember that we have not yet approached the speculative or metaphysical inquiry into the nature of Jesus, but are looking at the consistency of the real phenomena of his existence with the natural and supernatural facts of human life. Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," claims that the *character* of Christ forbids his possible classification with men; and instances, in proof of it, certain traits of diverse kinds, showing that he unites characters which men are never able to unite perfectly. But surely this argument is not valid. The *character* of Christ, *whatever it might have been*, could not prevent his classification with men, so long as all the elements

in it, however diverse, were the working of traits which are allowedly in human nature. The fact that such a combination of them is known in no other case, or the improbability of its occurrence, is no proof that it does not legitimately belong to human nature. Not that we call Christ's character a chance combination of qualities, nor simply the natural result of blended national temperaments, nor the attainment of his own unassisted will: we grant that his character was exceptional; but we do not grant that it demanded an exceptional nature. We must be careful not to fall into the popular use of language, which, in speaking of human nature, means only the common exhibitions of its traits.

The wonder of Christ's existence, therefore, the relations which he holds, in God's providence, to the religious development of mankind, his incarnation of Deity, we claim to be consistent with a true human nature. We close this point with the question of Belsham: "Who would require proof that one, who appears in all respects as a man, is, in fact, a proper human being?"

In turning next to the metaphysical consideration of Christ's nature, it will be seen that we have no sympathy with views that regard man as an isolated personality, having no affinity of essence with God. If so, we should indeed wish to lift Christ above the level of a mere man, understood as an automatic machine.

The inseparable bond of spiritual relationship between Deity and humanity is the secret of our Christology; and, as it seems to us, reconciles and explains all the positions in which Christ has been placed on the sliding-scale which unites the two extremes, whether man, angel, super-angelic Logos, or God,—whether of one nature or two natures. Take the following statement from the theology of Knapp, the expounder of the Orthodox theory which holds to two natures in Christ, and consider if it would not apply equally well to the actual operation of things in man. He says, "It is far better to be content with the more simple and scriptural opinion, that each nature retained its peculiar attri-

butes, and that the human nature was supported, guided, and endowed with strength by the divine nature whenever there was occasion." For our part, we should be willing to accept such a theory of two natures, in Christ and in every man; not strictly that he possessed two natures, which is an absurdity, but that there were two natures in contact in him, — God with man.

With Unitarians, generally, we believe that Jesus Christ had but one nature. Now, no one who believes in the Bible account of him can deny that he is represented as having a human nature, — even the Orthodox view allows that; and if he had only one, and the human is the one, what more is there to say? But some ask, "Cannot Christ be a being who has all the nature that man has, *plus* somewhat?"

What, then, is man's nature, speaking of him as a soul? The nature of any thing is its original constitution, which can never become other than what it is. It depends on the substance of which it is composed, and the peculiar combination and proportion in which the essential qualities of that substance are arranged in its case. There are two substances, — matter and spirit. Of spirit, the essential qualities are *thought, feeling, and will*; which last is the active and vital element in it. These characterize God, whose substance is spirit, and who, being infinite, does, strictly speaking, include all the spirit of the universe in his own being. He is self-existent, and necessarily creative; for the conception of his thought, the prompting of his feeling, and the activity of his will, are instant and constant. Mysteriously to us, his creative energy begets those children of his own substance who shall not only retain the essential qualities of that substance, but shall have a consciousness of their own, as in some measure distinct from his. These are his children, in some sense separate personalities from himself, and yet inextricably blended by the inseparability of the common substance of which they are composed: in him we live and move, and have our being. God and all his children, then, are similar in nature, as far as the groundwork of their being is concerned.

But herein is a difference. *They* are not, and cannot be, infinite while they are what they are: the qualities of spirit which they possess are limited in their action; they are finite. At least, this is true of *will*, which is the vital element, the self-existent principle, the sustaining power, of the Infinite, and which cannot be imparted in any absolute sense to the finite. We know not what limit there is to the development of the *thought-power* in man; and *feeling* also has something seemingly limitless and infinite in its character. Says Channing, "To me it seems that the soul, in all its higher actions (in original thought, affection, &c.), has a character of infinity." And, were these two *all* the qualities of the human spirit, we do not see what would prevent the consummation of the Pantheistic conception, which for ever appeals to our intellects, — that man should eventually become equal with and be merged in God; so that man, beginning *one in substance* with God, should at last be *one with him in reality*. But that other quality of spirit, which alone enables us to be conscious, and have any semblance of a separate personality from God, — namely, the *will*, — is only relatively and finitely ours. God, who has infinite power, has no power to give up that infinite power, — that self-existent, absolutely self-determining, vital principle. It can never be possible for the *will* in us to become equal to that in God, and thus for us to become actual God; for there would be not one God then, but many. We have so much of free-will in us, as to enable us to accept consciously the Infinite Will, which matter cannot. It gives us the appearance of being able to act contrarily to God's will, although his will acts to produce its effects just the same, only not *through us* in such a case: thus ensues deranged action of our faculties, and they are hindered in their infinite attainment.

When our will consciously accepts the Infinite or Divine Will, then the Divine Life flows into us, and we move on to the Godlike end. But, as he works in us always to will and to do, that very conscious acceptance of his will is, in some larger sense, the influence of his will: so that when one accepts it, and another does not, it is not wholly of man,

though enough for his condemnation; and, when one accepts it completely, it is because God so loved him and the world. It is in this last sense, not of the human will's renouncing itself, but choosing to act in harmony with God's will, that the consummate oneness of humanity and Deity is realized. Then the human can truly say, "I and my Father are one."

Original oneness of substance with God is, therefore, the endowment of man by creation, including somewhat of free-will, which necessitates a second *voluntary* oneness. From the beginning, the Infinite Spirit is in contact with his finite offspring; being also the author of this second endowment, when the finite accepts it, and is known thus as the Holy Spirit. After this cemented union of the two wills, the Divine Life pervades every faculty of the human soul, and speeds on that perfection of the parts and the whole, which, if it were ever completed, would constitute a third oneness or likeness; making man an exact copy of God *in symmetry of proportion*, as he had been in *substance* and in *will*. This is what we meant in saying that Christ is the express image of Deity "within mortal limitations;" for from this spiritual oneness of will does not immediately follow the perfection of man in the whole range of his faculties.

Returning now to the question, whether Christ had not a human nature, *plus* somewhat, we find that there is no room left, on the scale of being, for any such addition. For man, being made of the substance of God, — namely, spirit, — and having all its qualities for his faculties, no being of any kind can have more faculties than he. We speak of angels and arch-angels as higher orders of beings between us and the Infinite; whereas they can be only the same being in different degrees of character, growth, rank, or condition. In short, man is man all along the infinite pathway that leads to God, without the addition of any foreign element to his nature; and the question sometimes asked of the Trinitarian, "What becomes of the humanity of Christ when his Deity is again merged in the Godhead?" is solved, when we believe in an infinite humanity in the heavens, the Father of mankind, and Ruler

of the universe. "All minds," says Channing, "are essentially of one origin, one nature. . . . I am not only one of the human race: I am one of the great intellectual family of God. The mind of Jesus Christ, my hearer, and your mind, are of one family; nor was there any thing in his of which you have not the principle, the capacity, the promise, in yourself. If I regard Jesus as an august stranger belonging to an entirely different class of existence from myself, . . . I should regard him with a vague awe; but the immeasurable space between us would place him beyond friendship and affection. But when I feel that I have the same nature with Jesus, and that he came . . . to bring me into communion with what was sublimest, purest, happiest in himself, then I can love him as I love no other being, excepting only him who is the Father alike of Christ and of the Christian."

In regard to the nature of angels, as compared with that of man, Alford says, "The angels are revealed to us as beings such as man might be, and *will be*, when the power of sin and death is removed, partaking, in their measure, of the attributes of God, truth, purity, and love: this, of course, implies finiteness of nature, and constant progress, both moral and intellectual, through all eternity."

Now, as, in the progressive series of spiritual beings, the progression is not in nature, but in character, and rank as founded upon character; and as mere duration of existence, or position in space, is no measure of character, — we see that it is quite possible for one on earth, in flesh and blood, to be higher in the series than an angel in heaven. Thus, if "angel" means *man in fuller harmony of life and will with God*, we can speak of Christ as higher than the angels, because he is *man in complete harmony of will with God*. So the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels; . . . who taketh not hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham;" and yet again says, "He was made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they." The words of Stier, commenting on a passage in the Gospels, seem fitly to express the same con-

ception : "Here is Jacob's ladder planted before our eyes : beneath are the little ones ; then their angels ; then the Son of man in heaven, *in whom* alone *man* is exalted above the angels ; who, as the Great Angel of the Covenant, cometh from the presence and bosom of the Father ; and above him, again, the Father himself, and his good pleasure." P.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XL

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHLGETHAN.

[This hymn was written at Jena by Samuel Rodigast in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the fine melody to which it is set.]

WHAT God doth, it is all well done,
 His will upright abiding :
 Since he hath traced my course begun,
 I will go on confiding.
 My God is he
 Who holdeth me :
 I will not turn complainer
 At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
 He never will deceive me :
 In righteous paths he leadeth on,
 And never will he leave me.
 With patience still
 I meet his will :
 Ill days he timely closeth,
 That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
 His care will be unfailing :
 A healer, and a wondrous one,
 Will not mistake my ailing.

No poisons his
 For remedies.
 His truth is my foundation ;
 His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done ;
 He is my light and being.
 Mere evil he can mean me none :
 I bow to his decreeing.
 Through weal or woe,
 Time still will show,
 Which every thing revealeth,
 How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done.
 If I must drink the chalice,
 The bitter cup which I would shun,
 My shrinking soul he rallies ;
 And, firmly placed,
 My heart shall taste
 That sweet peace in believing
 Which softens down all grieving.

What God doth, it is all well done :
 Strong shall that make and find me.
 Rough ways I may be forced to run,
 Grievs pressing close behind me ;
 Yet God will be
 Right fatherly ;
 In death his arm sustaineth :
 Then be it he that reigneth.

N. L. F.

TRUE virtue then, and that alone, consists in hating ourselves (for sensuality makes us hateful), and in aspiring to a state of being which deserves our love. But, as we cannot love that which is not part of ourselves, we must love something that shall be *in*, and yet *not* actually ourselves ; and this is the case with every man. Now, it is the Infinite alone that can form such an object as this. The kingdom of God is within us : the universal good is in ourselves, and yet is not ourselves. — *Pascal*.

THE GHOSTS OF OUR OLD CEMETERY.

SHOWING WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I WENT back to my native village after an absence of thirty years. Talk of being alone in a crowd! The solitude is nothing compared with that which you feel in the old places once alive with youthful merriment; around old schoolhouses, where girls and boys frolicked and played; in streets and lanes and meadows and lawns, where throngs of people come back and visit you, not clothed in flesh and blood, but only as the ghosts of old memories, still and speechless, but looking out upon you from the supreme silences of Long-Ago! To be in one of these crowds of ghosts that come around you in the ancient haunts, looking mute with their familiar faces, and yet not a word spoken, not the faintest reply to your salutations, — this, this alone, is solitude.

Curious it is, you never seem to grow old yourself, nor your friends who are right about you; but leave them for thirty years, and then come back and look upon them! Such cronies and patriarchs! You wonder if these can be the gay persons, fresh-lipped and laughter-eyed, with whom you frolicked and played. I had roamed the village all day, meeting a new generation that stared at me as I passed; and, at evening, I struck off from the travelled road into the old cemetery. It was a full half-mile from the abode of any living person, — purposely, I should imagine; the most desolate spot which could have been selected in the whole town. The Puritans made it a part of their religion to throw all possible horrors around the fact of death; for the more hideous it became, the more it was available to frighten the young and the gay into the ways of virtue. I can conceive of no other reason for making the old churchyard such an abominable place, away on the border of a piece of woods, skirted on three sides by barren downs, and choked with brakes and briers. But I found the way into it just as the sunset rays were play-

ing over the monuments ; and then the gates of the past seemed to be thrown wide open, and a former generation were around me.

I have a theory about ghosts seen in churchyards. The stories, I reckon, are all founded in fact. Have you never observed, that, when you stand at the headstone of one you have known familiarly, all the facts of his life come out and appear in long perspective with the vividness of reality, and his own face and figure, habited as in his best days, rises speechless, but fresh as ever ? So, at any rate, it is with me ; and I do not take it for a special gift. I have sat upon one of these tumuli, and had the whole life of its inmate, interior and exterior, sweep before me like a shifting panorama, — things long forgotten coming out upon the canvas, even to the smallest and most trivial ; things, which I did not seem ever to have known before at all, coming out, and taking form and color. So lifelike have these scenes and persons been reproduced to me, that I could easily, if so disposed, overstep the border-line between fact and imagination, and turn these spectres into realities.

So I was walking among these mounds at sunset. Here lies one with whom I played and roamed and quarrelled, and made terrestrial pies : now I see him coming up to me with fixed eyes and speechless lips ; and a light burns back over the play-ground and the brooks and pastures, and all our peccadilloes glare in it as they will in the judgment-day. Here is another mound ; and one rises out of it, not pale and spectral, but bright as the morning red, with a look as sweet and gentle as when I used to loiter behind to go home with her from school. " Oh that those lips had language ! " And here, as I tread along, men with grave faces and gray hairs rise up from their repose, — the first men of the town thirty years ago ; and the debates and contentions of the town-meeting days are present again. What ! can ye not sleep from village politics in these subterranean halls, that ye must act over all this pantomime for ever ?

But these all melted away, and my attention was arrested and absorbed by two headstones, side by side ; and another a

few rods distant, in plain sight among the briers. I knew these three persons, and all their history seemed to pass visibly before me. I became clairvoyant. Oh, what secrets are buried here! what passions burned out, and turned to ashes! and now Nature weaves over them her grassy verdure to cover them in merciful oblivion. But the story of these three persons is too full of interest and instruction to be left untold. The families have all passed away, and the tale which I shall tell will not disturb them; albeit how many of these sleepers were once vexed and harrowed by the incidents which make it up!

There flourished in the place, say fifty years ago, Mr. Jotham Carrington, the wealthiest man in the county. Wealth and influence always go together in the country village. In the city, it is often otherwise. Country people are pretty sure to set up an aristocracy of money, and bow down to it. "Old Jotham," as he was called, had mean tricks enough, and generally cheated whosoever he dealt with; but his house was the most showy in the village, and he was always "seated" in the highest pew of the church. He paid the largest tax of anybody in the parish; and it was very important that the minister and people should be in his good graces to keep him from "signing off." There were generous streaks in his character. Keep him good-natured by humoring his vices, let him have a good bargain, and he was always in merry mood; and he had a fund of wit and anecdote that was vastly entertaining. But he was a *parvenu*. His family rose out of nothing by the profits of his tannery; and what a sight of gilding and self-puffing such persons keep up to hide the intrinsic vulgarity of their character and origin! He had a wife and an only son, and a niece who lived in his family, and made a part of it. Miss Dorothy, the niece, was tall, straight, dark-browed, and puritanically religious. She used to seek out the youth of the parish, and impress upon them the fact that they were to die, and probably would die early. She was a funeral sermon incarnate. Jack, as the boy was called, was the opposite of his cousin. He was uncouth and rollicking, shambled in his gait, swore fluently: his chin pro-

jected an inch beyond its place, and was twisted into all expressions of solemn drollery; but he was generous to a fault, full of explosive laughter, always ready for a scrape, and always ready to help others in and out. His generous heart flashed through his uncouth exterior; and as he had plenty of money to spend, and was the heir of the richest estate, Jack Carringford was the decided favorite of the town. His cousin Dorothy, who was about ten years his elder, had never been able to convert him, or even to convince him of the fundamental fact that he was going to die.

Such was the "first family" of the village. Off in a remote quarter of the town, which went by the name of "Sly Corner," lived Mr. Peter Goodrich, perhaps the poorest man in it. Out of a hard, stony soil, he contrived, by grinding toil, to get enough to support his small family. When the meeting-house was "seated," he was generally put into one of the wall-pews behind the door. But he had one treasure which blesses the poor man's cot, and makes it cheerful. Alice was his only child. She was a perfect picture of health and beauty. The Goodriches would come in late, and file round into the pew behind the door, — Peter, in his plain homespun, somewhat bent with hard work; Polly, his wife, in faded calico, — her face, which must have been handsome once, bronzed and care-worn; and Alice, in her white cambric dress, with cherry lips, and cheeks of luscious red contrasting with the snow of her neck, glossy black curls, and bright, black eyes that swam with liquid softness. She used to wear, I remember, a white bonnet, with a pink flower in it, which was vastly becoming in the contrast; for all the flowers of the field could not vie with the twin-roses that blossomed on her cheeks.

What comfort and complacency she seemed to diffuse through the hearts and over the countenances of her father and mother! You could see how they prized her, by the air of tender affection which encircled the little group; and with what pride they regarded her, and with what gentleness of filial affection she laid her heart in theirs. It was delightful to see her speak to them, — her countenance lighted up with

such a heavenly sunshine, which was reflected back from the faces whose hard lines of care were softened by the daughter's love.

Alice had grown up, and passed to her eighteenth year. She must do something for the old people, and diffuse more comfort into her father's home. But she was a poor girl, brought up in "Sly Corner;" and what could she do? She did the best thing she could devise. She came into the village, rented a room close by the church, and opened a millinery-shop, with small beginnings. At length, she was patronized by the village aristocracy, because they knew it would help her parents; because Alice had evinced excellent taste and judgment in her business; and because, too, the people became more and more drawn to her for her modest and winning ways.

Jack Carrington, in his leisure hours, used to lounge in stores and bar-rooms; and, in process of time, was drawn to the milliner's shop, and smitten with the beauty which moved behind its counters. An intimacy grew up, and, at length, an engagement. People wondered and rejoiced at it. The richest family in the village allied with the poorest family in "Sly Corner"! When will the day of wonders cease? Strange that Jack, with all his money, and the horses which he drove, and the coaches in which he dashed through the village, should have passed by all the splendid maidens in silks and flounces, which he had ogled with, to select the poor milliner-girl! It was *very* strange. But, then, what a fortunate thing it was for Alice and her poor father and mother! How brightly those days beamed upon her! and what flutterings were in the heart of the dear girl! A new sunshine rested visibly on the little group behind the door at their Sunday's worship; and you could see side-looks from the whole congregation, as if wondering whether they bore their good fortune with becoming humility. What would the old Carringtons think of it? We were not left in doubt very long. Mrs. Sarah Carrington, the mother, had little to say in these matters; she being influenced mainly by Dorothy, in whose vigorous management the dignity of the house-

hold was maintained. Jack was summoned into her presence.

"We understand, Cousin John, you keep company with that milliner-girl."

"Wal, I reckon I do sometimes, rainy days."

"Your father and mother wish me to say they don't approve of it. There are two very serious objections. She is not respectable; and if—

"Re-spec-ta-ble! I'll make her respectable, Miss Dort. I've got money; and I'll buy silks and flummeries for her, if that's all."

"But, John, she isn't a girl of *character*."

"Say any thing against Alice's character, Miss Dort, and you'll have *me* to settle with," brandishing his chin.

"Oh! what I mean is, she hasn't the *standing*. She hasn't been ed-joo-cated for the place you will wish her to fill."

"Wal, I ain't so college-larnt myself; seein' old Colton, the schoolmaster, never whipped half the parts of speech into me."

"But, John, there is another serious objection. Alice Goodrich has never experienced religion. Your parents strictly intend that you shall marry some one who is *pious*."

"I would be a pity, I'm so —— pious myself, not to be yoked with the elect!"

"You need to be, John. Consider what you are saying and doing, and that you may be sorry when you come to die."

"Hang me, if I wouldn't be ready to die to-morrow, with Alice! I'd jump off with her into the torrid zone of eternity, rather than go with the saints into your everlasting prayer-meetings. Good-by!"

I believe this is a perfectly fair representation of the family consultations and counsellings. They resulted as such tactics generally do. The more determined Miss Dorothy was on breaking up the match, the more determined Jack became that it should stand. She changed her tactics.

A devout Orthodox clergyman, returning from the South, exclaimed, "Thanks be to God that the Devil is not a wo-

man !” Women make higher angels than men possibly can ; but then, if their natures become perverted, men cannot be half so deep and subtle in their wiles.

What secret machinery was set to work, I did not then know ; but certainly it was not many months before poor Alice found that her custom fell off, and that she was shut out, not merely from “good society,” but from all kindly human intercourse whatever. Those who made parties excluded her from their charmed circles. At the singing-school, the respectable girls deserted the form where she sat. Even at the conference and prayer meetings, she would be seen by herself, alone and in tears. Cruel whisperings circulated from mouth to mouth ; but no one knew the source of them, and no one was responsible for them. “They say so” was all the authority that was given for them. Even the prayers of the minister contained mysterious allusions to some soul that was on the slippery verge of eternal ruin. We felt at times as if evil spirits were present in the suffocating air. I remember, after one of the sermons which the minister preached at this time against secret sin, he read to be sung the fifty-third hymn in Dwight’s old collection :—

“ Sin has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind :
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young ;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food :
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.”

Alice sat in the pew by the door, as if conscious that the mind of minister and congregation was determined towards her. Her face flushed into crimson, till she buried it in her handkerchief, and wept bitterly. “Strong proof of her guilt,”

it was said. "Of course it is." A moral desert darkened and widened around her, separating her from all the sweet sympathies and humanities of her fellow-beings, till she was alone in the awful solitude, and could only see the young and the gay far off, and hear merry sounds come over the desert as from a distant land. The taint of leprosy was upon her, and so all passed by upon the other side. The *élite* of the village no longer bent their footsteps towards her humble shop. The sign was taken down, and the doors and shutters were closed. She disappeared from the congregation and the town, nobody knew where. The father and mother came to church without the birdling that had beautified their nest, and whose white plumage on Sundays had reflected a fairy light through the pew by the door. It was touching to see them now. Not poverty alone, but some great grief that could not be spoken of, was bending them down, and making the burden of life too heavy to bear.

Alice, however, came back about a year afterwards, and was seen once or twice in the old pew; but, alas! not as she once was. The roses had faded out from her cheeks. Blue veins threaded her temples. There was a marble repose in the pale countenance and forehead. The eye had not lost its liquid softness; but its supernatural transparency revealed a great heart-anguish in its sad, mystic depths. Grave men and pious women whispered, put this thing and that other together, drew inferences, shook their heads, and sighed. It was deemed a breach of good manners to allude to her in the presence of the Carringtons. Jack had long forgotten her, or tried to; and, when last reminded of her in the vulgar jokes of the bar-room, he looked foolish, and replied, — "Never you mind for broken china."

It was sport to the buckram aristocracy of the village: it was death to the wounded bird. She faded from the memory of all but two stricken hearts in "Sly Corner" as she faded from this heartless world. She drooped and died within the year after her return. The bell tolled twenty-one times for poor Alice Goodrich; and hearts and eyes softened the next Sunday as the usual prayers were put up in the

church for those two bent forms by the door, grown tremulous with age and sorrow. The "note" did not run in the usual style, but thus:—

"Two stricken parents desire your prayers on account of their bereavement in the death of their innocent and only child."

The singular form of the note struck everybody at the time. There was a tender and delicate reserve in withholding names; and it was evident that some one had the wording of it beside old illiterate Peter Goodrich. The spirit of Alice was in it, and had dictated it with her expiring breath, as if putting in her plea of "Not guilty" when nearing the judgment-seat, and appealing from the harsh judgments of men. I trembled, lest the minister in his prayer, by cruel implications, should harrow up the wounds of those bleeding hearts, instead of pouring into them the oil of consolation. It had become necessary to regard the name of the poor milliner-girl as blighted, if one meant to be on good terms with the Carringfords; and the minister, I say it to his shame, had gone with the current. He honestly believed her to be sinful, no doubt; and all the church believed it: but suppose she was? Why did he not go to her as the blessed Christ would have gone, gain her confidence, and hear her story with all its palliations, and draw her up into the healing embraces of a large Christian love, and save her? How did he know *how* sinful she was? and how did he know that she was sinful at all? He did not know it, nor take pains to know. The Carringfords were half the parish; and the flunkies that revolved about them were the other half: and, when these were both in one scale, what was the crushed heart of a poor milliner-girl, when placed in the other? The minister made no allusion to Alice, but prayed generally and earnestly for the parents; and I breathed more free when the "Amen" was pronounced, and no drops of gall had fallen anew into their full cup of bitterness.

"Their innocent and only child." Yes, she *was* innocent; her plumage as unsoiled as when, in those bright years, she nestled, like a white dove, in the parental bosom as its

only comfort on earth. I believed it then and always: I know it now. I know it, not only because, sitting here by her headstone, her spirit rises pure as ether and bright in immortality upon my vision: I know it because I saw the parents, and heard their whole story. It was a plain, honest story. I, too, could put this thing and that other thing together, and draw inferences, and trace every thread in the mesh which the Carringsfords threw around the poor "milliner-girl" to remove her out of their sunshine. Ah! they little knew what a shroud they were weaving for themselves. Did sordid parents or friends ever seek to sunder hearts drawn naturally and truly together, and profane so holy a thing as marriage, and prosper? Sitting here by Alice's headstone, how eloquently do these words of *Ik Marvel* come back to me like a revelation! —

"The love that a delicate-minded girl will tell is a short-sighted and outside love; but the love that she cherishes without voice or token is a love that will mould her secret sympathies, and her deepest, fondest yearnings, either to a quiet world of joy, or to a world of placid sufferance. The true voice of her love she will keep back long and late, fearful ever of her most prized jewel, fearful even to strange sensitiveness. She will show kindness: but the opening of the real flood-gates of the heart, and the utterance of those impassioned yearnings which belong to its nature, come far later; and fearful, thrice fearful, if these flow out unmet. That deep, thrilling voice, bearing all the perfume of the womanly soul in its flow, rarely finds utterance; and if uttered vainly, if called out by tempting devices and by a trust that is abused, desolate indeed is the maiden heart, widowed of its chastest thought. The soul sinks affrighted within itself. Like a tired bird lost at sea, fluttering around what seem friendly boughs, it stoops at length; and finding only cold, slippery spars, with no bloom and no foliage, its last hope gone, it sinks to a wild ocean-grave!"

"The mills of God grind slowly; but they grind exceeding small." Retribution comes often in shapes we never looked for, and, years afterwards, searches out our sin with microscopic exactness.

Not far off from this mossy headstone of Alice, almost

hidden with weeds and brakes, is the enclosure of the Carringfords, from the midst of which rises a costly cenotaph. They are all there, lying around it, — old Jotham and his wife Sarah, Jack, and Dorothy, — each with a handsome monument chiselled with names, dates, and lies. It is not quite true that death has reduced all things here to a level; for that iron railing still hedges in the vulgar gentility of the village in its last resting-place, as if to fend off the poor milliner-girl so near in her neglected grave. How and in what plight the Carringfords came to the last mile-stone in the journey of life, I will now relate.

One Sunday morning, not long after poor Alice had faded away from this world, a report flashed through the village which filled everybody with surprise, and good Christian people with dismay. Miss Dorothy Carringford had not practised evidently her own preaching, nor always “lived as she might wish she had when about to die.” I cannot tell all that took place; and we must look here as through a veil darkly. I was not behind the scenes. We of the world’s people only heard of church-meetings, committees’ reports, and “discipline.” We heard sermons to church-members who “walk disorderly,” and disgrace their calling, and so forth. It was all settled, I dare say, after the best ecclesiastical usage; and, when a sufficient calm succeeded, there was a private wedding at the Carringfords. Jack followed his cousin’s advice, and married a “professor;” which was none other than Miss Dorothy herself.

Oh, what changes, for better or for worse, does marriage produce in men and women! Marriage which is really such — the union of two natures which complement each other in the soul’s eternal hunger after good — transforms and regenerates. Jack’s nature was not essentially coarse and vulgar. It had deep and broad layers of precious ore under exteriors which were very rough and irregular; and, beneath the magical hand of wifely affection, what shining treasures it would have yielded up! It had also fires of passion and appetite, which might turn all this rich ore into blackened lava, and leave nothing but a crater of cinders and ashes.

As it was, his propensity to lounge in taverns and groceries, and in places much worse than these, grew stronger every year, and drew him away from a home which was without attractions. Old Jotham and his wife died in the course of nature, and left the largest fortune in the place to Jack and a half-idiot boy who had been born to him. After his parents passed away, his roaming propensities were confirmed. He would go to New York on pretence of business, neglecting his wife and his home-affairs, and plunging into such pleasures as consumed his health and his fortune. I met him one day, returned from one of these wanderings, and tried to strike one of those veins of mirthfulness, out of which, in our school-days, he used to convulse the boys and girls with his inimitable drolleries. This fountain was dried up in him. He had become blear-eyed, suspicious, violently passionate, his voice sepulchral, and himself a sepulchre of uncleanness. Such he was when the time-curtains closed upon him, as they did soon after; for I read here, "Aged forty years," upon his headstone.

The little village is situated upon a hill on which the old Carrington Mansion stands conspicuous. The burial-ground is half a mile off, down the slope, in plain sight, but accessible only by an unfrequented road. How often have I looked down there, coming home from church, seeing the monuments gleaming white in the sunshine, and had the sermon impressed more deeply of "the certainty of death"! for this the minister seemed to consider the most important theme of contemplation. I rather think the old Puritan settlers intended we should always "have our end in sight," by making the churchyard the terminus of all pleasant prospects, and the conclusion of all the sermons; and perhaps this gave such grim shading to the piety of which we have had a specimen in Miss Dorothy.

Vague rumors had been afloat for some time of sights seen at midnight in the churchyard. The rumors grew definite. Mr. Such-an-one or Mrs. So-and-so had seen something white gliding among the graves. Old Thomas, the postman, not given to superstition, and a downright Sadducee withal, riding

home late from Hartford, said he could swear positively to seeing something alive hovering about the spot where Alice Goodrich was buried, but which vanished soon after he came in sight.

"Ah! the poor creature cannot rest!" sighed the pious matrons and maidens, doubtless with secret thanks to God that *their* ascension-robcs were without spot and wrinkle, and ready to sweep the streets of the New Jerusalem.

It would have passed off like common ghost-stories (poohed at, yet half-believed), had not chance put it in the way of a man of clear head and steady nerve to solve the mystery.

Old Dr. King, the physician of the village, was riding home after midnight on horseback, and emerged suddenly out of the woods that skirted the cemetery, in the by-road that led past it. It was a clear night; and the broad silver glare of the moon lay upon the mounds and the monuments. He heard moanings of pain, not loud, but on the key-note of a misery unsyllabled in mortal language; and, turning, saw the mysterious figure, habited partly in white, which darted from the grave of Alice, and vanished. He deliberately dismounted, and hitched his horse; and, walking over the mounds, found the figure cowering behind the Carrington Cenotaph, no longer a mystery. It was poor Dorothy, who, in the unrest of a mind and body diseased, and a conscience turned to consuming fire, made this the place of her orisons; "preparing to die," as she would phrase it, and watering the grave of Alice with penitential rain. I hope the good Lord forgave her, and I believe he did; for, if half the rumors were true, no repentance ever earned forgiveness more amply by its agonies, or scared the soul with more burning visions of the eternal flames.

Standing among these mounds after thirty years have gone, and conning the lessons as Nature weaves her green mantle over the broken hearts that lie buried below, I can muse upon "what might have been," if sordid self-interest and a most contemptible pride had left these hearts to their natural yearnings. Johnny and Alice were natures as opposite as could possibly be, yet made on purpose for each other; and

it was an unerring, divine instinct that drew them together. He was uncouth and rude, but of the warmest and most generous susceptibilities. She had a native refinement and purity, affections gushing from the heart as from a living spring, melting in the eye, and diffusing her goodness through all her manners. She would have refined his nature, refreshed it with the sweetest and gentlest dews, and clothed it with heavenly graces, and made it like one of those rugged steeps, which are barren and rocky if left alone, but, terraced by some friendly hand, are covered with luscious vines, hung with golden fruits, and adorned with fragrant flowers. *This might have been*; and then Johnny Carrington would not have died, a spendthrift, at forty, leaving a half-idiot boy in the alms-house, nor the poor Goodriches gone to their graves sorrowing. He would have been the first man in the county, because the most capable, wealthy, and beneficent; for all this lay in him to be: and the old Carrington House would not have passed under the auction-hammer, but have been ringing now with the young voices of rosy-cheeked Carringtons, with black eyes and glossy ringlets. *This might have been*. Think of it, ye who are swift to lay profane hands on the holy mysteries of marriage, or put young hearts into a game of shuttlecocks, at the promptings of your wicked avarice and family pride!

Dorothy's was not a bad nature. She had a vigorous conscience; which, if kept upon her side, would have given her an indomitable strength of character, instead of burning the life out of her, till nothing was left but blackened walls. She was intensely religious; had an iron will and unflagging energy; and, if some missionary of kindred spirit had made her his wife, they might have converted Terra del Fuego itself. *This, too, might have been*. I wonder if the mal-adjustments of earth cease beyond the sky. I wonder, if, in some higher and happier realm, where the fences of sham-gentility have all tumbled away, Jack and Alice may not have met again; and if the poor fellow, who seemed to have gone down as lost in a cold and bottomless sea, may not look through its crystal waves, and see the Beatrice of his purest years, and

rise up at the sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and be made pure again in the effusions of her unsullied love. Who knows that all this may not be up yonder, through the blue air, beyond those twinkling stars, and beyond the sepulchral corruptions of earth? Be that as it may, I know I have now laid open one of the prolific sources of sin and misery here below; and I hope it will not be in vain, O ye profaners of holy marriage! that, sitting on these mounds, I have evoked THE GHOSTS OF OUR OLD CHURCHYARD from their long repose.

S I N.

THERE are many ways of looking at sin, many ways of thinking of it.

One way is to think very little of it. This, perhaps, is the most common way. Until one is awakened to some just appreciation of the meaning and worth of life, and its close and vital connection with that which is to come, — until one begins to feel, not only that he *has* a soul, but that he *is* a soul, it is natural enough that sin should be thought little of, except in its grosser forms.

Next to those who think little of sin are those who think lightly of it; who look upon it very complacently and leniently, sometimes even admiringly; regarding it as only a lower form of good, — good in the rough, “good a-making,” — not a thing to be troubled about, but something that will take care of itself, working out its own salvation, and the world’s too, in the “*progress of the race*.”

But passing, without comment, those who think little of sin, and those who think lightly of it, we find that among those who are awake to the reality of moral distinctions, who give serious thought to the everlasting difference between good and evil, there are different methods of viewing sin.

There is what may be called the legal view of sin, — sin considered as the violation of law. This, in many of its features, is an impressive view. In a scientific age, when inves-

tigations are being made continually into the laws of Nature in every department of the divine creations, it is most natural, not to say inevitable, that this view should assume great prominence, and take strong hold of thoughtful minds. Every thing in the universe, so far as the mind of man can penetrate, is under law. Suns shine, planets revolve, moons wax and wane, the seasons come and go, in their beautiful order; minerals are formed, the grass grows, the flowers bloom, the fruit ripens, — all under law, or under the action of agencies so uniform and certain in their operation, that, for want of a better name, we call it *law*.

So moral as well as natural science has its laws. There are laws of mind as well as laws of matter; laws for the guidance of human actions, as well as for the guidance of the planets; laws by which souls grow, bud, flower, and bring forth the fruit of the spirit; laws, too, by which this fruit of character is blasted in the bud, or rots upon the bough, and prematurely falls; laws of virtue, and laws of vice, that may be so distinctly traced, that he who runs may read. This view of sin is of vast importance. It appeals to the understanding. It convinces the intellect of the real difference between right and wrong, good and evil. It helps us to see the eternal nature of this difference, as written on the very face of good and evil, and on the whole physical, moral, and spiritual nature of man. It thus exposes the supreme folly of attempting, by any wit or cunning, to evade the divine law, to violate it with impunity, or in any way to tamper with it. It shows that to array one's self against that law is only to kick against the pricks: the harder the blow, the deeper the wound. Men of a scientific turn of mind are naturally inclined to look at sin mainly from this point of view; and it is both instructive and impressive.

Closely allied to this legal view is that which regards sin in the light of *personal damage*. This view also covers a great truth. "He that sinneth wrongeth his own soul." He abuses his God-given faculties, perverts his higher nature, lets himself down in the scale of being, leaves his divinely appointed orbit. As if the morning-star should break away

from the attraction of the central orb, and rush out on a tangent of rebellion into chaos and ruin. As if our own earth, instead of rolling uniformly as God designed, that each part might be lighted and warmed in turn, and clothed with richness, verdure, and fruit, should refuse obedience to the beneficent law, stop its diurnal motion, and so doom an entire hemisphere to perpetual night and death. To one who recognizes the real dignity and glory of the nature God has given to man, this is a profoundly impressive view.

Another link in this chain of thought is the view of sin as a social evil. "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." We are all bound together in the bundle of life. Sin, in wronging the human soul, wrongs society. Every man, in the very process of letting himself down, lets others down. Vain is it to say, he injures no one but himself. As well might a man with some loathsome disease mingle with the crowd, and, poisoning the air with his infectious breath, declare he injures no one but himself. Sin in its nature is social. It loves company. Only the basest vices are solitary. Only sinners of deepest die meditate their deeds of darkness alone. The most of the evils that take captive the world are social. The sin of *one* naturally diffuses itself among the *many*. It poisons the moral atmosphere. It works, not only individual ruin, but social ruin in a thousand ways. It depraves public sentiment; vitiates public morality; multiplies and perpetuates social evils of all sorts; lets down whole communities, peoples, states, nations; just as it does individuals, and for the same reason. And, in this letting-down, the innocent suffer with the guilty; not the same kind of suffering indeed, but suffering enough to show how closely all are bound together, and how vitally the highest welfare of every human being is linked with the welfare of every other. This view of the social evil of sin — its power to poison the wells of social life, to blast the happiness of home, to cripple the power of states and nations — appeals directly to the benevolent affections. The man of large nature and broad sympathies will be the first to be impressed by it. It is the standpoint from which Christian philanthropy

makes its most affecting and effectual appeals. It is a view we need to keep before us ; for the real nature of sin is not seen in its work on the solitary soul alone, fearful as the ruin may be there, but in the moral and spiritual desolation it works as it sweeps over communities and nations.

But, important and impressive as these views of sin are, they do not penetrate to the depths. They are true as far as they go ; but they are outside views. They do not reach the most vital point : that lies deeper. Never, as we believe, do we see the real nature of sin, till we see it as *sin against God*. Never do we feel how *base* a thing it is, how much of ingratitude and wrong is involved in it, until we feel that it has been committed against our Father in heaven. Those other views we have named help us to a philosophy of sin, show the law of its action, the ruin it works in the soul and in society. They reveal the fact, that sin is its own sorrow ; the violation of a law beneficent as love itself, a grievous wrong to human nature, a heinous offence against the community. All this is true, and a truth we must never forget ; but it is not the whole truth, it is not the most vital point in the truth : for sin is not only an offence against the law of purity and right, against man, and against society, but, above all and beneath all, it is an offence against God ; and it is only as we recognize this that the real nature of sin is seen and felt.

We may illustrate this by the family relation. The Saviour himself has chosen the relation of a child to his earthly home and father as a type of the relation we all sustain to God. Here, then, is a child born into a *Christian* home. From the first hour of its birth, it has been the object of unceasing care and love. A mother's arms have been its cradle. A mother's love has watched over it day and night, in sickness and health. For its sake, a father's hands have been hardened by toil, or his brain worn with mental labor. With united love, both parents have sought to instruct the mind and enrich the heart of their child. No labor is deemed too great, no self-sacrifice too hard, to fit that child for honor and usefulness in the world.

But the child proves wayward, disobedient, vicious. The

mother pleads with tears. The father entreats his child, by every consideration of love for parents and home, and by regard for his own honor and peace, to change his course. They warn, they expostulate, they plead, but in vain. The child goes on his own way, and goes down into ruin. Now, in estimating his guilt, is it enough to say that he has violated the laws of family government, kindly beneficent laws, essential to every Christian household? — that he has ruined his own character, and set a vicious and vitiating example? All this is true; but is it the whole truth? Is there not something back of all that, deeper than all that? — something that casts over his guilt a deeper shadow than all the rest? — his unfilial disobedience to his father and mother, whose deathless love he has so grossly abused, for whose unceasing care and labor he has shown himself so ungrateful, whose fondest hopes he has blasted, and whose hearts he has wrung with unutterable anguish? Here is the culmination of the wrong he has done, — viewing it simply in its human relations, — here is its culmination; and if he is ever brought back to the home whose fostering care he has abused, and to the yearning hearts whose love he has spurned, it is this thought more than any other, — the thought of his *unfilial, ungrateful* conduct towards those that loved him most, and sustained to him the dearest relation on earth, that will make him feel the real nature of the wrong he has done, and win him back.

Now, God is infinitely more to the soul than father and mother, — the Creator, the constant Preserver and Benefactor, the Life of all lives. From his own divine nature flow out all the beneficent laws that control the universe, all the *moral* and *spiritual* laws designed to mould immortal souls into vessels of honor and glory. The sheltering wing of his providence is spread over all, by night and by day. He has borne us in the arms of his protecting love all our lives long. His own spirit calls us upward. His own love has poured upon us the light and life of Christ, through whom he has specially shown himself to the world as the *heavenly Father*. How plain it is, then, that the real nature of sin is seen, not when we view it in the light of disobedience to law

merely, or as a wrong done to the soul, or as a legacy of woe to the community, but when to all this we add the thought that throws its dark shadow over all the rest, — that it is an offence against God! Only *then* do we see sin in its true light.

And it is this, far more than any other view of sin, that awakens true repentance, and leads to newness of life. Other views — the legal, the moral, the social — are addressed to the intellect. They convince the reason, and so perform essential service; but this deeper view touches the heart. As, in the case of the wayward child, it is the thought of his sin against the *loving hearts* his course has pierced that will be more likely to win him back than any thought of injury brought upon himself; so, in the higher relations of the soul, it is the thought of sin against a God of purity, love, and mercy, — one who has continued to bless, even while sinned against, — it is this thought, more than any sense of personal damage through sin, that melts the soul into that godly sorrow that feels the need of *pardon*, and makes the assurance of it that Christ has given so sweet, so precious, and so grateful.

While sin is regarded only as the violation of law, or as wrong done only to one's self and the community, there seems to be no place for pardon. *Law* never forgives. We do not ask *ourselves* to forgive the wrong we have done *ourselves*. The community is something altogether too impersonal to confess to or ask pardon of; and so we find that those who limit their thought of sin to these external views come gradually to drop out the idea of forgiveness from their system of religious faith. They have no place for it. It is in the way. It has no intelligible meaning to them. Indeed, they tell us plainly there is *no real* forgiveness. Sin and you must suffer. Enter the prison-house of disobedience, and you shall not come out till you have paid the uttermost farthing; and this would be true if there was nothing back of law. Law never forgives; and, if law were God, we see not where we should find a place for pardoning love. But what a dreary prison-house this

world would be if we were locked up in the cold embrace of law! What sort of a gospel would that be for sinning man, with every promise of pardon stricken out? Thank Heaven that within the law is the Lawgiver; and it is written, "There is forgiveness with him." Not till we recognize our relation to him, do we, or can we, feel the need of forgiveness, or understand the meaning of *reconciliation*.

And it is this view of sin that shows its real nature. It is this, we repeat, that touches the heart. It is this that melts the soul in penitence. Sin against law may be acknowledged, and the heart remain unmoved. Sin against one's self, one's own nature, may be admitted, and only a selfish and unfruitful sorrow awakened. Sin against the community may be conceded, and the life remain unchanged. But sin against God, the heavenly Father, whose love has watched over and protected us every moment of our existence; who, in all our forgetfulness of him, has never forgotten us; sin against him, the essence of whose being is love, — when this is felt in the depth of the soul, then sin is felt to be *sin* indeed; then its deep ingratitude is revealed; then the broken and contrite heart cries out with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and with the prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and *before thee*." Now the promise of pardon is sweet. There is not only a place for forgiveness now, but, without it, the gospel would be no "glad tidings" for the soul. Now a sense of the forgiving love of God draws the soul to him, and makes obedience joy.

There is profound significance in that scene in Simon's house where "the woman who was a sinner," in the overflowing of her penitent love, opened her alabaster-box of precious ointment, whose odor has filled the world, and anointed the feet of Jesus, bathing them with her tears, and wiping them with her flowing hair. "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her," said Jesus; "for she loveth much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Not that one must sin much in order to love much, but that a consciousness of divine *forgiveness* in a soul feeling the need

of pardoning love is sure to enkindle a deeper love for "Him whose mercy endureth for ever."

It is when we lose sight of our relation to God, that of children to a Father, that we are left to think *little* or to think *lightly* of sin. With no consciousness of this relation, we are orphans, "without God in the world." We may have a philosophy, but not a religion. Religion is the tie that binds man to God in faith, love, and obedience; and the manifest difference felt by all souls spiritually quickened, between what is commonly called a moral life and a truly religious life is largely in this, that one is obedience to law, the other is obedience to God. One seeks conformity with the abstract principle of right; the other, with the will of the heavenly Father. And is not this the reason why morality, good always as far as it goes, is so sadly lacking in devotion; while the natural cry of a soul touched with true and deep religious feeling and faith is, "Abba, Father"? T.

TRUST.

Am I perplexed and sore dismayed?
 Troubled and tossed on every side?
 Dear Lord! thy word shall give me aid:
 Thou wilt provide!

Do thronging doubts obstruct my way,
 And fears distract, and foes deride?
 Thou, Lord, canst turn my night to-day:
 Thou wilt provide!

Have friends forsaken, — those whose love
 I deemed no change could e'er betide?
 Father, thine own shall constant prove:
 Thou wilt provide!

Then peace, my heart! no earthly ill
 Shall wreck me. I shall safe outide
 These stormy billows. Peace, be still!
 God will provide!

C. A. M.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

April 4.—Haven's answer has come from his father; a cold, hopeless repulse. The old man taunts his son not only with the sins of the past, but with unmanly complaining in the present; and bids him be quiet in the bed he has made for himself, if he be truly penitent: he evidently does not believe that. Oh! it did seem too cruel to read such words to the unhappy creature who lay there with a face growing more death-like each moment; perfectly still, except when the memory of his mother and sister was called up to give an added sting to the words, "You have, by your own deed, separated yourself from us all, through time and through eternity:" at that he moaned.

He had made me promise to read every word, and I did; but, after it, he lay utterly crushed, without word or motion,—so long, that I grew frightened. I could not trust my temper enough to speak about the letter; in truth, I dared not intrude any words on such a sorrow: but at last, when I took his rigid hand, and tried to warm it into life, he grasped mine, and whispered, for the first time, "Pray; let me hear you pray." After a time, he asked for the letter, and held it in his hands while he questioned me about the handwriting. I told him it was the tremulous writing of an old man; and he said confusedly, "Why! it didn't tremble when he wrote before: the last letter I got, only the other day,—oh! I forgot." Then he began again: "Yes, yes, I remember now. He's over eighty: he's an old man now. I am his youngest child. He used to love me: that makes it harder for him. We both thought I didn't love him; but that was a mistake: it's too late now, though; he will never know it now. It's all just, what he says,—all just; only—O my father!—I am not a hypocrite: I am sorry! O father, father!" Could he have resisted that cry? The good Father heard it, and gave that sick brain the relief of bitter weeping. For a

few moments he cried, not, as people say, "like a child," but rather like a man, as only a strong man can.

When I was coming away, after he was calm again, he said, "You will not be hurt at what he says, will you? he does not know you;" referring to a passage in the letter where his father congratulates him on being such a successful hypocrite as to have deceived an over-credulous minister into his service. There is no danger of my being offended either by that, or by the answer to my own note, of which Haven knows nothing, and which is, as I feared it would be, a haughty rebuke for interference in family affairs. That cannot be wondered at nor blamed; but how can one help being angered by such a cruel letter to a son? Setting aside the thought of natural affection, how dare a man calling himself a Christian, an old man, so near his own account, judge and condemn another so harshly? Stop!—what are *you* doing, Ernest Ray? Who made you the judge of any man? O Thou who alone knowest any human heart! look mercifully upon us all, thine erring children.

April 5.—Haven too quiet. Jones says he lies still all the time, as he did when he first knew about his blindness. He only roused to-day to draw that letter from under his pillow, and ask me to burn it. He said, "I can hardly make out a word of it myself, and I am afraid of its falling into other hands when I cannot take care of my things myself. I could not bear to have any one else see it: they might misjudge it."

April 6.—Got Haven out of the house for the first time. He has walked in the corridors once or twice; but there are too many passers there to be pleasant for him; and he needed the open air; and Ferguson thought, that on a cloudy day, with his eyes protected by a thick bandage, he would gain much more than he would suffer. So he took a short drive with me in the chaise; and Muriel, who was with him this afternoon, says he seemed more natural. He and I certainly do not make a strong team, and I suspect he was just a little afraid to trust to my driving at first; but, so well as I am now, I am sure it is quite safe, at least with such a demure beast as Fuz, who is guided by my voice as well as by the rein, and

turns out for other equipages of his own accord, and with the greatest circumspection.

April 9. — Haven, knowing nothing about my note from his father, has begged me to write him a few words in his behalf, asking that a threat held out in his father's letter, of entire excommunication from his home, may not be carried out. He has always been sure of hearing from them, although in a brief and cold way, if any thing important took place, as marriage or death; and he promises, that, if the certainty of this may be continued to him, he will ask nothing more. As his father forbids his "unworthy child" ever to address him as father again, and he could not bear to write to him as to a stranger, he left the note wholly to me. I, of course, wrote just what he had said, and made it short as possible. I am afraid it will raise more wrath than any thing else just at present; but perhaps, by and by, such a request may be remembered.

We are now much troubled by Haven's position. There is little chance of his paying his debts while he remains at such an expensive hotel; and it is a most uncomfortable place for him too. The young men there have never shown any consideration for him during his sickness: the room over his and the one next him are both noisy; and last night there was a supper-party in the supper-room under him, where he has given many such himself. I questioned him, and found he had been kept awake all night, hearing, and, as he said, translating, the familiar sounds; the preparation, the arrival of the guests, the rattling of dishes, the talking and laughing, growing louder as the night went on, till, at last, shouting and tipsy songs and breaking glasses told of a drunken revel.

He did not seem so much annoyed by the noise or by the unkindness of his old friends as I expected; but he broke out at last with vehemence, — "Mr. Ray, tell your sister not to come here to-day: it would make me hot to feel her looking at me after such a wicked night as I have passed." I asked if it was that he wanted to be with his old friends again; but he answered, "No; I don't think it was: it frightened me to remember that. But I have had a glimpse of such a different

life these few months ; and I have tried just to live along so quietly, and not think about the past in any way : but, last night, I knew the songs they sang ; I knew the sort of jokes they were laughing at ; and, in spite of myself, I kept going over it all, over and over again, and contrasting it with what I've been thinking about lately, — with my home, you and your sister, and what you've been reading to me, you know ; and it seemed so horrible, and yet I couldn't stop thinking. I didn't know I could think so many wicked thoughts : I knew they were wicked, and yet they would not go. I could not get rid of them ; and so at last I thought it must be that I had gone too far, — that I was really lost, and there was no help for me, and so I might as well go down stairs and join them, and be like them again ; and I got up to go : but then I remembered that I could not, because I was too blind to find my way ; and somehow I think I was glad of it." I asked, "Cannot you take it as proof that God means you to be saved, not lost, that he has sent this thing upon you to check you in your course ?" He seemed struck by this idea, and said that he had looked on his misfortune only in the light of a deserved punishment, but that last night it had certainly preserved him from sinning. Then his vehemence came back as he cried, "But that is only the act, the outside, which is bettered by it : inside I am just as bad, as hopelessly bad, as ever." He was so excitable, so overwrought with sleeplessness and mental strain, that I would not let him talk any more ; but, after I had read and prayed, he seemed quieter. We must get him away from there.

April 11. — This unhappy business has taken me a few miles out of town several times lately ; and it has been easy to accomplish two things at once by taking Haven with me for the drive. It is interesting to watch him accustoming himself to his darkness, which is becoming total. At first, he was made dizzy by the motion and the noise of passing vehicles ; and, during several drives, he sat quite still, never asking any questions, and gladder to get back than to start, I think. But now he is beginning to enjoy it a little more : he exercises his hearing and guessing powers to tell our

whereabouts, and is pleased when he gets it right. To-day he hesitated a little about going: but afterward, when I urged him to tell me why, it came out that he thought it must be "a bore" to have to keep describing the scenery, and telling where we were, and so on; and he thought I ought to have pleasanter company! Little can he imagine what comfort I always take in a companion who does not see me.

April 12. — Haven's stay at the hotel has grown dangerous, mentally and morally; but we cannot find any other place for him. At the good private boarding-houses, where he would wish to go, such an inmate is not wanted. It is thought he would be troublesome; and then his reputation makes those who have to consider their children, young boys and girls, unwilling to take him as a fellow-boarder. When he asked why it was hard to find another place for him, I had to tell him all this; indeed, I have had to tell him several hard things: but, since that letter from home (to which he does not allude), his proud spirit has bowed, and he receives every thing meekly.

We have had many talks at home here about him, and to-day my blessed brother and sister have decided on one step. Muriel has gained a good influence over him, which ought not to be relinquished: but the "house-mother" cannot be away from home often for any purpose; and we had spoken of this difficulty also; when Muriel asked, in her stillest manner, "Husband, why should he not come here for a little while?" Harry walked the length of the study a few times; asked me what I thought about it; to which I could only say, I believed it would do the man good; walked a few more times, and then — kissed his wife! After which outbreak of sentiment, we set ourselves to planning what room Jones should have, and what time to-morrow they should come here.

When Ferguson dropped in this evening to vent his increasing anxiety about his patient, we told him the plan. He looked at Muriel for a moment with such a dangerous expression, that I thought he was going to repeat her husband's exploit: but he relieved himself by taking said husband

by the collar, and shaking him till he was driven to retaliatory measures; and then the two big boys had a skirmish that brought the little boys half-way down stairs in their night-gowns to crow over the doctor's discomfiture, and be incontinently chased back to bed by their victorious papa. What would patients and parishioners say?

April 13.—Haven is in our guest-chamber, sleeping, I hope; and Jones is comfortably established in his dressing-room. I never saw a man more literally *dumfounded* than Haven was when we announced our plan. Ferguson had warned us that he was in no state to be allowed to think about the matter, and try to decide for himself: so we carried it right through ourselves. I went to read as usual, first closeting Jones, and delighting him with the news; then Harry and Muriel came in, and gave their invitation, assuring him that it was all settled, and he had only to submit; and Harry stowed us both into the chaise, and sent us off for our drive, to be out of the way while Jones should pack, close the rooms, and transfer himself to our house to await our arrival in a couple of hours.

Haven was too astounded to be otherwise than passive; he could hardly speak a word: and the whole scenewas over, and we had ridden a long distance in silence, when he suddenly grasped after my reins, crying out, "Turn back! I'm afraid they thought I was not grateful." I relieved him as to that; and presently he began to ask me about our home and its members, — a happy topic for me. He has been very still since we got home, and has spent most of the afternoon in his own room, fairly exhausted with excitement.

April 14.— We flatter ourselves that even to-day Haven has been less nervous than for a few weeks past. We make no ceremony with him, but let him slip in to the circle as one of ourselves. He was a little shy of our rackets boys at first; but now they are friends all round. Ray,* in par-

* My eldest son, Ernest Ray Irving; the same who is mentioned in the "Story of Joe" as "Ernest." He was generally called Ray to distinguish him from his uncle, for whom he was named. His uncle used both names for him indiscriminately; but, for the sake of distinctness, I shall make it always "Ray," in the parts of the Journal which I publish. — H. I.

ticular, who inherits some of Harry's tact with infirm folk, has established himself as guide-in-chief, and, this afternoon, has been giving Haven a lesson on the localities of the study, which has ended in his learning his way from any part of the room to the easy-chair in the corner at the head of my lounge, devoted to his especial use.

The youngster will really be a great help to us in taking care of Haven while Jones is away attending to the breaking-up at the hotel.

April 16. Sunday. — Not able to be out this afternoon; although, happily, I was enabled to get through this morning. It is some time since Harry had taken my place at the school, and I know my people enjoy him: so I submitted to enforced laziness readily. Harry and Muriel took the boys with them; and even Jones was carried off to church by our Hans: so, except nurse and baby, Haven and I had the house to ourselves. He has seemed better, physically, since he came here, but has grown even sadder day by day: so, as he sat with me in the study this afternoon, I tried to speak some words of comfort and hope; but he shook his head, and said deliberately, like one who knows what he is saying, and means it, "The future is terrible; but the past is worse. I understand it more clearly as I sit in this home, and learn what life ought to be; and, the more distinct my sins grow to me, the less do I dare ask for pardon or for future strength and help. I see that you all are acting in a strength, living in a light, which is from above; but my past is a cloud, that shuts out all such light for ever. I cannot live without it; but I cannot get it: it is not for me."

It was fearful to hear him going on so, in a steady, low voice, — no excitement, only utter hopelessness; and, when I tried to speak, he hushed me, and went on: "I know all you would say: it is not for me. You speak constantly of things in which it has been plainly shown me I have no part. I hear you speak of pain and sorrow, ending in a heavenly home: how dare I think of that pure place, when my sins have closed my earthly home against me? You speak of pardon: how dare I ask it of the holy, all-seeing Judge,

when my own father cannot?" — "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up." The words I love so well! — they spoke themselves, and went straight to his heart: he started, and listened eagerly as I repeated them. I could not help adding, "Do not forget, that, even on earth, one home, where your repentance was believed in, was opened to you." — "I shall never forget that," he said.

After a pause, he turned to me again, agitated, and speaking with difficulty. "I do not believe you, any of you, would have taken me under this roof, or would let me remain here, if you knew all my life; this is what is in my way: and, when any of you speak of the possibility of God's pardon, it is just the same. I think they would not say so if they knew all; and sometimes I have almost resolved to tell you every thing, and then,—then,—if you were willing to keep me here, and still believed that God could forgive, I think I should dare to ask him." — "Cannot you fully resolve and do this thing?" asked I; for I saw, that, as he felt, it would be the best thing for him. "If I could," said he, "I should at least feel sure of my own penitence; and now sometimes I am tormented by the thought that I may be self-deceived, and am perhaps only restrained from outward evil by my helplessness; and I have no way of testing my own sincerity but this, which would be too cruel to you. It would pain you to hear such a confession; for (and he set his teeth), if I undertake it, I will hide nothing." — "I am listening," said I. He began, but choked, and started up as if to go away; but I could not let him. I saw that he was beginning wrong, and told him so; told him that he was undertaking to help himself by his own strength, which was veriest weakness; that if he believed this thing was what he ought to do, and would help him, he should begin by asking God to enable him to do it; and that, whatever doubts he might have as to his final pardon and salvation, it was the flattest impiety, and contradiction of God's words, to imagine that he would refuse a hearty prayer for power to do right from any human being. He sat down again: half an hour after, he asked, "Mr. Ray, will you hear

me now? I will tell you all;" and kneeling by my lounge, his face hidden, he did it.

It was well he suffered so terribly, so visibly, as he went on, or I must have revolted, and refused to hear more, long before it was finished: as it was, one could not refuse him pity. Yet, when he had ended, — forgive me, thou All-merciful! — I shrank from him, and could not speak. Of course, I knew such things before; but to hear them spoken, and as the record of a man's own life, was different. I was brought to my Christian senses by hearing the poor bowed wretch gasp out, "I knew it must be so; and how must God hate me!" As servant of that God, I must give hope to that despairing soul; but I could not speak. I could only lay my hands on his throbbing head, and pray, and wait for teaching. He cried out, "Are you willing to touch me?" but grew very quiet when my hand staid there. How I longed to use the parable of the Prodigal Son! but his human father had spoiled that to him.

But Bible words came: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." I felt him trembling: presently he asked, in an altered voice, "Will you pray for me now? I think I can join you."

After that, we sat silent for a time: then I saw a sudden look of pained uncertainty in his face, as he asked, "Am I to stay here?" — "Surely." — "Would Mr. Irving wish it?" "He would: he said, 'If coming here can help him, let him come, whatever his past may have been.'" — "*Whatever* my past! — did he really mean that?" I could not help answering, "I never heard Harry say a word he did not mean;" and we were silent again until we heard the children's voices under the window, and then he groped his way up to his room. I was not afraid to let him go then.

April 17. — Last week, Haven's hotel-rooms were dismantled, and given up. Harry, by his authority, attended to having his furniture and so on sold at auction, and, without his authority, bid in a fine musical clock, which he thought

would give him as much pleasure as any of his property of that sort. There were some portfolios of fine engravings which he had bought, partly as adjuncts of luxury, and partly from real enjoyment of their beauty: these were to be sold also. But first he asked to have them brought here, that we might all see them: so, this evening, we have been enjoying them. He first took me aside to ask, timidly, if I thought there would be any objection to his giving some of them to Dr. Ferguson and Mr. and Mrs. Irving. I could see none, except his being so much in debt; and he felt so much about it, that I could not say I thought it wrong for him to give one to each of them; and it was pleasant to see how he listened, as we talked, to find out which they liked, whispering to me to keep out the favored ones. He seemed distressed at their thanking him.

After we had gone up stairs, Jones led him to my door; and he gave me, silently, a picture we had not seen that evening, which it seems he had remembered, and asked Muriel to lay aside. It is a rare engraving from a picture by Le Sueur, "La Messe de St. Martin." He got it almost accidentally among some other pictures, and had never known its meaning: so when I saw it at his room some weeks ago, and spoke of St. Martin as a favorite saint of mine, he had asked me about the legend, and I told it to him. He had seemed especially struck by the answer the charitable saint gave to Satan himself, who one day mocked him for so soon accepting the fallen and repentant; and Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, "O most miserable that thou art! if thou also couldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ." One day, while he was a bishop, and was celebrating mass, he paused to take off his priestly robes to clothe a shivering beggar; and went on, unconscious that a celestial fire was shining above him. This is the subject of Le Sueur's picture: he represents him, like St. Paul, "of contemptible bodily presence," standing before the altar, with the globe of fire hovering over his head. On the back of the picture were these words, unevenly written (a blind man's first attempt): "To my St. Martin."

(To be concluded.)

FLORENCE.

POPE BONIFACE the Eighth, more than five hundred years ago, used to call the Florentines the fifth element of the world; for, said he, everywhere in Italy that you find earth, air, fire, and water, there you will find Florentines. Of their ascendancy, the same pontiff had a curious proof. At one time, he had occasion to send ambassadors to twelve different States. After their appointment, it was found that all the ambassadors were Florentines.

In their enterprise and ability, the inhabitants of that city at the present day preserve their relative superiority. How quickly one learns to distinguish them from the gay Venetians, the priest-ridden Romans, the excitable Neapolitans! For a certain staid, enterprising, industrious, intelligent spirit, they more resemble Americans, who, of all the people of Italy, probably like them the best.

It should be added, that much of the praise due to the Florentines may be justly given to all the Tuscans. Their activity and shrewdness are known all over Italy; as attests a proverb, which says that one must not be stupid who has to deal with them: —

“Chi ha a far con Tosco,
Non vuol esser losco.”

But Florence is the consummate flower where the qualities of this people appear to best advantage. Between the Grand Ducal Square and the Arno there is a quadrangle, surrounded with statues of illustrious Florentines. One can hardly walk round it, and read the names and see the effigies of Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, Giotto, Cellini, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Donatello, Galileo, without exclaiming, “Salve, magne virum!”

Among all unsatisfactory things, the attempt to account for the appearance of genius by the agency of natural causes may justly claim precedence. How many have tried their hand at this in the case of Greece! Race, traditions, climate,

government, religion, culture, — all seem but secondary and instrumental causes, and themselves lead up the mind directly to that creating Spirit, which, like the wind, “bloweth where it listeth.”

The Val d’Arno is indeed a beautiful cradle of genius, with its little compact city surrounded with high walls pierced with quaint mediæval gates; with the thousand of villas, which, if brought together, would, as Ariosto said, make Florence larger than two Romes; with the spur of the Apennines, which, rising around at the distance of a few miles, forms the rim of this fair basin, offering ever-varied hillsides clad with vineyards and olives. But what is there in all this to *create* the spirit which for ages has distinguished this people, — their hatred of tyranny; their passionate love of freedom; their restless activity; their distinction in science, poetry, eloquence, painting, and sculpture; and their pre-eminence in the arts of a humane and refined civilization?

The attractions of Florence have led to the effect which often follows the “fatal gift of beauty.” She has been the prey of her admirers. Fifteen or twenty thousand visitors — for the most part, persons of leisure and wealth, and many of them mere pleasure-seekers — pass several months there, to be succeeded the next year by a like number of strangers. The city becomes an immense hotel. What is native and hereditary is supplanted by what is exoteric. The place is Anglified and Frenchified; and this flood of travellers may be compared to the torrents of the Arno, which often tear up and sweep away what had been long planted and deeply rooted, and leave behind the *débris* of branches of trees, chips, gravel, mud, borne from far-distant places.

These diverse bequests of a flood not inaptly suggest the great variety of persons always to be found in Florence, — some to study art; some to fly the rigors of a Northern winter; some to escape excessive cares, or scenes of bereavement; some to nurse a dilapidated fortune; the dowager wearied with the monotony of home; the husband who has run away from his wife; the wife with part of her family, who has left her husband lord of the old country chateau or manor; the broken tradesman, the disappointed lover, the ambitious

match-hunter : in short, all sorts of people, for all sorts of reasons, are there ; and few are the places where so many curious anecdotes of private life may be picked up.

There are other places in Italy to which the teeming North annually sends down all these different shades of character ; but Florence bears the palm. And it is justly hers. All things considered, it is the most enjoyable place. Its connections with Paris and London have been so long established, and are so intimate, that all the conveniences and luxuries of those cities are procurable. It is the cleanest city in Italy, the best paved, the best lighted. Everybody knows it has some of the best galleries of art in the world. All its objects of interest are close at hand, within easy walking distance. And, then, books are plenty ; and one may use any kind that he needs.

How different is Rome, where the Papal Government dogs one's steps wherever he goes, and makes the use of such books as it proscribes a penal offence ! Its *espionage* extends to things with which no other government on earth interferes. An inscription cannot be placed on a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery without the sanction of the Papal authorities ; and any inscription recognizing the hope of future felicity is forbidden. Who before ever heard of intolerance entering in this way the sacred sanctuary of grief ?

On the score of good climate, Florence must yield to many other places. The summer is stifling hot ; and, in winter, a subtle, cutting wind sweeps down from the snow-covered Apennines, and penetrates to the very centre of one's bones. To those accustomed to close dwellings, where the thermometer, perhaps, never falls below fifty, it is a great change to an atmosphere near the freezing-point, as in Florence it is likely to be at night for weeks together ; since few houses are constructed to be much warmer inside than out. It is only fitfully in the short radius of a fire that any milder temperature is obtained. The chief thing thought of is to guard against the summer's heat ; and, for this purpose, the houses, with their thick walls, their projecting roofs, their rattling windows, and ill-jointed doors, open to all the airs of heaven, are not badly contrived.

Nothing more strikingly shows how successfully man has combated and overcome his most dreaded exposures, than the fact, that, for true comfort, one should go South in the summer, and North in the winter.

No praise of the charm of the spring and autumn can be deemed extravagant. What a joy in the balmy air, charged with the perfume of orange-flowers and jessamines from a thousand neighboring gardens, to thread these quaint-looking streets, every turn and corner of which is rich with historical memories!

Of these traditions, the streets themselves remind one by a custom worthy of imitation in other places. Little marble slabs placed over the door, or inserted in the wall, tell you that *here* Dante lived, *there* Michael Angelo labored; *this* is the palace of the Medicis, *that* the spot where Savonarola was burned; *this* house was once the home of the renowned and much-misunderstood secretary of Florence, Macchiavelli; *that* house was the place where Guicciardini wrote his History; and that *other* was the dwelling of Americus Vespucius, at whose door one will be induced to smile at the pretentious, not to say mendacious, inscription about his being *amplificator orbis terrarum*.

Space would fail to enumerate a tithe of these tablets. Nor is it the names of the famous alone that are thus recorded. Florence has always had a sturdy democratic spirit, which has delighted to honor bravery and virtue in humble life. The spot where the beautiful Lucrezia de Mazzanti, who had been seized by brutal soldiers, contrived to spring from them, and throw herself into the Arno, with her own hands pressing her head under water, preferring death to dishonor, is marked by an appropriate inscription; and by the side of one of the most public walks on the Arno is a memorial stone in honor of a young lad who there rescued his play-fellow from drowning.

There is something that quickens the blood in one's veins as he reads these inscriptions on the spot where the deeds occurred. Who does not think better of a people who has marked these places, and made them teachers of honor and virtue from generation to generation? Who can tell how

many have had their hope and ambition, their resolve and courage, stimulated, so that the marking of a noble deed has made it the parent of a numerous progeny? It deserves to be well considered how we can make the most of such a precious seed.

This reference to the home of the Medicis suggests that a residence in Florence naturally leads one to look into the history of this remarkable family. Here are their grand old palaces, the grounds they embellished, the rare works of art they collected, the villas which were the scenes of their pagan symposia; and here also is their mausoleum in the Chapel of San Lorenzo, incrusting with marble, and adorned with the choicest statues of Michael Angelo.

It is a strange history. One of the first results reached is to distrust the impressions left by such apologists as Roscoe. Another result is to stand in awe before those retributions which the swift years are sure to bring upon all selfishness and crime.

This family, it is said, may be traced back to the eleventh century: but Litta, in his genealogy of celebrated Italian families, begins his account of it with the year 1291; remarking, that each family ought to take the first man of whom history records any well-established fact, and to say, "This is my Adam." Its chief representatives in early times seem to have been men of probity and public spirit, and to have enjoyed to an unusual degree the rewards of civic honors. A colossal wealth had been amassed by commerce, and the loan of money on the pledge of valuable articles; and the pawnbroker's gilded balls, which we see to-day, are borrowed, it is said, from the Medici escutcheon.

It was under Cosmo the First, born in 1389, that the fortune of this family emerged into a world-wide notoriety; and though for thirty years, as absolute master of Florence, he was often unscrupulous in the means employed to accomplish his ends, was selfish in his aims, and addicted to ill-concealed vices and crimes, still, by his vast plans for public improvement, his splendid patronage of learning and art, his immense money transactions with the whole world, and the brilliant renown he brought to every thing with which his name was

connected, he seems to have merited the title by which he is known in history, as the Father of his Country. He died in 1464, at the age of seventy-five; "which age I have carefully noted," says Varchi in his "*Storia Fiorentina*," "because, of his male descendants, not one lived to be old."

His son Peter, of weak mind, poor health, and insatiable avarice, succeeded him: but in five years he left the family estate and name to two sons, one of whom, Giuliano, was assassinated in the Florence cathedral in his thirty-seventh year; and the other, Lorenzo, after that brief display of unsurpassed luxury and splendor which has given him the name of Magnificent, died at the age of forty-four.

Lorenzo left a son, John, who entered the Church, and, aided by the family wealth, crept up rapidly in promotion, having been made a cardinal at the age of thirteen, till finally he reached the pontificate as Leo the Tenth; and, from that luxurious and sensual life which has been so often described, he was, in less than nine years, removed by poison. His other son, Peter, by his weakness and prodigality, disgusted the people, who drove him from the city. He fled to the mountains, gathered soldiers to assault Florence, but was repulsed, and soon came to a miserable end by drowning.

It would be quite aside from my purpose to notice the various branches and offshoots of this family; but history rarely furnishes more instructive lessons than that suggested by the vices and crimes brought to view by a few generations of this name. The murdered brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent had an illegitimate son, who, reaching the papacy under the name of Clement VII., has left a history more wonderful than any romance, and the most ill-starred in the whole annals of the popes.

Clement had an illegitimate son named Hippolito, on whom he heaped his favors; making him cardinal at eighteen. But more fond of hunting, of feats of arms, and of his train of three hundred followers, than of any sacred functions, he was rash, vain-glorious, addicted to pleasure, overwhelmed with debt, and was poisoned by his cousin, Alexander, at the age of thirty-four.

This same Alexander, an illegitimate, half-African son of

Lorenzo, the father of Catherine de Medici, was known as Duke of Florence ; and, after having been the terror of that city for his outrageous debauches, he was early murdered in one of his nefarious assignments.

The direct line, though so frequently continued by illegitimate issues, had now become extinct. The family name and authority were kept up by adopting a descendant from a younger brother of the sturdy old Cosmo, under the title of Cosmo the Second. He proved to be a famous patronizer of letters and art, and was in many respects an honor to the Medici name : but in his private life he was one of the most depraved of men ; and if, in the first line, the iniquities of the fathers were visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, still more manifestly, in this second line, was this divine law vindicated.

Cosmo the Second had a son, John, who was made a cardinal at ten years of age, and at nineteen was killed by his own brother, in a quarrel they had over a buck which one of them had shot in a hunting excursion not far from Leghorn. The father immediately stabbed the murderer, declaring he would have "no Cain in his house." It was the favorite son of the mother, who, heart-broken, expired at once ; and all three were buried on the same day in Florence. As to his daughters, the father, it is said, poisoned one, and lived in incest with another ; while a third, at the age of eighteen, was strangled by her jealous husband.

After a life thus imbittered, Cosmo was succeeded by his son Francis, whose licentious career was suddenly terminated, supposed by poison, administered by the celebrated Bianca Capella, whose story is one of the most romantic episodes in history.

To Francis succeeded his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand ; and after him came Cosmo III. and Ferdinand II. and Cosmo IV., whose careers, if marked by fewer crimes, and now and then signalized by high virtues, accumulated evidence of the growing imbecility and approaching extinction of this family. "Il semble," says Dumas, in whose book on the Medici may be found an interesting summary of the chief facts of this house, — "il semble que Dieu a marqué la fin de

la race des Médécis ; ce n'est plus la foudre publique et populaire que la menace ; ce sont ses orages intérieures et privées que la secouent et la déracinent ; et y a une fatalité qui les frappe les après les autres de faiblesse."

A family reaching power by self-denial, and running to ruin by self-indulgence, — often enough is this spectacle seen, though never perhaps in a more conspicuous example. Nor is this history told only in books. It is told on canvas and in marble. The Medici Gallery has a large number of portraits and busts. The retributions of Heaven are stamped on the features of the successive generations of this family. The growing sensuality, the fast-approaching imbecility, are so clearly seen, that even such a writer as Dumas speaks of this race as marked and struck by God. Violated moral laws require some time to unfold their full consequences ; but these come round with the unerring certainty of gravitation.

But we have dwelt on this family history too long. A more agreeable subject invites attention.

For one desiring to learn the Italian language, no place equals Florence. It is true, the Roman pronunciation is preferred, — the best combination being, as is thought, Tuscan words in a Roman mouth ; or, according to the familiar proverb, —

" *La lingua Toscana
In bocca Romana.*"

But nowhere is the purity and the classical propriety of this musical tongue so well taught as in Florence.

So universally is this admitted, that teachers from this city command higher wages in all parts of Italy ; and oftentimes young persons of both sexes repair to that place for education. Authors pay a like respect to it. Of a popular Milanese novelist, whose modest simplicity has won troops of friends, it is related, that, just before publishing one of his works, he brought his manuscript to Florence, as he said, "to wash his rags in the Arno."

This lingual superiority is attributed to that persistent attention to this subject, which, three hundred years ago, gave life and interest to the famous Della Crusca Academy of Florence. It is not uncommon to imagine this to have been

a display of mere fruitless dilettanteism ; but it originated, and for a long time was sustained, in the spirit of homely utilitarianism, as is intimated by its name. It is literally the academy of the *bran*. Its well-known emblem was a *bolting mill* ; and its epigraph, *We gather the finest flour*. Its immense lexicographical labors are known to all scholars. Its history shows the beneficial results of a good *institution*, which generations hence may yield palpable advantages not at first dreamed of.

The headquarters of Italian letters, Florence is also the headquarters of Italian Protestantism. The progress which religious freedom has there made within the last dozen years is unparalleled. In the place where the Mortara children were imprisoned, copies of the Bible are distributed freely. There are four or five churches for Italian Protestant worship ; and here centre affiliated organizations for religious action all over Italy.

I shall not soon forget the impression made on my mind by an Italian Protestant preacher, in a hall in Florence, packed full of as earnest listeners as were ever assembled. Probably the pompous services at the Duomo, conducted at the same hour by an army of one hundred officials, were not attended by so many male worshippers. Bold Protestant doctrines were received as a new revelation from Heaven. One could see, that in many ways, in the midst of an effete Italian civilization, never more than half redeemed from paganism, those sublime words were to have a varied fulfilment : " Behold, I make all things new." When the congregation rose up to sing, it was Italian music, the familiar " Sicilian Hymn," that was poured forth in a full hearty volume ; and the last verse of the hymn sung has ever since run in my mind : —

" Nostra frale navicella
Deh ! raccogli tu, Signor,
Dove tace la procella,
Dov'è scampo dall' error."

M.

RANDOM READINGS.

 THE "CHURCH MONTHLY" UPON "THE MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY."

WE turned to the paper upon this high theme, in the July number of the "Church Monthly," with much interest, because we wished to know how this great mystery presented itself to the mind and heart of one of the most thoughtful and earnest workers amongst our younger Episcopalian friends. We cannot say that we have been aided to resolve any of the difficulties which stand in the way of one who would accept the prevailing *post-Nicene* theology: on the contrary, we have found fresh illustrations of the seeming impossibility of making any statement of the doctrine of the Trinity which will not be open to very serious objections, one way or the other. With the highest respect for the purpose and spirit of the writer of the paper referred to, we cannot honestly say that he has helped forward the discussion which he has in hand. We are satisfied, that, in this case, the older head of Prof. Shedd is nearer right than his younger brain; that Shedd's word must stand, spite of the argument from *allotropism*; and that we must admit, with the historian of Christian doctrine, that, in the Trinity, we have presented to our minds "a species of existence that is totally *sui generis*, and not capable of illustration by any of the ordinary comparisons and analogies." We do not see that our friend helps the "Unitarian mind," or any other mind (for the difficulty, we apprehend, is not confined to the "*Unitarian*" mind), "to grasp the relation between substance and person." Perhaps all minds save the Infinite Mind find a difficulty here, and a much more serious one than the appearing of the same natural substance in different forms or conditions, which is *allotropism*.

The "analogy" of the article seems to us available rather for the Sabellian than for the Orthodox Trinitarian; but this is not what most engaged our attention in the contents of the paper. We have never been so forcibly struck before with the confusion into which the Trinitarian is thrown as to the matter of the Divine

Personality. Of course, this is a topic that one would approach with the utmost caution. "Who by searching can find out God?" What do we really know of the person of the Deity, save through what he has been graciously pleased to reveal in our hearts, and to set before us in him who is the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person,—that divine humanity, his only-begotten Son, our Lord? The writer tells us, in common with many others who have written upon the subject, "that the word 'person,' when employed in connection with the Trinity, is used in a peculiar and unique sense. It is not meant to be asserted, that the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are persons in the same sense that we call one another persons. We do not, that is to say, conceive of the Father and the Holy Spirit as possessing bodily forms, organs of sensation and perception, and the like,—all of which enter into the ordinary notion of personality as we hear it spoken of in common life." And we conclude, of course, that the writer would extend this explanation to the Son until the time of his appearing on earth; that is, as he existed from all eternity. Again: "It is not declared that the Godhead is one person at all (!); but it is declared that it is three persons existing in one God: let it be carefully noticed, not one Person, but one God. In other words, the doctrine declares God to be one in one sense, but in another sense to be three,—one in the common groundwork, or, to use the theological word *substance*, of Deity; three in those distinctions by which Deity is known to men, which we term Persons, and which the Bible calls Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

I. Now, upon this we are led to remark, first, that our conception of personality does not require us to assign "bodily form, organs of sensation and perception, and the like," to the person. We believe that the Godhead is a person,—not merely a *substance*, but a person; none the less a person because a spirit, "without body, parts, or passions." When we speak of the Divine Personality, our thought and speech fail only because He of whom we think and speak is so much more really personal than any one of us. He is more, not less, a person than ourselves. Is he conscious? Yes; for most stoutly do we resist the Pantheism which teaches that God comes to consciousness first in man. Is he capable of loving and being loved? capable of sympathizing with his children? Does he hear and answer prayer? Yes: this God is our God for ever and for ever; our Guide even unto death;

doubtless our Father, Helper, Friend; no mere substance, but a person. When we pray to "one God," as in the sentence in the Litany, we pray to a person, only inconceivable because so much more a person than the human being his child. If we cannot apply the term "person" to either of the "Three" in any (to us) intelligible sense; if, as this writer intimates, it is better to say *hypostasis*, following the great creeds; and if the Godhead is not one person at all, but only one substance, — where, then, is God over all for ever blessed, in whom we live and move, and have our being, and in whom we trust?

II. Again: we ask, "Is not our heavenly Father a person, one Being, to whom, in our joy and sorrow, we may speak as to one who heareth us?" When we say, "Our Father which art in heaven," are we praying to the Godhead, to that substance which is one God, or to the (so-called) first person in the Trinity? and, if to the first person, is he not in every sense a person? Then is not the Son of God, our dear Saviour, in every sense that is known to us, a person, — the very image of the invisible God? and as we pray now in his name, and love him though we have never seen him, do we not hope one day to gaze upon his glorious form, to hear his sweet and gracious voice? If there are any beings of whom we have a thought as of two distinct persons, loving and loved, leaning and leaned upon, taught and teaching, derived and underived, — the one our God, the other our Mediator, — those two beings are God, the Father everlasting, and Jesus Christ, his only-begotten Son, our Lord, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary. Moreover, we follow Athanasius in explaining the texts which affirm the dependence of the Son, not of his humanity, as the modern fashion is, but of his divinity. We say, the *modern* fashion; though we find in Dr. Horsley's fifteenth letter to Dr. Priestley this sentence: "If from such expressions as '*My Father is greater than I*' you would be content to infer that the Almighty Father is indeed the fountain and centre of divinity, and that the equality of Godhead is to be understood, with some mysterious subordination of the Son to the Father, you would have the concurrence of the ancient fathers and of many advocates of the faith in all ages." Yet again: we believe in the personality of the Holy Spirit, because we believe that God is a spirit, — a spirit not far from any one of us, ever seeking to redeem and reconcile and make holy. We do not separate his personality

from the personality of the Father. Our Father in heaven is our Father on earth also. The Spirit spake by the prophets, taught by the apostles, dwelt in the Son, is shed abroad in all flesh. The true Christian is filled with all the fulness of God. God dwells in him, and he in God. There is that in him, which, because it is born of God, can no more sin than God can sin; and it is a divine grace, and is steadily subduing the evil and the unlovely in our poor mortal natures.

Now, we hold thus, as it seems to us, in a truly scriptural way to the mystery of the persons; we affirm what the Bible affirms, not presuming to go beyond the letter in the interests of any dogma, even though it may be one which has survived "that mighty upheaval of belief we call the Protestant Reformation." The Reformation did not give us back all of the ante-Nicene simplicity, and the reformers did not exhaust Scripture or theology, but held to much which honest inquirers, careful to maintain intellectual integrity, and unwilling to set their names to articles which they only partly accept, must reject. It will not do to stop at the Reformation. Brave and saintly Christian was Martin Luther; but can we undertake to affirm all that he affirms? We know, for we have felt, the temptation to accept old statements of Christian doctrine for the life that is in them, for what they *mean*, or at least *meant*: but more and more do we find strength to resist the temptation, even though it is plain enough that we shall always be in a minority, and shall work, so far as outward results go, at a disadvantage. Meanwhile, the great point is, in an age when the strongest minds are more and more brought into antagonism with the popular forms of truth, to witness in word and work for the truth itself, which is God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, creating anew into his own glorious likeness all those, who, relying not upon self-culture, and upon any righteousness which they can attain unto, but upon the living and true God, seek for his kingdom in the heart and in the world. We are not sure that our brother, whose work and labor of love in the gospel is well known to us, and with whom we would so gladly be at one in thought, as we trust we are in spirit and purpose, does not mean by his words just what we mean by our words. That he believes with all his heart in the divine personality, we are sure; and yet we cannot avoid setting down this caution against an exposition of the mystery of the Godhead, which, in seeking to save the persons, hazards the

loss of the PERSON : God, who, whilst he is "a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth,"* is truly our Father and Friend ; the Father of whom Christ spake when he said, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God." He was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself ; and through Christ alone we come fully and savingly to him. E.

THE TRUE HUMANITY OF CHRIST.

THE carefully written essay on this subject which may be found in the present number of the Magazine is worthy of as careful perusal. It presents the subject in some aspects, if not new, yet variant from those of the common Unitarian stand-point. We go along with the writer in his vindication of the veritable humanity of our Saviour ; but we should make, among others, the following points, as indicating the want of broader and sharper discrimination : —

1. The distinction between essential Divinity and humanity. If these are *consubstantial* in the proper significance of the word, we shall be pushed to one of two conclusions. If the Divine Unity is to be preserved, humanity must merge in God, and be lost in it, — which is the old Brahmanism, and which was revived by Spinoza, whose prime article was, there is but one real substance in the universe, and that is God ; or else God must be merged and sunk in humanity, — which is Buddhism, and which has revived and gone to seed anew in Hegelianism. The Divinity of Christ is preserved by this view ; but that of all men is asserted along with it. The writer of the essay does not mean this, nor probably use the words "essence" and "substance" in their proper sense, or as the Nicene theologians used them. But here is the vital point of all theologizing ; and we make no advance either in Christology or theology till we learn, not only what there is common between the divine nature and human, but also *how they are differenced from each other*. God is self-existent, creative, and not quantitatively, but *qualitatively*, infinite : therefore man may be receptive of the divine influence, but never of the divine essence or substance ; and by no

* Longer Westminster Catechism.

expansion of his nature can become essentially divine. God cannot create the divine, since he cannot create himself.

2. It is very true that miracles are wrought in us and about us every day, and those who are blind to these would have seen nothing in Christ but a magician or a curious marvel. But there is one fact, whose meaning the writer has not solved, and which mere humanitarianism must always ignore, — *the procession of the Holy Spirit*, “shed forth” from the glorified Saviour, and through which the Christian Church became a power on the earth. It was this, more than preaching or miracles, that diffused Christianity, and made it prevail, as all the early history shows; and it proves, we think, that Christ had our humanity, “plus somewhat,” — even the essential Divinity. s.

INSANITY AMONG FARMERS' WIVES.

WE observe from an article copied from an agricultural paper, on the “Returns of the Industry of Massachusetts,” and “The Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, including the Diseases of which our People die,” that more cases of death from insanity occur among the families of farmers than those in any other occupation. These statements are corroborated by a recent report of the Insane Asylum of Hartford, Conn.; which says, that, out of one hundred and eighty-seven female patients, *thirty-four per cent* were the wives of farmers and mechanics. Whereupon the editor draws a horrible picture of hardship, overwork, and drudgery to which farmers' wives are subjected, especially during the first years of married life: —

“Let us present a brief sketch of actual life, of which thousands have sat for the picture. It is that of a young farmer. He marries; and, for a year or two, his wife can do very well without help: but by and by his work is too much for him alone, and he must have a hand; and, one by one, little children increase the family, until the wife's burden is much heavier than when she took it up. But he is just getting a start; and, if they want to get rich (as everybody does), they must economize: so she gets along without help. She rises early, gets breakfast (often for several men), dresses the children, washes dishes, skims (milk, churns perhaps, sweeps rooms, makes beds, prepares dinner, “clears up,” snatches an

hour to sew (keeping a restless baby quiet meanwhile), gets supper, puts children to bed, and after they and husband are asleep, resting from their weariness, sits up to sew, that she may save paying a seamstress.

"In addition to this daily routine, she does all the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, house-cleaning, soap-making, and hog-killing work, — it costs so much to hire help; and at the same time enacts the part of lady of the house, and entertains the company.

"At length, through this ceaseless application, they are ready to build; and when the comfortable new house is finished and nicely furnished, and the children are beginning to be a real help to her, the pale, sickly wife and mother lies down to die."

It is a pity to spoil a picture designed to excite sympathy for a class of our fellow-beings, many of whom are much overworked; but the writer leaves out the important fact, that probably *four-fifths* of the community are farmers and mechanics, and therefore their families ought to furnish about *eighty per cent* of the insanity, unless they have some fortunate exemption therefrom. The truth is, there is no class of persons, whether they use their hands or their brains, if they live by their own labor, who are not more or less overworked; and exhausting work and carking care, so far as we have seen, come most heavily upon the wives of professional men, especially clergymen. They get in the country, on an average, about half as much as common day-laborers, while their expenses are twice as great: so that all manner of privations and cares must be encountered, which tell directly on the nervous energy. There is a reverse side to the picture of farming life, — barns and cellars filled with plenty; great dairies; heathful employment; chubby children, well fed, and soon turned into "help;" gains moderate, but sure; homes never liable to be broken up or shifted by the chances of a popular vote; the path growing smoother and easier as age advances. From these causes, we presume *not half so great a proportion of insanity* comes from farmers' families as from others. Dr. Howe, in a somewhat famous sermon, asks his people, who were mainly country farmers, "Why have I large barns filled with cattle, and money at interest? *Because I have done your work instead of my own?*"

s.

THERE are two things which instruct a man in every thing relating to his nature, — instinct and experience. — *Pascal*.

VISITATION OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

A RESPECTABLE and much interested audience assembled to hear the exercises of the graduating class. Four dissertations were read, all of them well written, and, with the exception in a single instance of artificial tones and cadences, well delivered. The themes were, "The Divine Education of the Human Family," "Influence of American Institutions on the Church," "The Union of Christian Believers," "St. Paul's Service to Christian Truth and Freedom." May the Lord bless the young prophets, and baptize them with hallowed fire! The following was the closing hymn, written by one of the class. It was remarked, that the four stanzas struck in their order the key-note of the four dissertations; a coincidence, probably, without design on the part of the writer. We give them for the beautiful spirit which breathes through them:—

8.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy best-beloved Son:
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong;
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song;
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord!
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word:
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

A NEW HOME FOR EXPOSED CHILDREN was opened and consecrated by appropriate exercises at West Newton on one of the last days of June. The plan of the home is somewhat novel. Those who have founded it propose to take under their charge for a longer or shorter time, as may be convenient, very small boys who have just taken the first steps, we do not say in crime, but towards crime, if it is right to apply such a strong word to the petty offences of neglected children. The desire of those who are interested in the enterprise is to surround the little fellows with pleasant home influences, and to turn into good directions the small hands that begin to move amiss. Shaftesbury fixes upon the interval between eight and sixteen as the fatal period during which criminals are made. The mischief is begun much earlier. The precocity of street children is positively frightful. The ladies who have been in the habit of visiting the Boston Jail, for the last two years, have been made to realize the importance of taking very young children, for a little while at least, from homes where they get no good, or from the temptations of street companionship, and placing them in an atmosphere of love, with the intention of returning them to their parents, or providing for them in some better way. It is proposed to have only a small number at a time, say some thirty, and to take children of tender years. The Home is upon a small farm, very pleasantly and conveniently situated; and will be under excellent supervision of residents and of visitors. The liberality of certain gentlemen and ladies in this vicinity has supplied the place and the equipment, and some means for carrying forward the work. It is confidently commended to the just and the humane as a most promising Christian undertaking. There ought to be, and there will be, many such Homes. We need them more than we need any other institutions. They will help us wonderfully to give to the gospel a local habitation in our world. You who are making wills, remember it. You who have any thing to give, take it to the Treasurer of the Home, Mr. James Tolman, on your way through Washington to State Street; and you will have made an investment which will not suffer any shrinkage when the coach comes. A few dollars under God's blessing, in the hands of wise and kind laborers, will save alive some poor little boy, who, if he belonged to you, will never find his way to Boston Jail, but is now taking the first steps in that direction, from sheer neglect.

E.

THE PROTEST BY THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AGAINST THE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS is properly protested against by Bishop Whittingham, of New Jersey, we believe. He is right in regarding it as a dangerous precedent. The mind of the Church is not to be learned or expressed by self-constituted *committees*. It is one of the merits of a proper ecclesiasticism, that, when you have signed the Book and the Articles, or whatever may be formally prescribed, you have signed every thing. It would be very hard if the Churchman, so called, must accept one of the most disagreeable facts of the popular dispensation of Christianity, and be at the mercy of public opinion, as swayed and shaped by fanatics or by the worldly, by the Pharisees or the Sadducees, as the one or the other chanced to be in the ascendant. We hope that the bishop will hold out, and that he will find many who will hold out with him. What is the use of articles, if *committees* of alarmists are to interpret and add to them, when in the judgment of the religious public, if we may use that unhappy expression, the case seems to demand the *vox populi*? E.

JOHN WESLEY'S LIBERALITY.

WESLEY was not only in advance of his own age in this as in many other respects: he was in advance of ours. Many of his own people would now fear the consequences of such unusual liberality: he himself did acts which might subject any one of his preachers in this day to serious suspicion, if not to greater inconvenience. He abridged and published in his "Arminian Magazine," as an example for his people, the "Life of Thomas Firmin," a Unitarian; and declared in his preface, that though he had "long settled in his mind that the entertaining of wrong notions concerning the Trinity was inconsistent with real piety," yet, "as he could not argue against matter of fact, he dare not deny that Mr. Firmin was a pious man, although his notions of the Trinity were quite erroneous."

He never hesitated to recognize the moral worth of any man, however branded in history, and however he himself differed from him in opinion. He "doubted whether that arch-heretic, Montanus, was not one of the holiest men of the second century." "Yea," he adds, "I would not affirm that the arch-heretic of the fifth century (Pelagius), as plentifully as he has been bespattered

for many ages, was not one of the holiest men of that age." He admired the piety of the best Papal writers, and made some of their works household books in Methodist families. At a time when the name of Arminius was a synonyme of heresy, he not only openly acknowledged his evangelical orthodoxy, but boldly placed the branded name of the great misrepresented theologian on the periodical which he published as the organ of Methodism. It was his extraordinary liberality that made him a problem, if not a heretic, in the estimation of many of his pious contemporaries; and his sermon on the "Catholic Spirit" would excite a sensation of surprise, if not alarm, in many a modern Orthodox congregation. Yet what modern theologian has held more tenaciously, or defined more accurately, the doctrines of spiritual Christianity? — *Stevens's History of Methodism.*

GOD'S HEROES.

WE have read of martyrs, who, amid devouring flames, have been heard giving praises, singing hosannas even, as their dreadful chariot of fire bore them toward heaven. We can hardly conceive of such a triumph of the spiritual over the material. Indeed, we shrink from the bare idea of such a fiery translation. No wonder, when the petty, every-day trials of life are too much for our endurance; when we fret and repine in our lot, and consume the little strength we have in abusing rather than using the good things God has given us.

Be of good cheer! The martyr-fires shall never kindle over any grumbler in the service. God chooses his heroes from a higher rank than any to which such have attained. Only his veterans he summons with a trumpet-call like this! As it is written, "These are they which *came out of great tribulation*, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb: *therefore* are they before the throne of God." Oh, let us tremble and greatly fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of us, through sheer lack of courage to battle and endure, should not only *seem* to come short of it, but should, in very deed, faint and fall by the way!

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word."

C. A. M.

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THE
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VOL. XXXII.—No. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

EDITED BY
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AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.

WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;

OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.

NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.

LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

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SAWYER'S "MARK." *

WE do not often concern ourselves in these pages with any works upon the criticism of the Scriptures. Our object is to provide reading which will be interesting and edifying to those who have little time or taste for scholastic investigations; but we feel bound to vary a little from our usage, when a book essentially critical is likely to find its way into the homes of the land, and, as it seems to us, a word of caution is needed to go along with it, or even to go before it. And so we must devote a few paragraphs to this work by Mr. Sawyer, although, having read it ourselves, we should be glad to lay it aside for ever, for the pain which it has given us. It is simply a duty, though not a very pleasant duty, for those who do not accept the author's criticisms, to say so in all earnestness, without the least desire to reflect upon the character of one who has thought fit to publish to the world what we are compelled to describe as offensive crudities.

Of the translation of Mark's Gospel by this new hand, we are moved only to express, 1. Our surprise, that regarding the book as a work of fiction, as our author does, (see, as many other pages, so, *e.g.*, page 107,) he should have been

* First Gospel; being the Gospel according to Mark. Translated and arranged, with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus and his Religion, by Leicester Ambrose Sawyer, Translator of the Scriptures. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 845, Washington Street.

at the trouble to retranslate it in these earnest times; and, 2. Our decided preference of the old English to Mr. Sawyer's English, as by far the pleasanter reading. We are sure, that if it were somehow to be enjoined upon us, that, besides reading Mark, we must read Mark in the new version, we should find the duty a very difficult one to fulfil. We marvel that Mr. Sawyer, with his exceedingly liberal views of the historic value of this New-Testament writing, and believing as he does that its statements are so little to be depended upon, should not prefer to read the old "poem" in the antique English of scholarly men, rather than to put it into his own hard, unmusical, and unscholarly periods.

But our business is with the comments rather than with the text.

I. Of the "*priority*" of the Gospel. Mr. Sawyer affirms that he has "established" it (page 60, sect. 10). We refer to this affirmation simply to warn those who are not accustomed to such inquiries against an unquestioning allowance of this opinion. The date of Mark's Gospel is still an open question, and is likely to be for some time to come. We have no space to discuss the matter: it is sufficient for our purpose to advise the reader, that whilst some of the German critics argue for the priority of Mark, others, of precisely the same doctrinal tendencies, place him last amongst the synoptics. If Ewald is on Mr. Sawyer's side, Baur is on the other side. It is very instructive, though we cannot call it very entertaining, to pass from one introduction to another, and observe how the scanty facts which bear upon the matter of age and date are marshalled one way or another to suit the writer's theory or argument. Mr. Sawyer, for example, is sure that Mark cannot have been written before 70 A.D., nor long after it; because he attributes to Jesus a prophecy of his second coming about that time, which did not take place. Another writer (also rationalistic), whose book we happened to have in hand at the same time, says that a *late* date is suggested by the alteration of Christ's prediction of a personal return into a "mere establishment of the kingdom." Do not conclude, reader, that you know all

that can be known about the *date* of Mark's Gospel when you have read Mr. Sawyer's remarks upon the subject. His time is as likely to be correct as anybody's; but it is not a matter to dogmatize about. We instance this special confident assertion, because it is characteristic of the writer's treatment of one of the most perplexed problems of religious literature, — the origin and relations, each to the other, of the synoptical Gospels; i.e., of the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, and Luke. For ourselves, we are so old-fashioned as to have found nothing, which, on the whole, meets the facts of the case so satisfactorily as the theory of a common *oral* narrative, as developed by Professor Norton; and perhaps Mr. Sawyer would not say "No" to this theory, so absolutely and authoritatively as he is pleased to negative the assumption of a *written* Gospel which went before all the rest, but is now lost.

II. As to the authorship of the Gospel, we gather from these pages that it was not written by Mark; and that instead of being inspired by the Holy Ghost, as men once believed, it was, perhaps, "inspired by Mark;" in which case, "he performed for the world a service like that of a rhapsodist who may have inspired Homer with the conception of the 'Iliad.'" Mr. Sawyer discredits entirely the testimony of Papias, as recorded by Eusebius; and concludes that John the Presbyter, whom Papias reports, and Papias himself, were "weak men, incompetent judges of books, and entirely destitute of valid information on the subject. Such persons," he adds, "ought not to be flush of their opinions." Papias has never, it must be confessed, held a very high place in the estimation of the critics and writers upon evidences; but Mr. Sawyer seems to be unnecessarily hard upon the poor old man.

The book *could* not have been written by Mark, says our critic, because "it wants items of information which Mark could easily have supplied, and which nothing but invincible ignorance on the part of the author could justify him in omitting." *Celu depend.* That depends upon whether Mark the Evangelist, and Mr. Sawyer, "Translator of the Scrip-

tures," happen to be agreed upon what should be put into the Gospel story. Now, it is not essential to the authenticity of the Gospel narrative that the Gospel according to Mark should have been written by Mark; but it is using pretty strong language to affirm with Mr. Sawyer, that this tradition of the Church is "*demonstrably* erroneous." The word "demonstration" is wholly out of place in such a connection. Surely the Petrine character of the Gospel, which the author of this introduction affirms, is of some consequence in shaping our opinion; but we fail to find the disagreement with Paul of which Mr. Sawyer speaks, in his strange theory that Peter was the more liberal of the two as to forms and ceremonies. Peter, it seems, was the evangelical Christian, whilst Paul was the formalist; and that because he received water baptism ("*Christ sent me, not to baptize, but to preach the gospel,*" — Paul to the Corinthians), and the Eucharist, "which" (we are informed) "was probably introduced contemporaneously with baptism. It seems to have originated in the supper of the society when it was a common-stock concern" (!!) So far as we know, it is quite new with our author to find that the writer of this Gospel "was, no doubt, master of whatever learning and culture belonged to Alexandria." Is there the slightest evidence, in the contents or style of the book, of any thing of the sort? Inasmuch as Mark did not write the Gospel which bears his name, the statement of Jerome, that he died in Egypt, will hardly be appealed to in support of this fancy.

III. But again: in chapter five we are taught, that, by whomsoever composed, the Gospel, although "the most illustrious birth of time," and "a model of simplicity and clearness of statement," is not a history, because "it has not the form, and pursues not the methods, of history;" gives not the name of the author; wants many items which no intelligent historian could omit, — such as the name of the Roman emperor, of the chief priest, the distinguished men of the day, the birth and parentage of Jesus, &c., &c. Now, at the risk of being reckoned by Mr. Sawyer wholly *unintelligent*, we must say, that we find here tokens of a very genuine, *because* very

informal, Gospeller ; not a formal historian certainly, but none the less edifying an evangelist for all that. Moreover, the book, says Mr. Sawyer, is no history, because it does not tell of the Saviour's studies ; visits to Greece, Rome, Egypt, — search of the world throughout ; mentions his brothers only incidentally ; does not, with tradition, name his sisters, Esther and Thamar ; only gives the surname of the procurator, &c., &c. All this is certainly very unhistoric, especially if Jesus *was* a student, and *had* visited Greece and Rome. But how does Mr. Sawyer reach any such conclusion, or come to guess at any such probability ? As we read the life of Jesus, we cannot discover the slightest indication in any of his words or works, that the Word, which was made flesh, was pleased, in so accomplishing our deliverance, to dwell in a scholar or sage or philosopher. We marvel that any one can miss this great and most distinguishing feature in the manifestation by Christ. The things which were so much hidden from the wise and prudent were to be revealed unto babes ; the human medium being, not the mind of the student and reasoner, but that intelligence which is common to all men, — an illumined common sense. Amongst the Gentile sages, Socrates was most truly the type of the great Teacher. His truth was moral and spiritual, rather than purely intellectual. His speech was to mankind. We can say of him in a higher sense than the Frenchman intended, "*Il a plus que tout le monde la sagesse que tout le monde a.*" The following sentences will show how utterly this writer misapprehends Jesus the prophet, and confounds the inspired soul with the understanding given to dialectics. We do not know when or where we have ever read any thing so wide of the mark, or so painfully patronizing. Rénan's sentimentalisms are wisdom and grace compared with these utterances, which would be ludicrous if they were not saddening. "If Jesus was a physician amongst the Jews, treating diseases in the methods of the Greeks," — and Mr. Sawyer favors that supposition. "His father may have gone with him to Egypt in early life, for the purpose of informing his mind, and giving him the benefit of the first Greek university in the world at that

time. . . . From whatever source his mental culture was obtained, it seems to have been of a high order; [! !] and he justly takes rank as first amongst the first in respect to his abilities as a thinker and reasoner. . . . Jesus was a carpenter. A carpenter is an artificer who works in timber. . . . This trade requires intelligence, judgment, and taste, and is an excellent mental discipline, but allows little time for abstruse or recondite studies. . . . How long Jesus pursued this trade, and to what branches of it he devoted his great abilities, [! !] we are not informed. . . . He may be presumed to have read the Greek poets and philosophers, and the Greek historians and dramatic writers, and to have been master of whatever *wisdom* they possessed and taught." The Italicizing in the last extract is Mr. Sawyer's. "The common estimate makes him scarcely a subject of learning, and gives him all knowledge as his natural endowment." We must remark, by the way, that we know of no such common estimate, and supposed before that this endowment was reckoned "*supernatural*;" but "ideas," says Mr. Sawyer, "are not innate, and all possible human knowledge is acquired. . . . From his keen analysis and comprehensive generalizations, [! ! !] Jesus appears to have been a reasoner of rare powers. He exceeds Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle in his discoveries," &c. "Jesus and Aristotle are both independent, original, and powerful thinkers, and great discoverers. Jesus was enabled to exceed Aristotle by coming after him, and belonging to a later age. . . . Copernicus reasoned on the earth and heavenly bodies; . . . and Jesus, on the laws of God. . . . Each made great discoveries, and proposed great improvements. . . . The artist, that, at this late period, will give us a Jesus comparable to Homer, Herodotus, or Cæsar, will confer an infinite benefit on Christendom, and *obtain extensive patronage*." The Italics are ours. Such being Mr. Sawyer's conception of Jesus, no wonder Mark's Gospel is very unsatisfactory to him. We strongly incline to the opinion, that Mark did not look upon the glorious Prophet and Lord with Mr. Sawyer's eyes.

But the unhistoric character of Mark is made plain to our

author, were it only for the "impossibilities and absurdities which Jesus is made to perform." We suppose, however, that those of us, who can, may still be permitted to believe in miracles, though Mr. Sawyer coolly *assumes* that the miraculous is incredible, and that nobody can believe miracles, because he (Mr. Sawyer) cannot believe them; and tells us that the historic character of this book is the forlorn hope of supernaturalism, which he pronounces "impossible;" informing us that "fictitious miracles are of doubtful importance," — an oracular saying, by the way, which certainly is not putting the matter very strong. There is one portion of Mr. Sawyer's commentary upon Mark's omissions that goes beyond all the rest as a work of supererogation in the way of offending reverence and taste. "If the accidents of the birth of Jesus were discreditable, the earliest Christians may have left them in the dark; and the silence of this book on the subject favors this hypothesis." Some of the German critics speak of the Gnostic influences which induced silence upon this point; but it is not often we believe that loyalty to the truth has been thought to require painful and gratuitous speculation of this sort. We make no further comment on these extracts. We believe that they speak for themselves, and that they may help any of our readers, to whom the book may be offered, to decide that it is not worth their acceptance, and will not repay them for the perusal. We should be sorry to think that the obligations resting upon a publisher required us to lend our name to the titlepage of a production which contains such sentences; and have not ceased to wonder that our excellent friends, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., are willing to lend to the book even the slight indorsement which is involved in such an employment of their name and style.

Once more: Mr. Sawyer goes out of his way to be negative upon the subject of the bodily resurrection of Jesus. Having decided against the genuineness of the last twelve verses of the last chapter of Mark, he might easily have omitted all reference to the subject, as scarcely falling within his text. But no: this denial also must be aired, and the Christian world

must be informed that "the supposed bodily resurrection of Jesus greatly embarrasses Christianity." Did not the early disciples believe in this bodily resurrection? How is their belief to be accounted for, unless Jesus did so rise? Where was his body? Why could it not have been produced to correct their fond imagination? If they imagined it, is it not contrary to human experience that defeat and discouragement give birth to hopeful imaginings which become the springs of new activity? But no matter: there is some difficulty in harmonizing the different stories of the Resurrection; and so the tradition of Christendom, Lord's Day, and Easter Sunday, all go for nothing.

We hope that our readers have discovered that this book is very offensive to us, — even as a stench in the nostrils. It is so, and it is a relief to us to say that it is. Does any one ask, "But has not Mr. Sawyer a right to print such a book?" We answer, Perhaps he has, if he can find, at which we marvel, a printer; and, when it is printed, every one who finds it to be a nuisance, and is disgusted by its shallowness and dogmatism, and illiberality towards supernaturalism, its bad taste, its utter lack of discernment of the prophetic spirit in Christ, has not only a right, but is bound, to express his disgust, and not withhold his word out of any tenderness to the author, who ought to be glad to know what impression his book makes upon those who have the misfortune to read it, that, if possible, he may recall, or at least reconsider and revise it. There is a temptation to smooth every thing over in the way of criticism, because, as we say, the author is an honest man, and must have found it hard to write such things, and is certainly very independent, and must have taken his life in his hands; but the temptation is to be resisted. Because the man who disgusts me is an honest man, shall I, therefore, hide my disgust? If I have no real ground for offence, my complaints will come back upon me in due time. A writer may be honest, well-meaning, zealous, and yet wholly unfit to be a public teacher. The liberal people commonly and vaguely called Unitarians owe it to themselves not to suffer the community to suppose that such books as this of Mr. Sawyer's

meet with their approval. As we are not willing to be bound by church articles, so we are not willing to recognize any implied obligation to pass over works, that grossly offend our Christian consciousness, with some mild euphemisms. So long as we have charge of a Christian magazine, we mean to protest against such irreverences, crudities, and negations. Those who would get for them a foothold in the world must accept the burden of proof, and allow those whom they disgust to use great plainness of speech. And yet, as we hope we need not say, we intend no reflection upon the honor and honesty of those who so disturb us. That they mean well, in their way, we do not question; but we can put no high estimate upon the quality or quantity of their being. We regard it as one of the misfortunes of our times that such persons should have the means of publishing their little knowledge, and misleading those who know even less than themselves: we deplore the lack of that Christian sense which would save the reader of the New Testament from falling into such misapprehensions of the gospel, and make it impossible so to caricature him before whom our souls reverently bow. There is but one consolation for us as we lay down such a book as this, which has so painfully occupied us. It refutes itself. We can hardly think that any, who have been so unfortunate as to become its possessors, will not turn from it, with a satisfaction which they have never felt before, to the stories of those who are called Evangelists, eager to sit again at the feet of their Christ; to hear him who spake as never man spake, because his words were the words of God. How any man of common intelligence can believe that such a being as the Saviour is here represented to have been could have become the Light and Life of our world, passes our understanding. He came *after* Aristotle, to be sure, as Mr. Sawyer says; but he was before him. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" "He that hath seen me has" — not reasoned with a greater reasoner, or been in the presence of a wonderful Grecian physician, and graduate of a great university, but — "has seen the Father." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto

himself." Miracles impossible, when God and man are so thoroughly at one; when man is God-possessed, and our humanity flooded with Deity? Why, they are the most natural of events, if Nature be indeed plastic to the divine touch. All this sad business comes of a low estimate of Christ, — a failure to recognize his life as the culmination of human history; as the at-one-ment of God with man, and man with God. Unless this is history, the miracle of Christendom, what avails it to retranslate the Scriptures? What a mockery of man's weary and sad and questioning heart to give him a new version of a "poem" about one of "great abilities," who died and was buried eighteen hundred years ago, and presently had all sorts of incredible stories told about him, — amongst the rest, a story of his resurrection, which was utterly false, and has been doing ever since incalculable mischief! Let the old "poem," which superstitious fools believe to be history, rest: take up some book of useful science, and translate it, whilst the dead bury their dead.

We have expressed ourselves strongly, but not one whit more strongly than the case demands. It is time that it should be distinctly understood that there are still some, who allow themselves to be called liberal Christians, who are shocked, grieved, and sickened by such books as this by Mr. Sawyer.

E.

IMAGINATION exaggerates petty objects till they fill the mind in an extravagant degree; and, in the same way, with a rash presumption she diminishes great objects, and brings them down to her own standard. This is seen in the manner of some in speaking of the Supreme Being. — *Pascal*.

WHY is my knowledge thus limited? why my stature no more than this? my existence fixed at a hundred and not a thousand years? What reason had Nature to assign and choose that number rather than any other out of infinitude, when there was no reason for choosing one rather than another, and the one offered no ground of preference over the other? — *Ib*.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XII.

"BEFIEHL DU DEINE WEGE."

[The hymn, of which only a part is here presented, was written by Paul Gerhardt, and first printed in 1659. It resembles so much a favorite piece in our own hymn-books, styled "Moravian," and beginning, "Give to the winds thy fears," as to allow no doubt that we have here the foundation of those English verses.]

COMMIT the way before thee,
 And all that grieves the soul,
 To Him whose care is o'er thee,
 Who guides the starry Whole.
 He gives their path and motion
 To cloud, wind, water-flow ;
 And points to thy devotion
 A way thy foot can go.

To God resign the leading,
 Wouldst thou be led indeed ;
 And to his ways give heeding,
 If thy ways would succeed.
 With fret and hard endeavors,
 And self-relying pains,
 Thou forcest not his favors :
 He grants thee all thy gains.

Thine endless truth and mercies,
 O Father ! keep in mind,
 What prospers or what pierces
 The weal of human kind.
 Whate'er thy will thou makest
 We shall in action find :
 Thou unto issues takest
 Whate'er thy thought designed.

All powers are thy possessing ;
 All means are in thy sight :
 Thine act is purely blessing ;
 Thy path is purely light.

Thy work there is no thwarting ;
 It knows no let nor rest ;
 While thou each lot art sorting
 As suits thy children best.

Oh ! make me draw no longer
 One hard, repining breath ;
 But foot and hand nerve stronger,
 And help us to the death,
 To stand, our souls commending
 In thine all-faithful eye :
 So shall our ways go tending
 To nobler scenes on high.

N. L. F.

THE FORM OF SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

WE are directed to the consideration of this subject from the very beautiful and appreciative article which appeared in the April number of the Magazine, entitled "The Soul's Beauty," by L. We do not wish to detract from the truth of that article at all, but rather to *add* to it by the presentation of an idea which does not seem to command the assent and recognition of those who would contemplate this subject as its importance deserves. It is undoubtedly true, that "the poor woman who knows nothing of prevalent fashions, — nothing of literature or art or social culture, but who has an eye for whatever is good in every person, object, and event, and who lives herself in accordance with that high philosophy, — does, while unknown to fame, possess a higher order of beauty than was enclosed in the graceful outlines of Helen of Greece, or the luxurious form of the Egyptian Cleopatra." So, too, the man who combines in his character all the virtues and graces of Christianity — who is loving, humble, just and true, patient and forgiving, free from resentment, envy, jealousy, and all bitterness of spirit, with a devout trust in God — presents before our minds "a picture of moral loveliness, such as no splendor visible to the outward eye, or devised by the imagination, can rival."

"The superiority of spiritual beauty over all in the material world that pleases the senses, or satisfies our ideas in respect to appropriateness and harmony; the superiority of an heroic deed over the grandeur of a cataract or a mountain; the superiority of a lovely character over beautiful form and features and physical grace,—is apparent to any one who knows the meaning of the words *integrity*, *fidelity*, and *self-sacrifice*."

This is all very true; but the question we have to put is, if, as we emerge from the material into the pure spiritual, especially as we may contemplate that spiritual in the spiritual world, there *are* no forms, and no senses to perceive and appreciate those forms, neither in the outward surroundings which correspond to our material nature, nor in the soul's beauty itself. This is a grand mistake. We do not say that our brother, in the article alluded to, cherishes it: we only say, the idea is not brought out; it is not even intimated, and it is not generally in such disquisitions. True it is, that the "*expression*" of moral beauty is recognized,—"*something that tells us that*" such fair features and fine colors are "*not the covering of vanity and pride and heartlessness, but the sweet medium through which are manifested gentleness, modesty, and good-will.*" These even "*light up the countenance.*" And they will "*have a still brighter lustre in a future world.*"

Ah, yes! and the truth is, this whole beauty which so enchants and delights us here; this whole essence of immortal goodness, in all its varied modifications, in the nameless virtues and graces of humanity,—will be produced in the spiritual world, both in feature and expression, in form and outline, in the most perfect fulness. The external of that world, corresponding to our material nature here, and the souls of all its inhabitants, both in its heavenly and its infernal regions (else we are in the merest mist), will take on the forms and colorings, the beauties and deformities, of the reigning spirit, with the most exact and philosophical minuteness. "But how do you know?" says one: have you been there?" Yes: we have both been there in part, and we

know several gentlemen besides who have both been and seen there ! In fact, I doubt if we all have not been there, more or less. Hush, hush ! and let such questions as pertain to mere space and time, for the present, sink into quietude ; and let one, in all modesty and humility, speak right on what of truth there is in him, without argument or dispute. What of truth there is here will be caught up by the sympathetic spirit : it will be seen by the mere showing, just in proportion as the reader has eyes. May we therefore be permitted to speak ?

We have thought of this question of beauty much. We have been shaken and stirred by it from our inmost depths : and we know that there is a mighty moral in it ; a tremendous influence over the sons and daughters of men ; an awful danger too, which it becomes us all to know and appreciate.

In the first place, then, we say that it is not enough to contemplate the harmony of certain abstract qualities for an idea of spiritual beauty. It is not enough to appreciate the harmony of certain *laws* and *influences* of kindness, charity, justice, &c. Here, I allow, is a certain idea of beauty ; but it is purely abstract : it is no matter of sense, either material or spiritual. And we might as well speak of the harmony and beauty of the laws of gravitation, chemical affinity, and all the invisible influences which control the air and skies and clouds, and the substances of the earth, the ocean, &c., without any sight of that beautiful glory or that variegated landscape which meets the visual sense, and fills out the idea of this beauty to the soul. And the truth is, it is only from a *blind* conception of the spiritual world that one is at all satisfied with this idea. If the *soul* has senses as well as the body, then there is external beauty in the spiritual world as well as in the material. And can any full-believing man say that it has not ? Yet I know that faith is very dim in this direction, and needs much enlightenment. We need, as has been told in these pages before, a distinct and real pneumatology, which the churches in general are woefully deficient in, and which we cannot have without application to those who have had their natures opened to perceive it, and who

have taught and illustrated it from a living experience. I allude to the seers and seeresses of all ages.

Here let us ask the question, *Why is it* that there is such a discrepancy between the outward and the inward in this matter of human beauty? Why do we see, beneath the faces of the beautiful, such vileness and wickedness of character? Is there not something in the minds of all of us, that seems to say that good persons ought to be beautiful, and evil, wicked persons ought to be unbeautiful? Would not this be the more harmonious arrangement? Every one must feel this; and why is it, then, that there is so much of heaven in appearance,—so much of the Creator's skill and art lavished upon the forms and countenances of the commonalty, and even of the bad, of this world,—to make them very Apollos and Venuses in the sculpturing and coloring of human nature; while, at the same time, it would seem that the Divine Artist has forsaken his work on the real saints and genuine excellence of mankind, so that the whole is comparatively a piece of unpleasantness and confusion? Such are the questionings of a *superficial* view of the matter. But even here it is not strictly true that such a prospect is presented. There is always *something* visible, in the countenances of the good, that is in harmony with their character; and, as a very general rule, it may be said that there is a certain nobleness and prepossessing exterior on the better sort of people, and a decidedly piratical and fiendish look on the countenances of desperadoes and villains. In fact, as a *general* rule, it may be said that the best of people always look the best; and we seldom, if ever, see the look of pirates and murderers upon the nobility of human nature.

Another fact may be noticed. In making the acquaintance of a very good person with an unprepossessing exterior, we always, to a very great extent, come to forget the deformity of feature in the beauty of spirit which shines through. But what do we mean when we thus talk of the beauty of the spirit, and of such beauty shining through? It is certainly something more than the "lighting-up" of the countenance, and a purely formless vivacity of expression. That

expression is *itself* form. Every variation of the countenance in such expression is an absolute variation of form. The gross features themselves do, for the most part indeed, remain fixed and unchanged, but not entirely; for, with a soul all aglow with emotion, even the features change and vary in their finer and more spiritual flexibility, and the whole face is a living, moving expression. Is it not plain, here, that the spirit has some form of its own? For what is it that gives the expression, — that varies the countenance into a thousand forms and shades of goodness, sweetness, and love, — if not the spirit which alone possesses these qualities? And, the spirit being itself a substance, its form varies with its own state. It imparts this variation to the body. And should we, too, see in such distinct variation upon the countenance the *evils* of a corrupt spirit, the disfigurings of anger, malice, pride, vanity, unless the spirit itself thus formally expressed itself? Who can notice the dreadful forms which evil passions assume in the very body of man, at the same time reflecting that the body alone has no life and no power of action at all, and not be convinced, that within, in the very substance of the soul, there is the original power, the first absolute formation, of every quality of the heart?

And thus it is that both the beauty and the deformity of the spirit shine through to manifest perception; and we no sooner make the acquaintance of a good or evil person, than we come to forget, or fail to observe, the more material and fixed features with which they at first greeted us, and see more of that spiritual form which thus characterizes the very soul.

The truth is, beauty itself — true beauty — is only the outward form of goodness; and deformity itself is only the outward expression of evil.

But why is it, then, that this beauty does not more universally and harmoniously sit upon the faces of the good, and the corresponding deformity distinguish all the evil? The answer to this question is found in a profound truth involved in the law of human descent. The truth is, every man and woman has two faces, — a spiritual face and a natural face.

The spirit itself being in the human form, the face of every spirit is a perfect representative and index of the character; and if it could appear, as it will in the spiritual world, unobstructed by the flesh, it would manifest the quality of the spirit, whether good or evil. But the face of the body is derived from a fleshly parentage, and frequently manifests features which are totally at variance with the reigning spirit within. The spirit within can only form itself, in addition to the form impressed upon it by nature, by its own acts, by the disposition which it wilfully cherishes, and habitually makes the reigning love of the soul. Thus it has power to make its own face, whether beautiful or deformed; and it will appear when released from the body, especially when it has settled into its permanent character, in its own form, *according* to its character. But the face of the body a man cannot alter much. He has some power over it; for it is a truth well recognized, that, by long continuance in a certain course of conduct, even the outward countenance will visibly proclaim the change which has been going on within. Who does not recognize it in the face of the sensualist, in the miser's earthly and downcast look, the adulterer's leer, and the established expression of sincerity and honesty? But, for the most part, the face of the body is a fixture of matter. Man cannot change and vary it as he can the more plastic spirit; and the features which he is thus obliged to wear are frequently no indication of the character that reigns within. There is, indeed, character there, and, it may be, a great deal of hereditary character; for these features, every one of them, were first formed by the spirit that so ultimated itself into matter. They are the product of a long ancestry. But the changes which the man himself has made in his character, whether improvements or otherwise, do not appear in the outward form as they are traced and fixed in the form of the spirit. And thus it may happen, that the spirit itself is inexpressibly beautiful, while the body is disfigured by the laws of an hereditary and fleshly parentage. And so also it may be, that the outward face, by the same law of the transmission of physical forms, is wonderfully beautiful, while

the inward, spiritual countenance is disfigured and deformed with every evil. "Handsome is that handsome does" is an old adage, with a great deal more of interior truth in it than is thought of. The truth is, this *doing* of beautiful things does in reality form the *spirit* into beauty; for it is the acting-out of the principles of goodness and truth into works, that ultimates the finer substances of the soul into the form of their own goodness. Hence it is, that, in heaven, the angels themselves are such forms of beauty. "Goodness and charity," says Swedenborg, "is what forms and makes a resemblance of itself, and causes the delightful and beautiful of charity to shine forth from the minutest parts of the face, so that they themselves are *forms of charity*; . . . which form, when it is beheld, is ineffable beauty, affecting with charity the very inmost of the mind."

From hence is perceived the whole foundation of this passion for human beauty. It is a laudable desire, if it be founded in truth. It is, when *truly* existing, simply a desire for an external corresponding with the internal. And the whole secret of the great power whereby beauty so affects us, is, that it is the outward form of the principle of divine goodness. But why, then, does it so affect the vicious and depraved? It does not with the same degree of power, and in the same kind: the beauty which they love is of a lower and grosser order. An evil man, I apprehend, would find something in the divine form of an angel of the third heaven which would be utterly repulsive to him. He could not approach even to *look* upon the purity; upon the same principle that it is not the sacred and holier pieces of statuary or painting that he seeks out first to admire the beauty of, but something grosser and more sensual: and if the evil *are* frequently taken with the beautiful in art or nature, as all more or less are, it is chiefly for the external only. They do not connect with it the corresponding qualities of goodness; they do not think of it as suggestive of goodness at all, or purity, except so far as they have still remaining in themselves some of these heavenly qualities; and it is frequently, we all know, only an evil love which the external of beauty inflames within them.

Thus they pervert and debase this very principle of heaven. The very sight of a beautiful woman, for instance, to an evil man, inflames predominantly his lust; while there is necessarily a great deduction from the pure beauty to his vision, which the eye of virtue, with an equal intellect, would unfailingly admire. And even the lower and grosser beauty which such persons are apt to admire, — they admire it frequently only on the external; while, the instant it enters into their heart, it is perverted to the love of evil.

But oh! how high the flame, how pure and angelic and lovely, is that wonder of celestial admiration which enters into the heart of the regenerated man as he beholds the divine beauties of heaven! He sees the form of it as the form of immaculate purity. He knows that it is only goodness divested of every evil that can give such form. It is the embodiment of goodness itself. And as he gazes upon the seraphic and cherubic glories of these heavenly beings, with holiness in all their looks, with loveliness and humiliation and innocence and adoration, and spotless garments of truth and purity, how truly may he feel in his soul that the beauty of the Lord our God is upon them, because it is within them! *That* is worship in the beauty of holiness. *That* is a scene which no eye of impurity can approach to look upon; for it is of heaven only, where nothing can enter that in any wise defileth, that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

And now do we realize how, by all this life, we are really *forming* our souls, shaping their very substance into beauty or deformity, according as we do or do not believe in the Lord, and obey his commandments? This may be seen even in the marks which human life is leaving upon the *outward* form. See how the protracted experience of this life fixes its impress upon the features of every one! — how sometimes the lines and lineaments of the countenance will reveal, even to a stranger, the predominating influence of the experience through which one has passed! and how the airy features of joy, the deep lines of sadness, the withering marks of misfortune, disappointment, and hope deferred, the contracted visage of habitual deceit, or the open *contour* of generosity,

benevolence, and nobleness, all are cut, by an infallible sculpture, in the face and form of the subject of them ! Precisely so it is with the spirit, only more perfectly, in reference to all the manifold life of the world. The outward form, indeed, is but, generally speaking (including that hereditary of which we have before spoken), the expression and moulding of the interior form. It is the spirit that does all ; but it is seen by us more particularly in that *expression*, which is less inert than the features, and more subject to the variable spirit within. And it is such that each passion leaves the deep tracery of its working ; each fine feeling, the delicate imprint of its passage over the soul ; each thought, the lines of its engraving. And all this will *appear* in the spiritual world : we shall there stand revealed to the eye of all who will look upon us, and revealed to *ourselves*, not as the natural man who beholdeth his outward face in a glass, and then straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was, but as an inhabitant of *eternity*, with whom the Book of Life is all unrolled, and the spirit stands confessed, the palpable, organic form of its own good or evil.

A word now to the lovers of beauty, and the worshippers at its shrine. What an incentive to such an ambition have we here ! Let it not be said that this is altogether an unworthy object of human thought. I confess, I do not feel it so. It appears to me that the true man or the true woman, who, in the light of a true spiritual philosophy and correspondence, connects, or desires to connect, the inward with the outward in all things, may find here an object of a laudable ambition. For it is not the outward, but the inward, which is the ruling principle of it. I once knew a woman of culture and refinement, and of great spiritual tendencies, who honestly expressed a desire to be beautiful even in the spiritual world. She ardently desired and coveted it as a blessing. Not ministering to any weakness or vanity at all, I frankly owned a sympathy with her. It is not only a strong natural feeling, but it may be a purely spiritual one. If heaven itself is enriched with all outward beauties (and we are assured on high authority, and even by the Scriptures, that it

is), and if the very angels themselves are forms of charity and inexpressible beauty; and, moreover, if hell, by an internal cause, is compact with all spiritual deformity, — I think that a true man or woman can wish nothing else than that the regenerated affections may appear in heaven in heaven's own glory. Oh! it is the very redemption of beauty from all that mere superficiality which it has ever been cursed with, — this connection of it with all purity and goodness. And knowing as we do how universal and strong the passion is, and how many are deceived with it and ruined with it, I have desired to give a prominence and definiteness to the subject, which may aid the cause of true, æsthetic, Christian culture.

How much of truth — more than we have suspected — is there in many passages of Scripture which speak of the beauty of holiness! And when the outward covering of flesh which inwraps the world shall be torn off by death, what revelations will surprise us as we see in the countenances of our fellow-beings the marks of every virtue and every evil for which they have been distinguished in the world! There is many a beauty, far-famed and long-famed in this world of nature, who will have to part with it all in the spiritual world; and many a rude and disfigured countenance whose spirit will there shine in heavenly radiance “as the stars for ever and ever.”

Finally, all true beauty is distinctively *human*. The spirit or soul itself is in a human form; and, if so, it must be more or less perfectly so in proportion as the essence of divine good and truth flows into the organism, and fixes itself in feature and expression. On the contrary, the spirits of evil must be monstrous and direful. “How loathsome a figure must result,” says one, speaking of this very philosophy of forms, “when the miser's greed or the adulterer's leer has become *fixed* in the character, and shapes or controls its expression!”

From the whole, we cannot too assiduously regard the pure essences of which our immortal being is constructed: for whether, as some say, it is virtue only that hath immortality (of which there is much evidence), or whether we regard the

internal or external structure of our spiritual and eternal habitation, it is alike evident that we are not to be the creatures of a mere blind consciousness, supremely happy in a shapeless, formless, colorless existence; but that the senses that we now enjoy are only the merest foreshadowings of sublimer powers, and of an outward gaze and sweep over the vast tract of eternity, replete with unimagined beauty, as with unimagined joy.

F.

DEATH IN ADAM, — LIFE IN CHRIST.

A SERMON BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

1 COR. XV. 22: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

THIS chapter is one of the most remarkable among all Paul's writings. It contains a more special inspiration; or, we may say, a new revelation, in addition to those contained in other parts of the New Testament. It gives a more definite account of the future state than any other. Nowhere else is there any definite description of the future body. In this chapter, it is particularly described as being different from this in being *incorruptible*, or not subject to decay; as being *glorious*, or having a special beauty and radiance attending it, such as we sometimes see in the face when lit up by some deep insight or generous emotion; as having a *power*, a capacity of large action, belonging to it; and as being *spiritual*, or as having a fulness or pleroma of the Spirit. But, beside this minute description of the future body, this chapter goes further into the future triumphs of Christianity than any other in the New Testament. It goes beyond any thing in the Revelation of John. That strange and deep book contains indeed an account of the successive triumphs of Christianity over opposing powers in this world, — over scepticism, over paganism, over the hard Jewish bigotry, over the cold Roman indifference. But it stops short of what Paul says in this chapter; for he goes on to present an account

of the ultimate results of the development of the human race under the influence of Christ, after Christianity has become the universal religion of mankind. The Book of Revelation closes with a picture of Christianity as the universal religion of humanity. But Paul says what is to happen *after that*: namely, that Christianity itself is to come to an end as a distinct religion; and not the religion of Christ, but the religion of the Father, shall be the religion of mankind. For the work of Christ is that of a mediator. A mediator brings two persons together who have been estranged. He explains them to each other; he removes all their mutual hostility: but then his work is done, and he retires. So, Paul tells us, it shall be with Christianity. It is a great mediatorial or atoning work: it is to make man at one with God, at one with himself, at one with nature. It is to put him in harmony, perfect accord, with all truth. It is to make his reason in harmony with the facts of life; his conscience in harmony with the moral law; his heart in harmony with all creatures, by loving all. So, when this atoning work is done, and all the jarring elements of life are removed, and all war over, then Christianity as a separate religion shall cease, and God be all in all. This state of things is perhaps hinted at in that passage of the Book of Revelation in which the seer says, "I saw no temple there;" suggested also by the prophet: "They shall no more teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest, saith the Lord" (Rev. xxi. 22; Jer. xxxi. 34). In each person's particular experience, it is sometimes so now. We have hours or moments in which we are so perfectly at one with God, that we do not need the mediation of Christ. We do not think of Christ at all then. When we labor and are heavy-laden, we need him; and the thought of Jesus brings us peace. When we are sinful and conscious of our sin, we need Jesus; and the thought of him brings us a sense of forgiveness. When we are oppressed with the fear of death, we need him; and his thought lifts us above that terror. When we are bereaved of those whom we love the most, and

life seems empty of all their love, then we go to Jesus, and we find that he brings them to us again. But sometimes we are lifted above all these antagonisms. We are at peace with God and our own heart. Then we are in the Father, and he is in us. Sometimes all nature seems full of God; all life seems full of him, all truth inspired by him. We are little children sitting at our Father's feet, and we are happy in his dear love. Christ then has conquered all enemies, and given up the kingdom to God, even the Father. Death is conquered then: there is no such thing to us as death. Now, what happens sometimes to us all here, Paul foresaw was to happen ultimately to all the race. "Then the end! when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." Before this great consummation arrives, however, he teaches that all are to be made alive in Christ. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

The great gift of Christ is LIFE. He saves us by making us alive. The tendency of sin is to destroy life. Christ redeems us by animating us, by vitalizing us. This life he gives us interiorly, in the depths of our spirit. From that it passes into the intellect, and becomes inspiration, or the activity of reason, by which we see new truths; then it passes into conscience, and gives a vivid sense of right and wrong; then it awakens the heart, and teaches it how to love; and, last of all, it vivifies, purifies, and elevates the body, and makes even that more vital. Just so sin begins by corrupting the spirit, and turns it away from God. Then, after the spirit is thus inwardly alienated, it proceeds to darken the understanding by doubt and unbelief; to harden the conscience by sophisms, which put evil for good, and darkness for light; and at last corrupts even the body by vicious indulgence, by sloth, by the triumph of the senses. So sin sends death all through the man, and Christ sends life all through the

man ; and so he says, "I am come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly."

Thus also he says, "I am the resurrection and the life: he who believeth in me shall never die."

But what is life ? It is very hard to say. We seem to know what it is very well till we come to define it: then we find it a mystery. Kant defines life "an internal principle of action:" a piece of dough, then, in a state of fermentation, is alive. One philosopher says, "It is the constant uniformity of phenomena under diversity of external influences." The same definition would apply to a watch, that continues to go under a great variety of external influences. Bichat says, "Life is the sum of the functions by which death is resisted." This is only saying life is what keeps us alive. Even the phenomena of life are not constant. We say that a being is alive which grows, moves, feels, re-acts on nature by some law within itself. But there have been grains of wheat found in tombs in Egypt, which have been there three thousand years; which, being planted, are now producing crops of grain in France. Then they were alive during three thousand years, in which they manifested no signs of life: they did not move; they did not grow. If not planted, they might have remained for ever alive, and yet having no signs of life.

There are microscopic insects, called wheel animalcules or rotifers, which remain dried up and apparently dead for years. They blow about like dust; but moisten them with a little water, and they come to life. They may be killed and revived fifteen times in succession. Life is there, but none of its phenomena. If four years, why not forty? why not forty thousand? Why not always alive, and never any of the phenomena?

Frogs and toads can be frozen, all their fluids congealed, all their tissues rigid; but let heat be cautiously applied, and the congelation ceases in eight minutes: life is again in full activity.*

* Lewes, "Physiology of Common Life."

Life, therefore, remains a mystery, incapable of any scientific definition. All we know of life is, that there is a power connected with organized bodies, which, under certain circumstances, produces growth, action, passion, and different degrees of activity.

But there is one fact concerning life which deserves more consideration than it has received: there are degrees of life, more and less of life; and, still farther, there are higher and lower kinds of life.

A tree has life of a low kind; but of that kind it has a high degree: it overflows with life; it is vital in every part. This gives to it its infinite charm, its perfect grace; for grace in form and motion is fulness of life, — life flowing into every part, all movements spontaneous, none mechanical. When a person, in walking, throws his limbs forward, and lets his feet fall by their own weight, jerking his muscles by successive impulses, there is no grace; but a little child, whose life runs into every part, so that its little toes and fingers are full of it, is always graceful. So the great elm, standing alone in a vast Genesee meadow, sending its limbs high into the air, hanging its multitude of branches in long, sweeping curves, making a tent in the mid-day heat for the cattle to rest beneath, sending down through its infinitude of leaves flickering shadows, — all full, through and through, of growth, — gives us the sense of an all-pervading vitality.

So, through vegetable life and animal life, we come up to human life. Life becomes intelligent in animals; becomes self-conscious, and so self-directing, in man. The difference between human life and animal life does not consist in understanding, for animals understand; nor in affection, for animals love; nor in reasoning, for animals reason: but the great step from animals to mankind was taken when there was added the power which can stand outside of itself, and so can direct and control itself. Archimedes said, "Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the world." The place for us to stand on, outside of ourselves, by which we can move and direct ourselves, was given in the power of seeing abstract truth, or the Infinite, — truth disengaged from time

and space ; everlasting, universal, absolute truth. When we can see that there is an eternal right and wrong, an eternal good, an absolute reality, that is God, then we have added to the animal reason a human reason ; to the animal affection, human affection ; to animal will, human will or free will. This makes the difference, then, between the life of animals and the life of man.

And now Christ comes to add to this human life a still higher kind. He is the medium through whom God introduces into the world this higher vitality. I consider Christianity as essentially the access of a higher life to man. Jesus calls himself "the Resurrection and the Life." "Resurrection" is not merely returning to life again, but rising up to a higher life : it is not merely something future or past, but also something present. Every one, who receives into his soul Christian faith and love, rises with Christ to a higher life. Hence the apostle says, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." It is true that there are degrees in this risen life ; and, in this world, we may have only a low degree : still we are really risen, when we are in Christ ; when we are humble and hopeful and loving, and so receiving his spirit, we are really risen with him, and belong to that higher state which is called the resurrection. So that not only does "immortality begin here," as Dr. Channing somewhere says, but also the life of the resurrection begins here.

Christ, then, does not merely bring us to life, as he brought Lazarus to life, but he fills us with life ; he vitalizes every part of us. We see this every day ; and we feel it in ourselves every day, though we may never have said it. We are all partakers, every day, of a higher life. We are all more alive than we should have been if Christ had not come.

Sometimes, for example, our intellect works on the lower plane, and sometimes on the higher. The intellect sometimes is all alive, and the truth it sees is living truth. It is just as really inspired as the apostles were inspired. The inspiration of the New Testament — that which makes it so

intensely interesting, that which makes every word so full of meaning ; which makes us come to it, and come again, and never tire of studying it — is, that it is all live truth. Every thing is said, not from memory, but from a fresh insight. Now, Christianity has vitalized the intellect of the human race ; it has given us an intellectual faith in perpetual revelations of new truth ; it has produced, thus, the steady progress of modern times.

Even those who do not believe in Christ — sceptics, perhaps — have a faith in truth, which they would not have had if he had not come. This gives to modern discovery the character which differences it from that of antiquity. It is the inexhaustible feeling, the sense of an infinite world of discovery lying behind all that has been discovered ; so that we forget the things behind, and reach out to those before. So, I think, Christ has vitalized and raised the intellect of man. Human nature, without this element, goes through a cycle of growth, fulness, and decay. In Adam it dies : in Christ it is made alive. Intellect, in *all*, dies after a while : in Christ, all is made alive.

So, too, Christ vitalizes the heart. He gives the heart the power of a continuous and unchanging affection. Natural love has in it the seeds of decay. It is ardent ; it is passionate ; it seems to itself immortal : but death lurks in it if it is only natural love. But just so far as it is vivified by a sense of immortal life, by a generous Christian purpose, it becomes immortal itself, and can never die.

We see, every day, love being thus vitalized by Christ. We see it risen with him. We see the love which at first is a mere selfish desire, a mere passion or fancy, purified by the experience of life, losing its baser elements, becoming generous, noble, pure. Then it is capable of the grandest sacrifices ; then it can easily surrender personal ease, pleasure, comfort, at the call of what is good and noble ; then friendship acquires an immortal quality. It does not seek, it gives ; it imparts noble influence ; it elevates and strengthens, it does not debase nor weaken. Then the friend calls on his friend to go up with him to a nobler work ; then the love of

country becomes an inspiration from God ; then fathers and mothers love their children so well, that they can give them up to go and suffer and die for their country ; then the young man is inspired to leave ease and private pleasure to bear hardship and do his part in the regeneration of the world. Such love is living, is immortal : it cannot die.

When we love our friends in this way, though they go from us, they stay with us. If we love each other because we are in one and the same work, because our lives are inspired from one fountain, then our love is transfigured, and becomes immortal. Our friends die, but live for ever with us ; they go, but remain for ever by our side. The things seen are temporal ; the things not seen, eternal.

Christ, therefore, saves the world by being a medium through which a higher life has come into it. He has brought us all up nearer to God than we were before. If we are weak, he makes us strong by giving us more life. If we are sinful, he purifies us by giving us more life. If we are doubting and sceptical, he does not argue our doubts out of us, but, by one throb of deeper life, they are *grown* out of us. He does not cure us by censure, by rebuke, by condemnation, but by inspiring us with faith, hope, and love ; by giving us new courage and confidence, so that, at last, mortality is swallowed up of life.

So it is that the first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam a quickening or life-giving spirit. Paul tells us, that, while we all die in Adam, we all shall be made alive in Christ. That is, as I understand it, all merely human knowledge, love, and goodness, tends to decay. We, all of us, as men, feel in ourselves our liability to weakness, to sinfulness, to doubt, to emptiness of heart, to mental and moral death. But, in Christ, all shall be made alive. Not all at once : every one in his order. Each shall ascend, as Christ has ascended, out of decay and change and evil and sin, into the higher places, where Christ is near God ; that is, near spiritually, feeling the fulness of God's love.

Sooner or later, so says the apostle, we shall all be made alive in Christ. Not till we are ready and willing ; for we

shall always be free to accept or to refuse this great boon of life. But the time is to come when the last enemy shall lay down his arms, the last rebel submit to the authority of truth ; when every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and earth, or under the earth ; and every tongue confess Jesus to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Then all forms of decay and death shall disappear when all sin has ended : there is no more need of death.

So says Paul to the Corinthians, " I show you a mystery." So, too, he tells the Ephesians, " God has made known to us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed, that, in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and in earth, even in him ;" " and, having made peace by the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things to himself, whether things on earth or in heaven."

IN MEMORY OF J. H. V.

O SWORD ! that felt the ebbing of his heart,
That saw his valiant youthful life depart,
Valiant for country and for home ;

O sash ! whose crimson mocks the crimson blood
Of him who in the fatal fight withstood
The foe of country and of home ;

O knapsack ! that upbore his drooping head,
Dreaming fond dreams upon its weary bed,
Dreaming of country and of home, —

A throng of saddened memories ye bring
To the torn hearts that heard his death-knell ring, —
" He died for country and for home ! "

Yet o'er that dream of golden joys shall rise
His image glorified, who in the skies
Hath found a country and a home.

C. A. C.

JUNE 19, 1864.

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY,

MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

April 18. — All Haven's books have been brought here; and, at his petition, Harry and I looked them over, selecting enough good ones — English classics, and so forth — to give him a nice little library from which to hear reading; sending others to be sold, and burning others. His wines have, of course, been relinquished. Ferguson has been very careful never to give him any thing of that sort; and says, "I should deserve to be made drunk myself, if I led him into liquid temptation;" and Haven himself feels that total abstinence is his only safety. He saved out a few choice bottles for us to give sick people, and bound Ray's heart to himself by giving him one bottle for Joe Wilson, who is wretchedly feeble this spring. The child had, of course, told Haven about our friend, and is more "set up" by this present than he could have been by any thing for himself.

April 22. — Haven has been much altered since Sunday. Grave and sad he is still, of course; but he has seemed to feel more at home among us: he is very grateful for the least kindness, but seems happiest when he is quiet in his corner, listening to reading or singing or our talking. He never was brought much in contact with children before, and fancied he disliked them; but he has found proof to the contrary now. He still is frequently in a state of astonishment at the droll sayings and doings of the little people.

It was most comical to see him the other day with "the she-baby," as the boys saucily call Ailie. He is touchingly eager to do any little service in his power for any of us, even to performing as "bear in a cave" for the boys: so he looked delighted the other day when Muriel said, "Mr. Haven, I want you to accommodate me for a moment;" but when she added, "by holding my baby," and actually deposited Ailie in his lap, his face changed in a fashion which utterly upset my gravity. He appreciated the joke himself, but still looked scared, till the young woman suddenly tightened her fist

round his finger, and set up a friendly cooing. Since that time, he has been as devoted a slave to her tyrantship as any of us; and that's saying a great deal.

April 25. — We have got rooms for Haven. Good Mr. and Mrs. Field, I found, were willing to let three chambers of their nice little house; and, remembering their history, I thought they might be willing to take Haven in. They have been considering it; and to-day the old man came to me with their answer: "If we can do any thing to help a penitent man, we are thankful to the Lord for the privilege;" and they will be sure to do all in their power for him.

He knows what a humble home it is compared with his former style of living; but he likes it the better for that: it will remind him less of the past, and will keep him more out of temptation. Moreover, till his debts are paid, he is determined to economize; and, even after that, I think he will be inclined to spend more in charity than in personal indulgence: he is just finding out how pleasant it is to give. He has warmed Jones's heart by doing something for his old mother, who has been homesick ever since she left England, and is now fairly sick abed beside. He says it never used to occur to him that servants had families, and felt like other people; but the faithfulness of Jones has taught him much.

In spite of retrenchment, there are two expenses which we insist on his incurring. One is a horse and chaise, so that Jones may drive him out freely; for Ferguson wants him to be in the air as much as possible, and he is not strong enough to walk much. He has sold his two spirited and valuable horses, and purchased a beast of almost as much grave reliability as Fuz. The other expense is taking lessons in reading and writing from a blind lad who has just left the Asylum; and, as this is partly charity, he likes it better than the first. He says he is actually afraid to begin to indulge himself: indeed, we are a little afraid of his growing morbid, and carrying self-denial to an unhealthy extent, in a natural re-action. I should feel anxious if he were going from here to a gloomy house; but Mr. and Mrs. Field are Methodists of the best stamp, — cheerful, healthy-souled Christians.

We are glad to see that he is getting more and more able to enjoy what goes on around him. Last evening, "the circle" was complete in here, and all the members in the best spirits: so, of course, there were ridiculous games, funny songs, and tongue-encounters, the whole time; and it was good to hear Haven laughing so heartily at the fun.

April 26. — This morning, Haven said to me, "When we had a merry time at home, it was all hushed up and frightened away the moment the big Bible appeared; and it took a tremendous wrench to obey the call, 'Children, stop playing, and come to prayers!' and we always felt as if we had been doing something wicked in having such a good time: but last night it seemed as natural for the frolic to end by every one's singing that joyous hymn; and then the reading and the prayer seemed the very most fitting close for a happy evening."

He did not discover till last night that master and man were kneeling side by side. Jones has seemed very glad to come in to prayers with Hans and Alice. This pleases Haven: he says it used to be the custom in his home.

April 27. — Haven has gone to his new quarters. Muriel and Mrs. Field have made his rooms not only comfortable, but nice and pretty-looking; for they thought, that when he began to feel about him, and inquire, it would be much pleasanter for him to find it so. The familiar voice of his clock took him wholly by surprise, and delighted him even more than we expected. That was a good hit, — just like Harry.

Haven is not given to much expression of his feelings: but, when I was ready to drive him to his new home this morning, he tried to say something more than "good-by" to his hosts; but words would not come. At last, as he grasped Harry's hand, he choked out, "Mr. Irving, if I *am* saved, you and yours have saved me."

As we drove away, he said, "I think father has been strictly just to me; but, if you had all been *just*, what would have become of me? I know I should have been lost." That is the only reproach of his father he has uttered. I think at first it made him wretched, and almost inclined to be angry, to

have strangers treat him so kindly when "his own" cast him out, — a natural feeling, which I can well understand.

We really miss that blind presence among us. It used to look very strange and forlorn to see that pale, sad-faced man feeling his way about among the show and luxury of his old rooms; but somehow he never seemed so much out of place in our home. Harry says it was because *here* was where he belonged for the time being; and it was doing good to him to be here, and consequently to us to have him. I have an idea that it must have been partly, also, because this household is used to always having me to consider and care for. That this also is good for them, I dare not doubt; but verily the position of instrument of discipline to your friends is not what one would choose for one's self. I suppose, though, that it is only these early warm days that have made me more trouble to them than usual, lately.

Spring has certainly come. There's a robin red-breast carolling so boldly outside my window, that I just turned down my light to see whether the sun had made a mistake, and got up too early. Not he, old Punctuality! there's hardly a sign of his coming yet. Singing in the dark, because the light is coming! Thank you, Robin!

May 3. — Haven seems really settled in a steady, quiet way of life. Jones is determined not to leave him. He has grown much more attached to Haven than he ever could have in his so-called prosperous days: he is even trying to learn to read aloud agreeably for him. As he got my promising nephew Ray to give him a lesson yesterday, his progress will no doubt be rapid.

Haven will probably have a hired reader soon: there are often cases where such an office is acceptable. Then he takes lessons, as I believe I wrote before; drives, and comes to the doctor's house and ours; though he is much afraid of intruding, and still likes to steal away with the children if callers come in. He goes nowhere else but to church; and he has only been able to do that twice yet, — once to hear Harry, and once to hear me. When he came to the Chapel, I thought of the change since the day when he spoke so con-

temptuously of "those ignorant creatures," and the difference between them and himself; for now he took his seat among them meekly enough. He has even proposed to become a regular attendant at the Chapel; but, though thankful for such a sign of true humility, I cannot consent to that. The poor, shy things, who dare not go anywhere else, would be frightened away from the Chapel if people of a different social stamp came there.

It is now a question where Haven shall go regularly. We have had several interesting talks with him on this subject. His church-going, for years past, has been only occasional, for the sake of respectability; and he has chosen simply the most fashionable church: but now his motives are altered. His is a mind to be more swayed by feeling than by argument. He does not really take much interest in doctrines of themselves: but he is attached to the form of faith in which he was brought up, although he no longer holds some of its harsher tenets; and he naturally finds in the Bible what he was always taught to find there. There is broad ground of undisputed truth on which we all stand together; but in doctrines he likes to feel himself, as much as possible, united with his father, and keeping to his sister's faith.

We feel, therefore, that he will be happiest, by and by, to find himself established where those doctrines are taught: so to-day I took that good preacher and thoroughly good man, Dr. Ashton, to see him; and I think the doctor won a parishioner. I am sure Haven could have no better spiritual guide, though I doubt whether old Calvin would agree with me in so thinking.

April 27. (Two years later.)—Haven spent the evening here. He reminded us that it was the anniversary of his leaving us for Mrs. Field's; and, talking alone with me, he spoke with deep feeling of his visit here, and what it had done for him. He has got naturalized in his altered life now, and said to-day, "I find more true happiness in the dark than I used to in the light;" and I fully believe it, though I know he has many hours of sadness and loneliness, and,

hardest of all, of bitter repentance. His eyes often give him pain, and blindness is in itself a heavy trial, — would be heavy under far brighter circumstances than his ; but he has learned to look through all these clouds : the light that he thought was not for him has come.

He has not had a word direct from home ; but we have found out in other ways that nothing is changed there : the father seems to be breaking in health, but is as inexorable in will as ever.

Dr. Ashton, Haven's faithful pastor, has been to see him ; but with no effect. He thinks that a married daughter who lives with him — a stern, sanctimonious woman — has a great influence over the old man.

Haven is gladly received at Dr. Ashton's house, and at some other pleasant places ; for some of the best of his old acquaintances have been very kind to him since they became convinced of the sincerity of his repentance. At first, hardly any one would credit it ; and Harry and Muriel had to undergo a good deal of criticism and remonstrance on their conduct. Of course, he is always welcome in the circle. The children all love him, and he and Ailie are specially fond of each other. He thinks she may some day be the third best woman in the world ; her mother being first, and Mrs. Field second. He hears a great deal of reading, — history and travels chiefly ; he says he is just educating himself : but his greatest delight is in teaching a poor little blind child, who is too young to go to the Asylum yet. He has continued to board with the Fields : and one can truly say, "He was a stranger, and they took him in ;" for they have done every thing for him that could be thought of, — nursing him through another sickness, and treating him almost like a son. He has always come in to their family prayers ; and their child-like, earnest piety has brought refreshment to his tried spirit. He has come sometimes to the Chapel ; and I have been pleased to see how gentle my roughest people are to him. "The blind gentleman" is well known to some of them as a benefactor ; and I think they have all shown themselves respectful and considerate towards him.

Altogether, his life has been a brighter one than we could foresee. His old cronies have let him alone almost entirely; thinking, by his modest mode of life, that he had certainly lost most of his property; and believing him, moreover, to be *priest-ridden*, as a bright one among them said in my hearing once. He has, of course, had his times of temptation; and told me to-day that he had more than once had cause to be thankful for the blindness which had made him helpless, and unable to follow the impulse of the moment.

May 3. — Three years ago, I found in a wretched court a little child, perhaps about three years old, who apparently belonged to nobody. He had appeared there a few weeks before, — purposely deserted, probably; and he called himself Johnny: that was all he could say plainly; and we could find out nothing about him. I put him at the Orphan Asylum; and there he has been since, — a bright but sickly and desolate little fellow, without even the inheritance of a whole name; so that once lately, when he ran out into the street, and somebody asked him, "Whose boy are you? and what's your name?" he could only answer, "I'm nobody's Johnny." He has always interested me especially, even among the many interesting cases at that Asylum: but several times lately, when I have seen him, I have been startled and made uncomfortable by catching a look on his face which was like some one whom I knew; but it was gone before I could identify it.

Yesterday a police officer brought me word that a dying woman in — Street Station-house had asked to see Mr. Ray, saying that she could tell him something about "that Johnny," and so describing the child that there could be no doubt whom she meant; and I hurried there at once. The poor creature had been brought in drunk the night before, and died while I was with her; but not until she had told me who was Johnny's father. I recognized the likeness I had seen too plainly to doubt her story. To-day I have followed up the clues she gave me, and made sure of the truth. The father is John Haven. I have also made myself certain that he does not know of the existence of the child, but has believed it dead. I do not know what I ought to do.

[To be concluded.]

EUTHANASIA, OR PEACEFUL DEATH.

PRESIDENT QUINCY, in speaking of a visit to Dr. Bowditch a week before his death, says, "I found him sitting in his chair in his library, emaciated, pale, and apparently wasted by his disease to the last stage of his life,—his mind clear, active, and self-possessed. He spoke of his disorder as incurable; that he felt himself gradually sinking, and that he could not long survive. 'I have wished to see you,' said he, 'to take my leave, and that you might have the satisfaction of knowing that I depart willingly, cheerfully, and, as I hope, prepared. From my boyhood, my mind has been religiously impressed. I never did or could question the existence of a Supreme Being, and that he took an interest in the affairs of men. I have always endeavored to regulate my life in subjection to his will, and studied to bring my mind to an acquiescence in his dispensations; and now, at its close, I look back with gratitude for the manner in which he has distinguished me, and for the many blessings of my lot. As to creeds of faith, I have always been of the sentiment of the poet:—

'For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight:
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

"Then, alluding to the following from the Persian poet Hafiz,—

'On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking in the last long sleep,
Calm thou mayest smile, whilst all around thee weep,'—

he added, 'They are lines of which I at this moment feel all the force and consolation. I can only say, Mr. Quincy, that I am content; that I go willingly, resigned, and satisfied.' After this, he spoke to me of his works; his gratification that the four first volumes, which constituted the principal work, were so nearly completed. 'There are only about ten pages wanting: perhaps I may live to finish

them. I have been to-day correcting the proofs.' In every respect, his state of mind was such as, at such a moment, his best friends could have wished,—calm, collected, rational, resigned; looking confidently for an existence beyond the grave; happy in reflecting on the past, and in anticipating the future. On taking leave, he impressed a kiss on my hand, saying, 'Farewell!'

His cheerfulness never failed him. "He expressed," says his son, "the wish to be approached with smiles and cheerfulness. Feeling no melancholy in his own soul, he was averse to the manifestation of it in others. Observing, therefore, one of his family whose countenance was marked with sadness, he called for his volume of Bryant; and, opening at his favorite piece, read,—

'Why weep ye, then, for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years at last,—
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labor done,—
Serenely to his final rest has passed?'

"He then proceeded to read all the remaining lines, remarking upon each, that he believed or hoped it was applicable to himself, or that he thought it not so. His voice, though low, was throughout clear and firm; and the incident was a truly impressive one.

"Once a lady at his request played upon a harmonicon. He listened intently as the last tone ceased; and, after the musician had gone, said, 'You must tell her that she has been playing my dirge.' Another lady visited him; and, as she was quitting the room, he said, 'Good-night' twice, with a tone of voice and an expression of countenance which indicated his conviction that he saw her for the last time; and then he immediately added, 'Good-morning at the resurrection!'

Judge White, his subsequent eulogist, in speaking of his interview with Dr. Bowditch a short time before his death, says, "Being deeply affected by his whole appearance and conversation, and absorbed in the feelings which these produced, I could not retain much of the language which he uttered, though the general impression of what he said was

indelibly fixed in my mind. I recollect, however, very distinctly, his expressions in speaking of his early and deep feeling of religious truth and accountability. 'I cannot remember,' he said, 'when I had not this feeling, and when I did not act from it, or endeavor to. In my boyish days, when some of my companions, who had become infected with Tom Paine's infidelity, broached his notions in conversation with me, I battled it with them stoutly, not exactly with the logic you would get from Locke, but with the logic I found *here*' (pointing to his breast); 'and here it has always been my guide and support: it is my support still.' With feelings of humility inseparable from the purest minds in such a situation, he expressed the satisfaction which he felt from having always endeavored to do his duty. . . . 'My whole life,' he said, 'has been crowned with blessings beyond my deserts. I am still surrounded with blessings unnumbered. Why should I distrust the goodness of God? Why should I not still be grateful and happy, and confide in his goodness?' And, indeed, why should he not?"

A few weeks before his death, Dr. Bowditch had longer intervals of ease than in the earlier period of his illness. In these intervals, he often dwelt upon the fitness of the gospel to purify the heart and elevate the soul, and preferred to rest its authority upon these views than upon any other. "On one of these occasions, he asked a son if he remembered the word, derived from the Greek, signifying an easy death. Being answered in the negative, he said, that, in Pope's Works, there was a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which he had not read for forty years, but which he distinctly remembered as containing this word, with a note mentioning that that *excellent* man died shortly afterwards; so that he had always associated the idea of an easy death with that of excellence of character. The book was opened, and the letter found. The writer says, 'A recovery in my case and at my age is impossible. The kindest wish of my friends is *euthanasia*.' To this subject he upon more than one occasion afterwards recurred; and, applying it to his own situation, said, 'This is indeed *euthanasia*.'"

His wife's sister once asked him his belief in a recognition of friends after death. He said to her, that, to his apprehension, it was not clearly revealed. She exclaimed, "Do not say so! The chief consolation I have here is the hope of meeting my lost ones again." He saw her grief as she retired, and, in the course of that day, told his family to be sure to inform him when she next called, as he wished much to see her. She came again. He said to her, "Let me assure you of my conviction, that if, in the future world, it will be best that we should know again the friends we have here loved, that happiness will certainly be ours. What I meant to say yesterday was, that I do not think that Almighty Wisdom has explicitly revealed to mortals its decrees in this particular; but of one thing I am certain, — all will be for the best. I approach the unseen world with the same reverence as I would the Holy of holies, and have no desire to draw aside the veil which conceals its mysteries from my sight."

Speaking at one time, to a son, of truth, as never in the slightest degree or upon any inducement to be disregarded, holding up his finger, and repeating the words with most solemn emphasis, said, "Follow truth, truth, truth! Let that be the family motto." During his illness, he frequently said that the highest intellectual cultivation and acquirements are entirely worthless when compared with moral excellence. Often he remarked that the consciousness which he then felt, that, throughout life, he had endeavored to discharge its various duties, and the humble hope that these efforts would be approved hereafter, were far sweeter to him than any praises which he had already received, or the thoughts of any reputation which might await his name in future times as having been a faithful laborer in the cause of science.

As his end drew near, his character shone out more brightly, and his cheerfulness and faith grew stronger.

On the morning of Friday, the 16th of March, at about six o'clock, when his sight was quite dim, his third son told him that he thought the time had come when he had better take leave of all his children. He answered, "I know it; I feel it." Each in succession then approached; and, as the

father returned the kiss he received, he inquired who it was; and in this manner he took a most affectionate farewell of his children, all of whom were gathered round his bedside. He said, "Oh! sweet and pretty are the visions that rise up before me. 'Now let thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' I say these words, not because I have entire love for all the" (his voice here became wholly indistinct) . . . "but because I love the words, and feel kindly towards all." Upon drinking a little water, he said, "How delicious! I have swallowed a drop, — a drop from —

'Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.'"

Soon after this time he fell into a tranquil sleep, from which, at about half-past nine, he awoke, and once more desired to see his family assembled. Then looking round upon them, and addressing each by name, he said, "There, my children, I have known you all, have I not, perfectly? Oh, it is beautiful to me to see you all about me! It is beautiful to me to bless you all. May God for ever bless you, my dears! It is for the last time that your father blesses you." It pleased Heaven after this to afflict him with the most severe bodily suffering during nearly three hours; but, about noon, it left him, and the quiet, tranquil state of body and mind returned. He addressed his son with the epithet, "My dear," and said, "*It is coming; I am ready.*" And, at one o'clock, Death gently set his seal upon that placid countenance.

THERE is this in common in the lives of ordinary men and of saints, that both aspire to happiness; and they differ only in the objects from which they expect it. Both the one and the other deem those their enemies who obstruct the attainment of their object. We should make the will of God the rule by which to judge of good or evil, for it cannot be erroneous or undiscerning; and not our own will, which is ever full of error and obliquity. — *Pascal*.

A DAY AMONG THE STATUES.

ONE should be somewhat domesticated in Rome before he there undertakes to study. Nothing breaks the charm of the first fresh feeling of wonder so much as all research and discussion; which may therefore be wisely postponed till one has enjoyed to the full the spell of the Eternal City. During the first week, a guide-book is a nuisance.

Moreover, for a while, the mind is incapable of measuring the importance of any subject. The mighty place dwarfs every thing. An inquiry of great magnitude here in our study, there seems impertinent beneath the arches and columns, from the summit of which, to use Napoléon's phrase, two thousand years look down upon us. We must wait till their tyranny over us ceases, and we recover the full possession of our powers through some sense of feeling at home.

When this feeling comes, after a few weeks' residence, it is a rare and memorable pleasure to clap a volume of Visconti under one's arm, and start off for a day among the statues.

It will be a busy and hard-working day, as one may imagine who remembers that it has been said of Rome, that it has more men of marble than of flesh and blood. They are found everywhere: in the streets and squares; in the porticos and gardens; in theatres and churches; in public galleries, and stately palaces, and private dwellings.

For twenty-five hundred years have innumerable artists been employed in perpetuating in marble the forms of famous men. Not only were the temples and theatres of ancient Greece filled with them, but every considerable family had, in its *aule*, statues of all its benefactors and friends. A man's wealth and importance were estimated by the number of busts of orators, poets, statesmen, around his family tomb. This word "bust," Visconti traces to the place, *bustum*, for burning dead bodies; which word was soon transferred to the numberless images there set up.

Passing by an infinite number of less note, Pliny says there were more than three thousand remarkable statues in Athens

alone. The Parthenon had six hundred. At Delphi, after the Temple of Apollo had been pillaged three times, Pausanias says there remained several hundred of rare merit. To one man — Demetrius, Satrap of Athens from 317 to 307 — there were erected, as Plutarch says, no less than three hundred statues; and Grote extends the number to three hundred and sixty.

When the Romans adorned their capital with the chief works of Greece, we read with surprise of the immense number of statues that were carried to the banks of the Tiber. Three thousand were brought from Rhodes. Fulvius took two hundred and eighty-five brazen and two hundred and thirty marble statues. Paulus Æmilius had two hundred and fifty carriages loaded with them. Nero stole five hundred statues to adorn his golden house. These are but hints. A curious article might be written on the statues lost in crossing the Adriatic.

Coming now to Italy, the number of statues made there seems scarcely less surprising. Pliny says the single theatre of Marcellus (the remains of which, still seen in Rome, one never passes without sighing at their degradation to dirty shops) had three thousand statues. Of one family, the Balbi, no less than nine statues have been disinterred in the small space excavated at Herculaneum. Even in comparatively modern times, the Cathedral of Milan has a marble population of nearly four thousand. To the immense collections in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol in Rome, in all the basilicas and churches, and in a large number of palaces, we have already alluded.

Of course, a vast number have been destroyed. Flaxman, in his "Lectures on Sculpture," says that "eleven thousand . . . exquisite works of Greek and Etruscan sculpture, which decorated the metropolis of the world in her meridian splendor, were so entirely destroyed or overwhelmed by Gothic ignorance or iconoclastic fury, that, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, a learned observer — Poggio Bracciolini, secretary to Eugenius IV. and Nicholas V. — noticed only six statues among the other remains of former grandeur."

No precise census, it is probable, has ever been taken of the statues now in Rome, — the rewards, to so great an extent, of modern diggings and discoveries. Every new statue that is brought to light is coveted by hundreds, — popes, cardinals, bishops, and others of princely wealth, — just as with us a farmer covets a productive field, a manufacturer a successful factory, a merchant a superior ship. Beside the thousand entire statues that multitudes see and admire, there are receptacles, not visited by the public, of arms, legs, heads, trunks, — the numberless bloodless dismemberments on the great battle-field of time. One must start early, and employ his time well, if he expects to see a tenth part of the best statuary which Rome has to show.

It is a great privilege to see it with such a guide as Visconti. The son of a Roman who devoted his whole lifetime to the study of the remains of ancient art, by education and taste, by study and experience, he was admirably fitted to succeed Winkelman as superintendent of the Papal statuary treasures. His appointment by the first Napoléon to arrange, at the Louvre, the works which that emperor, in imitation of Nero, had stolen ; his successful career in Paris ; his employment by the English Government to examine the Elgin Marbles before the purchase of them by the Crown ; and, still more, his immense labors in perfecting his great work, "*Iconographie Grecque et Romaine*," in seven volumes, containing authentic portraits of distinguished Greeks and Romans, — these are probably the foundations of the opinion which so generally assigns to him a very high place as authority in all questions pertaining to ancient statuary.

We feel for him a large measure of that respect which is always inspired by one who has a thorough knowledge of his subject. He knew all his marble acquaintances in Rome almost as well as a mother knows the looks of her children. He had marks by which he could tell the country, age, school, and maker of almost any nameless statue ; and it cannot be without interest to glance at some of the tests which he describes in the introduction to his first volume.

The sort of marble used is one of the first means of veri-

fication. An expert soon learns to distinguish the Carrara by its fine foliated texture and dazzling whiteness; the Pentelic, by its hardness, and by a translucent brilliancy, which caused Lamartine, as he looked up to the Parthenon, constructed of this marble, to exclaim, that it was made of blocks of "petrified light;" and the Parian, the richest of all marbles, by its delicate scales, and by its warm, living, flesh-like color. The epochs are known when each kind came into use; and these often help to reveal the age and artist of a newly discovered statue.

The strata, or veins, of celebrated marble-quarries, have, from time to time, varied in quality; and here is another means of verification. But this is a point requiring great caution; and, after all, is never quite free from doubt, as appears from some curious facts brought to light in connection with the statue of the Apollo Belvidere.

In the long controversy, whether this be the original work of some renowned Greek artist, or a copy by a Roman hand, the kind of marble of this statue is an important consideration. If it could be proved that it was from Carrara, it would almost necessarily follow that the work was not the Grecian original. In the latter part of the last century, a jury of artists reported that the marble was Grecian; but, to rebut their conclusion, men perfectly acquainted with the Carrara quarries testified, that, at the time when the Apollo was probably made, there was then worked a vein of the Carrara marble which had precisely the properties and appearance of the marble of the Apollo: and so the ancient controversy is still unsettled.

One can hardly refer to the rich and inexhaustible marble-quarries of Greece, without feeling, as Leake says, that here was "one of the great concurring causes that led to its unrivalled pre-eminence in architecture and sculpture. Admitting as fine a surface, and presenting as beautiful a color, as ivory, with a still sharper edge, it assisted in encouraging the successive efforts of artists studying to excel their predecessors or rivals in the effects produced by means of such a material."

Moreover, these exquisite Grecian and Italian marbles produce effects which arrest the attention of all beholders. Goethe, notwithstanding his little appreciation of art, was impressed with the wonderful properties of marble; and his words deserve to be quoted, as almost the only artistic observation which his letters contain. "Marble," he says, writing in Rome, Dec. 25, 1786, "is a rare material. It is on this account that the Apollo Belvidere in the original is so infinitely ravishing; for that sublime air of youthful freedom and vigor, of never-changing juvenescence, which breathes around the marble, at once vanishes in the best plaster casts."

The fashions of arranging the hair offer another mode of verification. The iconographer who has examined history with reference to this subject can tell not only the prevailing mode of any epoch, but the peculiarities of individual taste. Some general discriminations are suggested by merely glancing the eye upon any collection of ancient statues. We see at once that the ancient Greeks were careful of their hair, keeping it handsomely trimmed and brushed; while the Romans often let it fall carelessly on all sides of the head, after the fashion of an uncombed rustic. We see that all statues of Alexander the Great are marked by a peculiar elevation of the hair on the forehead, as are all statues of Seneca by a falling of long thin locks down as far as the eyebrows.

These are specimens of numberless like observations. It is quite surprising with what a firm and assured tread an antiquarian can find his way back two thousand years by such apparently uncertain and shifting stepping-stones.

Great account has also been made of the beard. There have been long beards and short beards, full beards and thin beards, frizzled beards and straight beards, and other variations more than we can name. Each generation has had its own well-known taste in this line. Nor can we describe the manifold peculiarities that have marked successive schools of art, in the preference of attitude, fulness or thinness of outline, freedom or restraint of manner. Still less can we enter upon the great subject of inscriptions on statues, and show

how it is known what taste on this subject has marked every epoch, and how the very form of each letter reveals the exact time when it was chiselled.

It may sometimes seem that the indications are too uncertain to justify the positive conclusions affirmed. But, in all cases, the criticism of experts is a mystery to the uninitiated. A verse cannot be transferred from one Gospel to another without detection by a thorough biblical scholar, who sees numberless differences of style not suspected by one reader in a million.

Not that icongraphists never make mistakes; for many an amusing story sufficiently proves the contrary. A head called that of Julius Cæsar has more than once been clapped on some plebeian thorax. But are not parallel mistakes made by us all, even when we have the living men before us? Have not others beside the Vicar of Wakefield found that the silver locks and the learned words which inspired so much reverence belonged to some miserable jail-bird like Ephraim Jenkinson? During our civil war, how often have we put the heads of great generals upon those who at the best were only respectable civilians!

On board a Mediterranean steamer, a travelling companion, hearing that Lord —— was a fellow-passenger, fell quickly to admiring his noble head and lordly air, so exactly agreeing, he said, with his lordship's well-known history and character; till at length it appeared that all these observations had been made upon his lordship's travelling courier, while his lordship himself, through his inferior appearance, had wholly escaped observation.

On entering any large gallery of ancient statues, one can hardly refrain in the outset from making a comparison between Grecian and Roman heads. The observer verifies at a glance all that history records of the higher civilization of the Greeks. Their broader culture, their superior refinement, their nobler standard of character, are as clearly emphasized in marble as they are in books. Their political institutions made them men of ideas, as the Romans were men of mere force; and a comparison of the heads of the

Roman emperors with the heads of the leading men of Athens furnishes no weak argument in favor of institutions which bore a strong resemblance to those under which we live.

No scholar passes the statue of Pericles without long pausing before it, thankful that many and strikingly similar busts give us so correct an idea of the renowned man whose name marks the most brilliant epoch of Grecian history. They represent his finely formed features in the prime of his manhood, and stamped with the unerring signs of commanding intellect, firmness, self-respect, lofty and fastidious tastes; and justify what even Plutarch, who is thought to have been prejudiced against him, calls the Olympian serenity and magnanimity that were resplendent in his life.

What Plutarch adds, that "his head was somewhat long and out of proportion, for which reason almost all the statues of him have the head covered with a helmet, as if the artists wished to conceal this defect," is brought to mind in beholding these helmeted effigies. The wits of Athens, who laughed at his *tent-shaped* cranium, and called him *long-pate* and *onion-skull*, little thought that their jokes would be read with interest after the lapse of twenty-five hundred years.

Near to Pericles, where it ought to be, is the bust of Aspasia, — that fair Milesian, who to rare beauty joined such singular learning and penetration, that Socrates became her pupil; and Pericles, as Visconti says, "first taking lessons of her in policy, and then in love, finally made her his wife." Visconti adds, that this is the first woman whose likeness has indubitably come down to us. The beautiful oval face, the regular and attractive features, the delicately rounded forehead, the reflective look, the decision and firmness impressed upon the mouth, make one read with fresh interest what Plutarch writes of her leading influence in peace and war, and of her suspected authorship of the celebrated oration pronounced by Pericles after the victory over the Samians. The head is covered with curls arranged in fine womanly taste, and the cheeks and lips are marked by a plumpness and rotundity indicative of good health and lively spirits. The whole has an air of refinement and personal self-respect.

The bust of Socrates is not far off. As has been often observed, nothing could more disappoint all previous conceptions. The smashed nose, with its point turned up, the thick lips, the prominent eyes, the short bull-neck, the features close together, giving the appearance of something contracted and petty, and a sort of sensual look about the whole figure, — all this is any thing but what one expects in him who has been called the wisest and best man of uninspired times. As a bust of an ale-tipping bar-tender, it would be thought admirable. Every one sees how naturally he has been compared to Silenus, the jolly tutor of the god of wine. The redeeming part of the bust is above the eyebrows, where there rises that noble globe of the head on which Lavater bestowed such warm encomiums.

[To be continued.]

OUR SUFFERING HEAD.

FOR Christ, who began and lived and died in sorrows, perceiving his own sufferings to succeed so well, and that "for suffering death he was crowned with immortality," resolved to take all his disciples and servants to the fellowship of the same suffering, that they might have a participation of his glory; knowing God had opened no gate of heaven but the "narrow gate," to which the cross was the key. And since Christ, now being our high priest in heaven, intercedes for us by representing his passion and the dolours of the cross, that even in glory he might still preserve the mercies of his past sufferings, for which the Father did so delight in him; he also designs to present us to God dressed in the same robe, and treated in the same manner, and honored with "the marks of the Lord Jesus." "He hath predestinated us to be conformable to the image of his Son;" and if, under a head crowned with thorns, we bring to God members circled with roses and softness and delicacy, triumphant members in the militant Church, God will reject us; he will not know us who are so unlike our elder brother: for we are members of the Lamb, not of the lion; and of Christ's suffering part, not of the triumphant part. — *Jeremy Taylor.*

THE DIAL OF THE SOUL.

My morning-star shall be
 Prayer, O my God ! to thee, —
 The offering of my inmost soul
 To thy control ;

The dawning of my day,
 That sends dark night away,
 Shall be a hymn of gratitude
 For every good ;

The rising of my sun,
 Some work of love begun,
 To gladden with its cheering ray
 Some brother's way ;

The glowing day's decline,
 Sweet thoughts of Love divine,
 And of the friends that Love has given
 In earth and heaven ;

The moon, that shines serene
 Above my evening scene,
 Shall be the sense of duty done,
 And victory won ;

My solemn midnight hour,
 Beneath thy guardian power,
 Shall then be peace, till deep repose
 Mine eyelids close.

†

It is curious to observe that there are people who will renounce every law of God and Nature, and yet will make laws for themselves, to which they pay implicit obedience, — as, for instance, the brigands of Mahomet, robbers, heretics, &c. ; ay, and logicians also. One might suppose that the license of such persons would be unbounded, seeing they have freed themselves from such just and salutary restraints. — *Pascal*.

RANDOM READINGS.

DISTINGUISHED BRAVERY OF THE COLORED TROOPS
BEFORE PETERSBURG.

WE cannot understand the persistent mendacity and meanness that seek to disparage the colored soldiers, and wrest from them their share of the honor and glory of saving the national life. It is true, their gallantry has put to shame the predictions of white men, who denied them the rights and prerogatives of manhood. Now that they are giving demonstration of the nobleness of which they are capable, white men, who have any nobleness in them, will hail it as a most auspicious omen. It is the proof and the pledge that the hour of their enfranchisement has arrived, and that, come what will, the negro will not be remanded again to bondage.

The truth, as it comes out, puts to rest the false reports which ascribe the late repulse before Petersburg to the bad behavior of the colored troops. We have before us a copy of the official report of Col. J. K. Sigfried, Colonel of the Forty-third Regiment United-States colored troops, also a private letter of one of his staff-officers, engaged in the front of the fight. The last gives a plan of the whole field and fight, and details all the movements of the colored division, which took place under his eye. The statements of these officers are worth those of a thousand letter-writers who report from hearsay. They agree in all the facts, which are these : The colored division was ordered to go in rear of a division of white troops, and support them. The white troops, instead of passing *through* the crater made by the explosion of the mine, and charging *through* the rebel works, *passed into it, and stopped there*, blocking the way. The colored troops moved past them, though with much difficulty and necessary delay ; charged the enemy's intrenchments, and took them, under a murderous fire ; and held them a whole hour, waiting for orders and for support from the other divisions. They broke and retreated when overwhelmed by the forces of the enemy, and whom to have rallied again would only have served to choke the crater more completely, and increase the slaughter.

Both officers say that the colored division would surely have taken Cemetery Hill, the key to Petersburg, and the main object of the assault, if they had been sent in first, and if their way had not been blocked by the other division until the golden opportunity was lost.

The staff-officer of Col. Sigfried (a brave young officer from Massachusetts, whose gallantry was conspicuous on the disastrous day) writes to his friends as follows :—

" We (i.e., the colored brigade) made our way through the dead and wounded of other divisions, which lay thickly on the ground ; having fallen as they advanced. We mounted the ruins of the crater ; and the sight which presented itself utterly baffles description. The immense hole, one hundred yards in circumference and twenty-five feet deep, was utterly crowded full of living and dead. The first (white) division, instead of moving forward as ordered, as soon as they reached the crater, *filled it completely, and stopped.* Col. Sigfried shouted to the men in the crater to give way, and let his (colored) men pass. We mounted the parapet ; and moving round the front side of the top, all the time under fire, we passed on, and passed into the line of rifle-pits. These works, too, were crowded full to overflowing with white soldiers. Thus crowded with living Union soldiers and dead rebels, our column was most effectually blocked almost as soon as the head of it had got across the crater. From both flanks, a most destructive fire of artillery and musketry was poured into our division as it advanced.

" But there are times in war which are glorious. To see that column of colored troops advancing steadily forward without flinching, not panic-stricken, but moving coolly past their shrinking white comrades, who, instead of continuing forward, had sought shelter in the crater, — this was a most glorious spectacle. Col. Sigfried had stopped in the crater to direct the movement of the column. Taking my stand on a huge boulder near by him, I forgot the imminent danger in which I was placed, the whizzing bullets and the whistling bombs, and could only admire the conduct of our brave boys. It was one of the proudest moments of my life. The white soldiers cheered loudly as our men came pouring over the parapet, and the black ones answered lustily. Every one seemed wrapped up in the glorious moment, and to be utterly unconscious of peril. Brigadier-generals, of whom there were three in the crater, took off their hats, and waved their swords. It compensated for all the risk to see our black men pressing forward to take positions which ought to have been held by others. Presently, so utterly impossible had the passage through the crater become, the column broke off, and passed round on a still more exposed ground, and moved to the right, and commenced firing as well as they could across to the line on Cemetery Hill. One regiment at the extreme right jumped over the breast-works, and held the works not yet wholly evacuated by the rebels ; a number of straggling Johnnies prefer-

ring to lie concealed in their holes rather than expose themselves outside. A large squad of prisoners were taken here by the Forty-third United-States colored troops: *but they were not bayoneted.* The (colored) division now lay on both sides of the rebel works, intermingled with troops of the other divisions. The first (white) division was still in a position proper for charging across the angle to Cemetery Hill. Nobody moved. There appeared to be no commander; and we lay there, all the time exposed to a most murderous fire. Thus we remained as calmly as circumstances would permit, awaiting orders, and every moment losing men. After lying so about an hour, a cry was suddenly heard, 'They are charging us!' The troops in the crater were rallied to its edge, and formed in two ranks; black and white being promiscuously intermingled. The line opened a heavy fire on the advancing enemy; and two of the guns which were in the pit, and which had been dug out, were put in position, and fired. Our men held their ground until the enemy remounted their old works, when they withdrew in disorder. Col. Sigfried tried to check the panic; but we saw it was useless to fill up the crater, which had already become a literal slaughter-pen, with useless troops: so all, except those holding the crest of the crater, fled back to our line.

"With regard to the conduct of our (colored) division, I think I had ample opportunity to learn the true facts, because I went along our lines twice, and had a good though hasty view of the ground. Our losses in the division is great, and will amount to sixteen hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. This brigade lost seven hundred and eighty-two, most of them in killed and wounded. They took some prisoners from our division, and we are anxious to learn how they are treated. It is highly improbable, however, that they will be misused or treated in any other way than as prisoners of war.

"I want to warn you against unfavorable reports that shall make the matter worse than it is, and especially regarding the conduct of our division. Those who saw us go in are loud in our praise. No troops could have done better. The officers behaved excellently, — not one flinching; and the men followed them enthusiastically and bravely. I might fill a quire of paper with instances of bravery and daring. I heard Gen. Ferrero assert (who commands the colored division), *that, had he had a clear way, he would have taken the rebel line with his division alone.*"

The official report of Col. J. K. Sigfried (of which we have a copy), who commanded a colored brigade, is exactly to the same purpose. It extols the bravery of the colored troops above all the others. We make a few extracts: —

"In obedience to orders, I moved my brigade, on the morning of the 30th, down the covered way, immediately in the rear of Col. Humphrey's brigade of the third division. On arriving at the meadow, I was halted by the stopping of Col. Humphrey's brigade. After remaining here some time, I, in accordance to orders, moved by the brigade of the third

division at a flank, as directed, across the field, through the crater made by the explosion of the mine. Great difficulty was experienced in passing through this crater, owing to its crowded condition. Living, wounded, dead, and dying, crowded so thickly, that it was very difficult to make a passage-way through. By the great exertions of the officers, and the determination of the men, my brigade finally made its way through, and was halted beyond by the rebel line of intrenchments, which was filled with troops of the first, second, and third divisions. Behind this line it halted, and formed in good order. The Forty-third Regiment United-States colored troops moved over the crest of the crater, toward the right; charged the enemy's intrenchments, and took them; capturing a number of prisoners, a stand of rebel colors, and recapturing a stand of national colors. This line was part of a continuous line connecting with the crater. The balance of my brigade was prevented from advancing into this line by the number of troops of the first, second, and third divisions in front of them. This position left my brigade very much exposed to the fire of the enemy, and it was so exposed, at least an hour. Owing to the crowded lines of the division immediately in front, it was impossible to get my brigade on. Just as the troops in front were about to make a charge, a white color-bearer with his colors crossed the work in retreat: the troops gave way, and sought shelter in the crater, where was concentrated a terrific fire from the enemy's batteries and intrenchments. My brigade held its position till pushed back by the mass of troops, white and black, which rushed back upon it, and until the enemy occupied the works to the left and on the opposite side; where, being exposed to a terrific flank fire, and in danger of being cut off, and losing its numbers rapidly, it fell back behind the line temporarily occupied by the Eighteenth Corps, where it originally started from. The brigade was rallied, and placed on this line.

"Too much praise cannot be awarded both to the officers and men. The former fearlessly led, while the latter as fearlessly followed, through the fire, hot enough to cause the oldest troops to falter. The field-officers particularly distinguished themselves.

"Had it not been for the almost impassable crowd of troops of the leading (white) divisions, *Cemetery Hill would have been ours without a falter on the part of my brigade.*"

Such are the men to whom we have denied the prerogatives of manhood, whose manhood shines forth so gloriously at their redeeming hour.

s.

TRIALS OF MINISTERS. — It is said that a clergyman in Western Massachusetts, who had become worried to death nearly by antagonisms with his people, made this proposition to Secretary Stanton: "I will agree to take Richmond, if you will take charge of the Congregational Church on Chester Hill."

PRAYING WITH ROBBERS.

THE continual travels of the early Methodists exposed them sometimes to the highway robbers that infested England in the last century; but they had little fear of them, as they had little or nothing to lose. The foot-pads not only deemed them rather poor prey, but had reason to dread them for their superabundant wealth of religious zeal and exhortation. A poor evangelist, while travelling his circuit, was met by three robbers. One of the band seized his horse by the bridle, a second pointed a pistol at his breast, and a third caught hold of him to pull him from his saddle; all swearing they would instantly have his money or his life. He looked them steadfastly in the face, asking them if they had prayed that morning. They seemed confounded. But one of them instantly snatched the itinerant's watch out of his pocket; another took off his saddle-bags, and pulled out a knife to rip them open. He cried, "Stop, friend! there is nothing there but a few religious books; and you are very welcome to have them, to read if you please: as to money, I have only twopence-halfpenny;" which he took out of his pocket immediately, and gave to them. "Now," he added, "shall I give you my coat? You are welcome to any thing I have about me: only I would have you to remember I am a servant of God, and am now going on his errand. I am going to preach. I beg you will let me pray with you before we part, and it may do you more good than any thing I have given to you." At this, one of them said to the others, "We will keep nothing belonging to this man: if we do, vengeance will pursue us."

He took the money, and returned it with his own hands into the preacher's pocket; and insisted that the second, who had taken the watch, should return it; and, after a little hesitation, it was replaced also: the third, taking up the bags, laid them on the horse, and fastened them to the saddle. He thanked them all for "their great civility;" and, again renewing his request that they would let him pray with them, he fell upon his knees on the road, "and prayed," says the narrator, "with great power." Two of the robbers, alarmed at this unexpected treatment, skulked away; but the third knelt upon the earth, deeply affected, "so that there was reason to hope he was resolved to become a new man." — *Stevens's History of Methodism.*

THE GLORY OF THE WORLD TO COME.

CHRIST's kingdom, being in order to the kingdom of his Father which shall be manifest at the day of judgment, must therefore be spiritual; because then it is that all things must become spiritual, not only by way of eminency, but by entire constitution and perfect change of natures. Men shall be like angels, and angels shall be comprehended in the lap of spiritual and eternal felicities: the soul shall not understand by material phantasms, neither be served by the provisions of the body; but the body itself shall become spiritual, and the eye shall see intellectual objects, and the mouth shall feed upon hymns and glorifications of God: the belly shall be then satisfied by the fulness of righteousness, and the tongue shall speak nothing but praises and the propositions of a celestial wisdom; the motion shall be the swiftness of an angel, and it shall be clothed with white as with a garment. Holiness is the sun, and righteousness is the moon, in that region; our society shall be choirs of singers, and our conversation wonder; contemplation shall be our food, and love shall be "the wine of elect souls." And as to every natural appetite there is now proportioned an object, cross, material, unsatisfying, and allayed with sorrow and uneasiness, so there be new capacities and equal objects, the desires shall be fruition, and the appetite shall not suppose want, but a faculty of delight, and an unmeasurable complacency; the will and the understanding, love and wonder, joys every day and the same for ever: this shall be their state who shall be accounted worthy of the resurrection to this life, where the body shall be a partner, but no servant; where it shall have no work of its own, but it shall rejoice with the soul; where the soul shall rule without resistance or an enemy; and we shall be fitted to enjoy God, who is the Lord and Father of spirits. — *Jeremy Taylor*.

THE things to which we are most addicted — such, for instance, as the careful concealment of narrowness of means — are often very insignificant; a mere fancy, which our imagination magnifies into importance. Another turn of imagination reveals to us, in an instant, the fallacy. — *Pascal*.

FALTER NOT: "NO GOOD IS LOST."

THOSE there are, whose spirit sinks
In weariness of soul,
Through loving, striving, day and night,
Beneath Faith's high control;
For, in their agony, they feel
The precious seed they sow
In the fresh garden of some heart
Is yielding nought but woe.

Or idly do their accents fall
Upon the listless ear:
Are all these earnest pleadings vain?
Will not the thoughtless hear?
'Tis sweet to see, unfolding fair
Under the hand of Love,
The flowers, the fruit, the blessedness,
That find their sphere above.

Sweet as the virtue that exhales
Spontaneous from the heart,
The holy innocence that flows
Fresh as pure waters start.
But, longing soul, take courage still,
And gladly keep thy way:
With steadfast fortitude and hope
Press forward day by day.

Thou mayst to-morrow find the root
Of holiness and grace
Is striking deeply in the soil:
Thy love has left its trace.
Or if to-morrow bring not peace,
Nor sweet fruition bear,
Another hour, as life speeds on,
Will sure reward thy care.

There is an hour when memory wakes
To all thy tones of love;
And thine undying, fervent prayer
Descends as from above,—
Descends, and bathes the soul afresh,
And kindles new desire,
When as thou sowest now in tears,
And sufferest as by fire,

Will spring sweet, lowly penitence,
 Kind charities and zeal,
 To consecrate each day of life
 To the All-Father's will.
 Deem not the Father leaveth one
 Pure act of love to die :
 Not only is each living prayer
 Swift registered on high,

But better is each human heart
 For this thy sacrifice,
 Richer and holier is earth,
 More beautiful the skies.
 Then falter not, but watch and pray ;
 And let thy presence be
 One sweet beatitude, and prove
 An angel's ministry.

HINTS TO INVALIDS.

To the large class of feeble women, especially to decided invalids, these hints are addressed by one to whom years of experience have made them of practical importance.

In the first place, dear sisters, as invalids, you are dependent, to a greater or less degree, on the kind services of others. See that you do not increase the burden by any unnecessary demands. Make it a principle, that as you can *help* little, if at all, you will not *hinder* more than is unavoidable. Minister to your own smaller wants as far as practicable. For instance, if you have the power of locomotion, do not drop a shawl here, and a paper there, expecting that they will be put in place by others. Dispose of them yourself, if you are able to do so ; and thus attain the two-fold object of saving your friends some little trouble, and gaining the comfortable sense of being, even in the slightest degree, independent.

One would not willingly be wholly dependent on even the dearest and kindest friends ; but, if God so wills it, let your considerateness in saving steps, and your grateful acceptance of kindnesses, make the demands as light as the nature of the case admits.

Look well to your own temper and spirit. Cultivate, *strive*, if necessary, for habitual cheerfulness. Your condition must be,

alas ! in many ways, some restraint, perhaps a great one, on the freedom of the household. Do not let your presence spread gloom around. If you cannot bring sunshine into the home, try to shed at least a little glimmer of starlight there.

Unless altogether disabled, you will find some little occupation a blessing, and a great promoter of cheerfulness. Tax your ingenuity to find employment suited to your capacity. If it be only for five minutes, or even a dozen stitches in an hour, it will break up the monotony of idleness, and, in the course of time, produce a result greater than you think, if you have never made the experiment. Some invalids perform wonders. I once knew a young lady, who, after long resistance, was obliged to give way to a spinal disease, and keep her bed. There she occupied herself with cutting dresses for her little sisters.

If possible, cling to hope, though you should often be disappointed. These disappointments may be hard to bear ; yes, sometimes very grievous : but better will be a thousand disappointments, succeeded by fresh hopes, than unbroken despondency. Even if they should in the end prove fallacious, they will have served to buoy you up through weary years of waiting for health.

Above all, strive to keep very near to God. Trace his hand in the minutest events of your daily life. Remember the countless blessings of your lot ; and so receive every thing from him, that joy and sorrow shall alike be perfect good. Then your spirit-song shall be, —

My "life shall chant its own beatitude :"
Sorrow and joy shall be all one to me.
I will call darkness light, and evil good,
Dear Lord, if so it seemeth best to thee.
I'll build an altar of my dearest hopes,
And I myself the offering will be :
Then let thy fire descend, and hallow all,
Till nought remains but love and purity.

†

TIME heals our griefs and our dissensions, because we change, and are no longer the same persons : neither the offenders nor the offended are alike. It is as if we should encounter a people that we have irritated, after the lapse of two generations. They are French, but not the same Frenchmen. — *Pascal*.

BEAUTIFUL SACRIFICE.

How much of young heroism and devotion shine through the grim horrors of this war ! The following incident we find narrated in the "Crisis," a New-Church paper published at Laporte, Ind., whose editor is a chaplain in Gen. Sherman's army :—

"After one of the severe engagements in the South-west a few months since, the position of the armies remained unchanged for twenty-four hours; the dead and the dying remaining upon the field. In the night, the voice of a poor drummer-boy was heard coming through the darkness, crying for assistance; but it could not be given. It grew weaker and weaker, and died away, falling upon no gentle mother's ear, and only into the ear of the Great Father. 'The next day,' says the narrator, 'as the rebels fell back, our men found the boy of eighteen resting against a stump, his face turned to heaven, whereon was left a radiant smile, as though he had heard the music of angels; as if he saw the Lord, and had glimpses of the holy city Jerusalem. And in his hand he held a small pocket-Bible, which lay open, with a blue embroidered mark between the leaves, on which some fair hand had worked the following passage: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Was there not victory over death on the battle-field? and does not this incident prove the power of religion to cheer and comfort in the darkest hour?

"Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forest's shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where War had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once-bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair:
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tattoo shall beat,
The shrill reveille, or the long roll's call;
Or sound the charge, when, in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset, foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe, in some happy home, that one,
 A mother, reading from the list of dead,
 Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
 And move her lips to say, 'God's will be done!'
 And bow in grief her head.

But, more than this, what tongue shall tell his story?
 Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame.
 He lived, he died; and, so, *memento mori*.
 'Tis enough: in heaven's eternal glory,
 Immortal shines his name."

THE following is the style in which Jennie June, in her "Talks on Women's Topics," throws off her ideas:—

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

"Domestic duties, it is said, ought to be taught at home; but, unfortunately, they are not. Mothers themselves are too ignorant or too lazy to be able to teach their daughters, who thus grow up idle and burdensome, first to their families, then to their husbands. In female colleges or boarding-schools, moreover, where all the time of the student is passed during a most important period, it seems only proper and natural that all the duties pertaining to their after-position should be taught to girls, who, many of them, will only leave to enter at once upon their performance. Why they should not learn to cook a dinner properly, as well as wield a knife and fork gracefully, or daintily dip the tips of their nails into the finger-glasses, passes our comprehension. Or why do they not study the simplest rules by which they could learn to cut and make their own dresses, while hours each day are consumed in committing to memory meaningless algebraic signs, forgotten as soon as acquired, is a puzzle which no science we possess can elucidate.

THE PIANO MANIA.

"There is no social disease so wide-spread, so virulent, and so fatal in its attack, as the piano mania. Before a girl is born, now-a-days, she is predestined to sit and extract dreadful screechings and wallings from some unhappy instrument for at least ten years of her natural life. No question as to whether she possesses an ear, and no consideration for the ears of other people, is permitted to interfere with the decree, which is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that 'Katy' or 'Lucindy,' as the case may be, 'must play the piano.' The poor thing may be a natural-born housekeeper, with a genius for sweeping and dusting, washing and baking, but with no more perception of chords and cadences than of the music of the spheres. Still she will not be permitted to follow her

natural bent, because it is so horribly vulgar. She will be wept over, scolded, and fretted at, and any lazy, fine lady, sister, or cousin, held up as an example of gentility.

"To be able to play the piano in company is the *sine qua non* of many foolish, fond mothers' hopes, who look back with regret on their own limited chances of education, and are apt, therefore, to sadly overrate the value of what are called accomplishments. Playing the piano is doubtless a very good thing, when it is well done, and by a person who possesses musical taste; but otherwise it is only a torture for a sensitive ear to listen to it. Jingle, jingle, jingle! thump, thump, thump! Who has not shivered and winced, and tried to appear amiable, through the interminable hours of a small evening party, while some youthful tormentor, harassed into the display by stupid friends, was vigorously pounding out a miscellaneous assortment of battles and marches, songs and quadrilles, waltzes and opera, without the slightest notion concerning them, except that certain keys in the piano correspond to certain notes in the book?"

"Excepting for evening parlor-dances, the piano should never be played without the accompaniment of a voice, unless by a Thalberg; and, even then, only a few will be found to care enthusiastically for the mere science or grace of execution. And if this is true of a professor in the art, how much pleasure is it supposed can be obtained from hearing the monotonous and spasmodic thrumming of a girl whose entire capacity for music has been scolded or cudgelled into her, and who would much rather be employed in doing something else, even though it were sweeping, and washing dishes?"

FLIRTS vs. SENSIBLE GIRLS.

"The utilitarian young lady is below par in society as well as in the matrimonial market. Young men speak of her as a 'good girl;' but they invite her pretty, stylish, useless sister to balls and picnics. At parties she sits neglected, or is invited to dance once by some good-natured uncle or old-fogy friend of the family; while the butterfly before mentioned, whose clothes she mends, and to whom she sometimes carries her breakfast in bed, is surrounded by admirers and flirts, and dances to her heart's content. People often say that such girls do very well to flirt with; but they are not the kind that men choose when they want to marry. Begging the sovereign people's pardon, that is all nonsense. Men generally fall in love as stupidly as possible, and marry the object of their affections,—if they can. In almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool."

THE highest order of minds are most capable of perceiving originality of character. Ordinary ones see little difference between one person and another.—*Pascal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Voice of Christian Life in Song; or, Hymns and Hymn Writers of many Lands and Ages. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 530, Broadway. W. V. Spencer, 184, Washington Street, Boston. 1864.

The Cripple of Antioch, and other Scenes; from Christian Life in Early Times. Same publishers.

The Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time: with Introduction. New York: M. W. Dodd, 506, Broadway. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The books, the titles of which are given above, are by Mrs. Charles, the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." To most of our readers, this will be introduction enough; and we hope that it will lead them into a very intimate acquaintance with one who knows how to put into her books not only the wealth of a vigorous and richly cultivated intellect, but the abundance of a Christian heart. The writer has heard the words of the new life, as the sweet singers of our Christian Israel have sung them, as earnest preachers have given eloquent utterance to them, as faithful workers have used them to illustrate their own ministries in the name of Christ; and her soul has been enlarged to be a proclaimer of the great salvation in the tongue of the people. Her books are good books; but are not dull, like so many other good books. She has so much of the life which makes Christendom, everywhere, and in all ages, and amongst all nations, one, that the past becomes as the present when she recalls the scenes and experience of Christian antiquity, or the times of our Saxon forefathers, or the days of Wickliffe and Luther. Her Christ is not merely the Christ of history or of tradition, but Christ with us and in us the hope of glory. No mere student or writer, no mere antiquarian or story-teller, she puts her own spiritual struggles and successes into her work; and the reader feels that he is in communion with a living soul. Mrs. Charles's pictures of by-gone days are life-like beyond the most. The dead are not merely galvanized into a caricature of vitality. They died; and, behold, they live! and this because Christ lives in them. We are told, as indeed we should have gathered from her books, that our accomplished

scholar and author is also a most diligent worker, — one of those, becoming, we are happy to say, more numerous every day, who are carrying the gospel, in all its blessed offices for body and soul, to the homes of the poor and degraded; bringing in, by the only promising means, the kingdom of God through the reign of Christian truth and love. The first-named volume will interest students as well as the general reader. All should find places in our Sunday-school libraries; which ought not to be, so much as they are, mere collections of novelettes, in which the bushel of chaff scarcely contains three grains of wheat.

E.

The Hour which Cometh, and Now Is: Sermons preached in Indiana-Place Chapel, Boston, by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street; for sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Mr. Clarke has not fallen into the mistake of too many preachers, and given us a treatise in place of a sermon. His object is, not to try to tell his hearers all he knows or does *not* know upon a given subject, but rather to place before, and, if possible, to put into them, such leading and elemental truths as they may be able to appropriate and turn to good account in the particular direction which the discourse would indicate. The hearer is sure to carry away something from such a hearing, because the preacher, not attempting too much, is able to make a distinct impression, and leaves something on the memory besides a table of contents, or the skeleton of a body of divinity. The result is not, as some might anticipate, a meagre performance. Meagreness comes most surely from the effort to go over a great deal of ground, and to elaborate and exhaust your topic beyond your proper limits. The best husbandry is likely to be found where the acres are few. Moreover, these discourses are not disfigured by what is called "fine writing": they are plain, straightforward, common-sense, earnest discussions on the spirit of the gospel of Christ, positive in their matter, charitable in their tone. We miss in them, however, what is missing in so much preaching, what the rhetoricians call persuasion, as distinguished from conviction, — the loving yet direct and determined assault upon the motive power in the hearer, the appeal which takes him up from his quiet sitting in the pew, the urgency which bears him along upon a wave of emotion. Missing this, the discourse ends sooner than we had expected; it is unfinished in a sense which is not to be explained, as merely the justifiable lack of elaboration: it is the whip without the snap, the

knife not ground down to a keenness of edge. When we have finished the discourse (and the same is true of many sermons of the argumentative preachers), we are just ready to be entreated and persuaded; and there is a sense of disappointment when we are left to do this work for ourselves. The sermons will be acceptable and useful to many besides those, who, as they have gladly heard, will gladly read, the words of their faithful and gifted pastor. E.

Enoch Arden, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Of Tennyson we have never enough. When we read "In Memoriam," we are angry at the sight of the uncovered paper which fills so large a space in the little volume. When we have read again and again the "Idyls," we lay the book down as one who can no longer urge the sweet singer or the skilful musician to charm on. "Enoch Arden" is a Christian poem, inspired by the deepest and truest faith in the Father of Christ; a poem of struggle and sorrow and trust,—trust in the mighty help which comes forth to us from the Unseen. Let no man say that the gospel is no longer believed, whilst Whittier and Tennyson write poems. We do not care what the form of their believing may be: they are believers; and God has given them a tongue and an eloquence which must beget faith in other souls. Some one has told us, we think, that this volume has been kept back on account of the disorders of the times: the very reason why it should be given to the world. Nothing can soothe and hearten us at once like great thoughts,—like the ideal which is our humanity's treasure; and so we thankfully commend to our readers the little book which shall be sweetness in their ears, and food for the soul's nourishment. E.

A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By ROBERT CARTER. Boston: Crosby & Nichols; and W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

It is not too late in the season to say a word in praise of this healthy book. There are still some who go down to summer seas in summer ships to draw up fishes from the mighty waters, and who will be glad, when the fishes will not bite (as in our experience they seldom do), and when the inward man is perfectly calm (as in our experience on the wave it seldom is), to draw entertainment and instruction from this little volume, which is entertaining without being frivolous, and learned without being pedantic. E.

Visions in Verse; or, *Dreams of Redemption and Creation*. Boston : Lee & Shepard. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The "Visions" carry back the writer to the period before creation; and from his ideal stand-point he sees the fall of Lucifer, the kingdom of sin, the creation of the world, its rise out of chaos to organic existence up through nature to man. Then he sees the fall of man and his redemption, and gets previsions of his future state. The themes are great, and the thoughts sometimes very beautiful; but they do not get adequate utterance. The verse is Hudibrastic, and is not up to the dignity and grandeur of the sense. Milton has traversed the same ground, and it becomes perilous to tread upon it. There is no imitation of Milton, however; the attempt being simply to clothe in easy-flowing rhythm the conceptions idealized and made picturesque, which are the support and solace of Christian faith, and which throw light upon the dark problems of our being. s.

Talks on Women's Topics. By JENNIE JUNE. Boston : Lee & Shepard. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

We like vastly the homely style and vigorous common sense of this book. It touches on a great variety of topics pertaining to women, girls, and children; and gives excellent advice, sometimes with startling plainness of speech. We give a few extracts in the *Random Readings*, which will show how the writer, who plainly enough is a woman, dashes into the heart of her subjects. s.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. A new and beautiful edition of this standard work has just been issued by Sever & Francis, Cambridge. It is well illustrated, printed in clear type, on good paper, and put in handsome binding. Whoever wants Bunyan, either for the family library, or as a present along with the Bible to friend or child, should inquire for this elegant edition of Sever & Francis. For sale by W. V. Spencer. 134, Washington Street. s.

A Memoir of the Christian Labors, Pastoral and Philanthropic, of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Dr. Hanna, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, has written his life in four volumes. From these, Dr. Wayland compiles this small vol-

ume of two hundred and eighteen pages, which is not designed as a full memoir, but a presentation of the life, character, and labors of Dr. Chalmers, in their religious and philanthropic relations. It is designed as a popular book, and is published for the excellent religious influence which such an example is calculated to have. The language of the original work of Dr. Hanna is often retained. It abounds in facts and incidents of exceeding interest, the example of a great and good man is exhibited in a most attractive light, and the book is well adapted to the end for which it was compiled and published. S.

The Memorial Hour, or the Lord's Supper in its Relation to Doctrine and Life. By JEREMIAH CHAPLIN, D.D., author of "The Evening of Life," &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The author's stand-point is Orthodox, and he regards the death of Christ as the central fact in the plan of redemption. This of course moulds and colors all his views of the sacrament, whose value and meaning are set forth in these pages with great fervor and tenderness. The book, we should think, would be specially edifying to those whose theology harmonizes with that of the author. S.

Synonymes of the New Testament. By RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH, D.D. Second part. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The study of Scripture synonymes is at once fascinating and suggestive. It is a study which is admirably fitted to bring to light the wealth of the treasury of the Word. Let the reader turn, for example, to the various expressions by which "sin" is denoted, as it is seen from various sides. The student of divinity, who is not above what is sometimes derided as theological learning, will find excellent material in this little book. E.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS. — Several articles recently received have been omitted in this number for want of room, but will appear in the next.

We take this opportunity of saying, that articles not exceeding eight or ten pages are generally preferred. E.

NEW BOOKS.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1864.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 8, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
FAMILY JOURNAL.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS, EDITORS.

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OUGHT THE WAR TO GO ON?

THIS is a question which, unhappily, as it seems to us, is an open question. Unhappily, the nation in its time of war, when only united efforts promise a speedy and successful issue, finds itself divided. And this condition of things is as unnecessary as it is mischievous. It would seem that amongst the moderate and reasonable it need not obtain. There is a war-party and there is a peace-party; and both parties claim to speak in the name of conscience and of Christianity. Of course, so far as they are merely political parties, urging their views after the manner of partisans or as those who would seize the spoil, we can have no concern with them in these pages; but it does concern all Christians to form a sound opinion, in the light of the truth and in view of the present situation, as to this issue of peace or war. We cannot decline the discussion; neither can we put an end to it by calling hard names and bandying cant epithets. What we want is to know our duty; to form and to abide by some clear and strong convictions; and, if we must awaken opposition and give offence by what is said, we should be all the more careful to use the language of soberness and kindliness. It settles nothing to cry out, "Abolitionist!" or "Copperhead!" and it does not add to the force of the argument to prefix to these words a profane adjective; and, even if we suspect low and evil motives, it is not for us to impute them. One would be

glad to think that we shall be at one in the great work which is assigned to us ; but, if this is hopeless, let us at least abstain from railing.

But to come to the question : Are we right in continuing to prosecute this war ? There are, as we say, those who more or less distinctly affirm the opposite, and maintain that it is time to lay down arms. Let us see what reasons may be given for this doctrine of peace. We are sure, that, if the things which make for peace do at the same time make for righteousness, no one of us can for a moment withhold from them his assent.

1. We do not understand that the advocates of an immediate settlement of our difficulties would wish to plead in support of their views the fact, that the thing which we have undertaken proves to be difficult beyond our utmost expectations at the start. Right or wrong does not depend upon the measure of difficulty less or more. Of course, those who are engaged in a good work may be *compelled* to stop ; but then the account which they will give of the situation will be, not that they withheld the hand because they had changed their views of the merits of the case : they will say, on the contrary, that their good cause has suffered defeat. Very likely we should not have undertaken this war, had we foreseen what it was to cost ; and precisely this is true of every great enterprise : but the principle was and is the same, whether the lives to be sacrificed and the treasure to be expended must be reckoned by tens of thousands or by hundreds of thousands.

2. Again : the advocate of immediate peace will not desire to rest his cause upon any however well-founded charges of mistakes and misdemeanors on the part of those who have had most concern in the conduct of the war. In human affairs, the utmost that we can ask is that the end and the main direction and the ways and means be good : in the instruments we must look for much imperfection. We are ready to imagine that every great cause must needs have had its great actors, and that even the masses of men (by whom indeed the rough work is for the most part done) were high-

toned and heroic; but Providence uses in all times very coarse material for very nice work, and neither administrations nor armies will bear a very close scrutiny. We are not quite willing yet that the world should form its judgment even of Christianity by the doings of Christians. Blunders, neglects, extravagances, may prompt us to look for better agents; but they cannot affect our opinion of our work. We must come to something deeper and more real than these occasions for temporary discouragement.

3. And we presume that what will be and is said by those who do not favor this war runs substantially in this wise: It was good and right in the beginning, and all patriots were agreed in furthering it. Then it was almost purely defensive, — waged against those who sought to destroy our national existence, — waged under the Constitution and laws, to secure their supremacy, — undertaken to restore a condition of things about which no one could reasonably complain. If we had adhered to the original purpose, the contest would long ere this have been ended, and we should now have been in the enjoyment of the old order, with peace and returning prosperity. This object did not content us. Those who are most earnestly devoted to this thing do not hesitate now to declare, as they have hinted from the first, that to restore is not our purpose; that we seek by force of arms to carry our Northern civilization with its free institutions throughout the insurgent States, and so are pressing our philanthropy upon them at the point of the bayonet, — being ready to exterminate the whites for the sake of emancipating the blacks. To compass this object, so it is alleged, we are establishing a despotism instead of our republican government; effacing State lines, and disregarding State rights; impoverishing and decimating the land, and on the way to make our country a wilderness and a chaos, without law or liberty, — a mere congregation of foreigners and of freedmen; and all because we would hurry God, and finish in a day the work of a century, and employ carnal weapons in what should be a purely moral warfare. We are reminded that it is the characteristic of fanaticism to be ready to slay men for ideas; and that the

reign of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, became presently a reign of blood. And as to the solution of our practical problem, the objectors to the war seem to point to one or the other of two alternatives: we must either suffer the establishment by recognition of another nation within our borders, or we must seek for a reconstruction upon the basis of old compromises; and, if the former must be regarded as sufficiently humiliating, it is not more so than our folly has richly deserved; and by no means to be declined at the expense of further bloodshed and national demoralization. Our war, it is maintained, as at present waged, is the sin of the day, to be repented of and forsaken. We hope that we have fairly stated the views and aims of the peace-party. We are sure that we have no desire to do otherwise, and that none can be more painfully alive than ourselves to the horrors of a struggle which has been so frightfully destructive of human life.

And now let us say, that, with all due respect for those who are willing to make such great sacrifices for peace, we cannot accept their opinions or regard their way as promising to lead us to the end which we all desire. Let it be conceded, if you will, that to go into sovereign and sister States upon an armed crusade of philanthropy would be a fanaticism, whether under the auspices of a nation or under the leadership of an individual. With the exception of John Brown, and the few or many who sympathized with him, such a purpose has never been entertained in these Northern States. We might with almost as much propriety attempt to make Ireland independent, or the people of Great Britain autonomous, after the manner of the Athenian propagandists. We have done nothing of the sort. We maintain, that so far as our nation in its national action has been concerned, before the war began, and during its prosecution, the effort of the patriot and the lover of liberty has been to make the nation, as a nation, more and more truly a free nation; to nationalize freedom, and localize slavery; but this with all due regard to Constitution and law, and with no more interference on the part of individuals with State institutions in time of peace than was inevitable where one of these institutions offended

the moral sense and the Christianity of the age.* The lovers of freedom have sought to build up on this continent a nation free, strong, peaceable. They hoped that these United States, spite of the millions held to service in the midst of them, might be raised, in the good providence of God, into such a nationality. A few were impatient, because, as they affirmed, this work did not go forward, but rather backward; a very few — the merest handful — used hard words; a score at the most had gone so far as to take up arms. But the majority held to and even glorified old compromises; filled the streets of free cities with soldiers to watch over the restoration of runaway slaves; sought to compass their very moderate aims by free discussion and the ballot-boxes, by elections in which North and South alike took part. But when there seemed some very faint promise that the nation, as a nation, might one day become free, — free at least in its new Territories and its fresh growth, — the decree went forth from the friends and supporters of slavery, that it should be a nation no longer.

At the mouth of the cannon we were to learn that we were only a confederacy; that, since we would not allow slavery to rule in our councils, our life as a people must cease. That issue was made for us, and we accepted it. We determined to part neither with our freedom nor with our national existence; to be a people, and a free people; and break down for ever the power, which, not content with being tolerated, and allowed to decline, and die a natural death, insisted upon having dominion in the land, and shaping the destinies of our country. Substantially, essentially, with only such changes as changing times demand, this was, this is, our struggle. What we wish to secure by a war that has been thrust upon us, and which in all honorable ways we have sought to avoid, is a constitutional and Christian democracy strong enough to dwell in peace on this continent, and to be a refuge for oppressed

* "Do you reply, that, in many instances, they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities, they may have done so; but not by the sanction of Government: for that has always been true to Southern interests." — *Speech of A. H. Stephens in the Georgia Convention, January, 1861.*

humanity. In the marvellous providence of God, our armies find slavery in their path, — appointed unto death; our destiny has come to be bound up with the destiny of the bondman; our triumph means his emancipation; and we shall have no country again, until he, the poor outcast and outlaw, shall have gained one. But will you say that this providential ordering stamps our cause as a fanaticism? Does it not rather lift it above common struggles into the region of the ideal, and make that a sacred war which had otherwise been no better than a most justifiable quarrel? We cannot, therefore, subscribe to their judgment who call it a sin to continue this war; because, if it should come to an end now, we should have failed in our purpose; we should have sustained defeat. Nothing short of positive, complete, admitted military success can make us a free and peaceful nation, and insure the development of our national ideal.

It is just as indispensable that we should be conquerors as that the warden should be absolute master in our State prison-house. To stop short of this would only be to enter upon an armistice, and not upon peace. The national like the individual life must sometimes be defended by force; and, if your assailant is bent upon your destruction, does he not compel you to choose between your own death and his death? and, if he must perish, is not his blood upon his own head?

The question is, not whether the work of emancipation shall go on more or less rapidly, but whether the nation known amongst the nations as the United States of America shall be suffered to develop in peace and success its national ideal of a free democracy, and command, instead of being commanded by, the slaveholding oligarchy. No drawn battle, followed by recognition or by compromises, will settle this question of the mastery, otherwise than against the nation and the nation's ideas. Nothing will serve but that we should have things all our own way: then will come the solemn responsibility not to abuse our power; and for that, like other governments, we must answer to God and to the people. And God be thanked that what the selfishness and violence of man would not suffer to be accomplished by peaceful methods,

under the forms of law, through the conflicts of parties, and by the force of public opinion, and only after the lapse of generations, will now be reached, as it were, in a day, though at a fearful cost! God be thanked, that, with the return of peace, our reproach amongst the nations will have come to an end, and the cry of the slave rise no more to Heaven against us!

And so we count it no sin that our nation is at war to-day. We cannot allow that our noble young men have perished, or are perishing, in a foolish or wicked strife. It is not on our part an inhuman war, but a war for the noblest interests of humanity. How does it stand out in honorable contrast with our own Mexican invasion, with the English war in India, with the late contests in which England, France, Russia, and Austria have been engaged! As our Secretary of the Treasury justly says, "It is the people's war, — their struggle to be a people, and a free people." They are to be congratulated who have been able to rise to the height of this great argument, and have suffered in any way to promote this work. If it is right to stop now, it was wrong ever to have begun. If the last steps as well as the first must be costly, it is none the less true that we shall not get home without them. Not in anger, not in the spirit of party, not for revenge, do we hold out, but because we can no other. We have no desire to inflict any suffering upon the authors of this great public crime, save so far as the public safety, and the claims of those whom they have impoverished, may require. We are left to choose between success and utter national demoralization: can we hesitate for what we should speak and pray? Sometimes the signs of the times are encouraging, and sometimes they are quite otherwise: but right is right, and God is God, all the while; and for ourselves we do not mean to cry, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. E.

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough. —
Carlyle.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIII. — AT MORNING.

BRICH AN DU SCHÖNES TAGESLICHT.

BREAK forth, thou beauteous light of day!
 Appear in all thy purple splendor!
 To Him, the fount of every ray,
 My tribute I will with thee render.
 Yea, Lord! Lift all my soul and sense,
 To praise thy bright beneficence.

Thou hast, with loving hand to guide,
 Protected me in need and sorrows;
 All danger softly turned aside,
 And borne me through to many morrows.
 For guardian care through this night's shade,
 Be humble thanks devoutly paid.

Now light in me the flame anew —
 The life awaking — spirit firing;
 That I the right path may pursue
 To highest life and truth aspiring;
 Not halting in myself alone,
 But — Christ within me — on and on.

Grant, Thou who all things in us dost,
 Awakened faith's serene enjoyment;
 That, through the steady power of Trust,
 I may fulfil thy high employment:
 Then shall my love-enkindled heart
 Share, weal or woe, my neighbor's part.

I aim, O Lord! at no high state:
 Adopt me; that alone can raise me.

And wealth I cannot richly rate :
 'Tis Christ alone supplies and stays me.
 But dwell thy Spirit in my breast,
 And I can well forego the rest.

My Father ! I myself resign
 This day anew to thy good pleasure.
 Oh ! graciously my heart incline
 My steps in thy true fear to measure.
 Let all my works in Thee proceed ;
 Thy name be hallowed in my deed.

N. L. F.

A WOMAN'S PROTEST.

I AM a woman, — not one of the clarion-voiced, whose stirring tones can startle and inspire a throng like the trumpet's call, bidding them arise, and gird them for the battle ; not one of the tuneful ones, whose "silver-treble laughter," or wailing like an Æolian harp, can gladden or melt the hearts of all who listen.

And so, as my voice is neither strong nor sweet, and more fit for quiet talking than for shouting or singing, I have not lifted it hitherto in speech addressed to all who will listen. But now a voice within me says, "Cry !" and there is no need to ask, "What shall I cry ?" for the word waits for utterance, and will be spoken with all the strength I can command.

The moral atmosphere, like the physical, would stagnate without agitation : so we have now and then the tempest, daily the gentle breezes. Let those who cannot smite the air of a whole region clear with the fiery scourge of the lightning and the shock of thunder be content to blow their little breezes among the other zephyrs.

I am a woman, and I protest. I would that the voice of my remonstrance could reach you all, my country-women, —

young women especially! I speak as one of you; for I have not lived so long as to deem myself quite beyond your ranks.

I protest against our social position even here, in this noblest of all lands, where we have more generous consideration, and a larger measure of justice too, than our sisters anywhere on the face of the earth.

Yes, if there were no other reason why we, her daughters, should love and honor our land with all our hearts, should serve her with our best endeavors, and count no sacrifice too costly that may help to save her in this hour of deadly peril,—if she had but this one claim upon us, instead of so many, it would be enough, that here, in the free North, above all other places on earth, woman's physical weakness is recognized as a reason why man should courteously protect, and not rudely trample her down; and her difference from him in mental constitution is seen, at least by some, to be the proof, that, in all the affairs of life, he needs to have the elements wanting in himself supplied by her.

So much I must say, lest any should think I undervalue my land and nation.

When we examine the cause of a great social wrong, we generally find it arises not so much from the deliberate wickedness of certain members of society, or a certain class, as from unfortunate circumstances, the result of some wrong of past times that has been only partially righted. Turning up the furrows to-day, in hopes to sow good seed, we break our ploughshare against the buried ruins of the old feudal castle that once stood upon this very site,—the stronghold, often, of oppression and evil, yet sheltering, just at that time, a rude government that was better than complete anarchy.

Our blood boils up now and then as we hear of practices that seem like a deliberate outrage upon humanity; but, looking calmly beneath the surface, we may see that *more people* are to blame than we thought, and no one *so much* to blame as we supposed at first.

I protest, then, with all my strength, against the position of entire or partial dependence upon others for their support

in which the majority of young women are placed, and allow themselves to remain.

Much as the field of woman's activity has been enlarged of late, it is certainly true, at this day, that except among the very poorest classes, mostly foreigners, those young women of twenty and over, who are entirely self-supporting, are a minority, perhaps a small one.

Parents provide their *sons* with means of self-support, — never think, unless their wealth is very great or the case very peculiar, of letting a boy grow to manhood without some trade or profession; but ordinarily, when they have an income sufficient to meet their family expenses from year to year, their daughters are expected to be young ladies of leisure at home.

Where the parents can leave each of their daughters an independent fortune, this is not so very imprudent: still it is wrong. No human being's life ought to be without purpose, without steady employment. In ordinary cases, having nothing in particular that one feels obliged to do, results in *doing* nothing in particular a great part of the time. But no one can endure life without *some object*; and, where no worthy one is presented, a frivolous one is often adopted by the inexperienced or unthinking. The girl, condemned to a purposeless life, makes mere excitement her purpose; devotes her energies to dress, fashionable nothings, entrapping admirers, flirtations, and getting a husband.

Many a seemingly frivolous flirt, after her marriage, settles down into a matron worthy of and commanding respect. People say she has "sown her wild oats," "outlived her folly," &c.; but the proper statement of the case would often be, that she had no good seed to sow before, and chose folly for her companion, because wisdom was put far off from her.

But such a youthful experience can never be *good* for any woman, though she may learn in after-years to profit by her own mistakes; and the sorest evil is likely to be an error that may taint or ruin her whole future life, — an unsuitable marriage, entered into thoughtlessly or recklessly, or perhaps

still worse, from the need the girl feels of "being supported," in future, in a style equal to that in which she was brought up. If she is so fortunate as to escape this snare, probably all the latent good in her nature will develop under the calls upon a wife and mother; but how many neglected families, husbands driven to any refuge from the comfortless lodging-house that *ought to be* a home, and children left to the care or neglect of hirelings, are the miserable result of such mistakes at the beginning of life!

There is another evil, a very bitter wrong, growing out of this same false position in which young women are placed; and oh for the pen of a Browning, the tragic power of a Siddons, to protest against this terrible injustice!—to tell the heart-breaking story of thousands of toiling women; of mothers dying inch by inch; of incessant, exhausting labor; giving their lives a daily price for the bare means of daily subsistence to their little ones, and feeling all the while that the silver cord is loosening day by day; that soon they must sink under their cruel bondage, and leave those little ones to an unknown fate; of maidens struggling for themselves, perhaps for a sick mother, or helpless little brothers and sisters, to keep gaunt famine from the door of their miserable shelter,—working desperately from early morning to midnight, while the heart is dying slowly within as the body wastes without.

Oh! it is cruel, wicked, in a Christian land,—

"That bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

He that wrote these words only shadowed forth the slow murder that is going on this very year in our own land under many a ruinous roof that the "stars shine through."

For many of these women, there is one way of escape from this slavery. Escape! Yes: it is as if one walking toilsomely along the edge of a volcano's crater, scorched by the heat, and half stifled by the sulphureous stench, should escape from his perilous place by throwing himself *into* the seething sea of lava.

Young women of this land, who are safely sheltered in

happy homes, *do you know* what that way is? can you imagine? A woman does not like to name it; but, depend upon it, of all our wretched sisters who plunge into that awful gulf of perdition, for one who is drawn thither by the curse of inherited tendency, many are driven by want and despair.

Young women of this land, I appeal to you in this matter; for—you will be startled when I say it—*many of you* are unwittingly helping to drive new victims to this appalling doom. Yes, you, Lucy and Carrie and Jennie; you, Roxy and Hetty,—whose eyes grow dim with pity as you half realize those dismal lives, whose blood curdles as you dimly guess a tithe of the horrors of that living death,—*you* are helping to rivet the chains on these suffering sisters! Oh that some strong-voiced angel could proclaim it through the length and breadth of the land! You would rise with one accord, and say, “This shall not be!” and it *would not be* thenceforth.

You have it in your own hands. Only steadfastly refuse to lower the price of woman's labor by doing it at unfair rates. Always, when you think of engaging in any work by which women must earn a living, ask yourselves, “Could a woman, who had *herself to support*, do so by this work at this price?” And do not be satisfied if you find that she could, by toiling without pause ten or twelve hours a day, barely earn a decent support for the time; for no one ought to live so. No woman should be compelled to buy the present by pawning the future,—to destroy her vitality, undermine her constitution, and lose her power to work in coming years, for the sake of barely living this year.

The grand difficulty is, that the girl who has a home does not feel that it is her duty to support herself, nor do her parents expect it of her. But perhaps father cannot allow her quite as much spending-money as she wants; perhaps, even, he cannot clothe her at all. She wants fashionable millinery, silk dresses, expensive trimmings; and for these she must work.

In her eagerness to get employment, then, she consents to do the work far below the fair price. If she sews, for instance, she will do it at a rate, which, while it may provide

her with all she wants without excessive toil, would not afford a bare subsistence to one who had to really get her living by it.

Or she teaches, perhaps, or goes to tend in a store, or to run a sewing-machine, for a mere pittance. It does not bear hard upon *her*; she can *afford* it: but she does not consider that it tends to lower the price of such labor to starvation rates, and, by just such labor, multitudes of women must earn their daily bread.

Now, it is in vain to cry out in these cases against the cruelty and rapacity of employers. As long as there are many women who will take, and even solicit, shirts to make by hand at ten cents apiece, business-men will give them out at that price, and will hardly feel disposed to give more.

At least one effective remedy is for the hosts of women, who do not really live by their needles, to withdraw their support from this system of oppression, and steadfastly refuse to do any such work, except at prices that would give a fair support to one who had no other means of living. If they would only withdraw their competition for a few months, and leave the business wholly in the hands of the poor needle-women, the demand for the labor of these would be greatly increased, prices would rise, and then these very amateur workers, if they may be so called, might return to the field with profit, and earn all they do now with only half or one-third of the labor.

Depend upon it, there is sewing enough done in the country comfortably to support, if only decent prices were given for it, all who now depend upon it, and many more. And yet even now, when all the necessities of life are growing dearer, the prices of this kind of labor seem to be really going down, because this unwise and short-sighted competition increases from month to month, as more women see the necessity of earning "a little something" to meet increasing expenses.

Sewing is considered eminently "women's work;" but in other kinds of labor, in which both sexes engage, women are very inadequately paid.

I know the argument which will be put forth at once. "Man's labor," as I read in one of the daily papers some time since, "brings more than woman's, because it is intrinsically worth more." True in some cases, sir, but in others *false*, if the concurrent testimony of many witnesses and the logic of facts is worth any thing against your somewhat arrogant assumption.

Man's labor is "worth more" in cases where physical strength and power of endurance are needed, and in occupations, too, which require intense concentration of power in any one organ. I think a female watch-maker is rare, if not unknown; and it is said that women do not succeed in making mathematical and astronomical instruments. Their nervous system is too delicate to bear such tension. Such control over eye and hand can only be exercised by the tougher organism of man; but in that which requires tact, quickness of perception, versatility, and the fine instinct that sees, or rather apprehends, the right thing to be done at the right time, and often, too, in that which demands patience, women are, in general, superior to men.

In teaching and the management of children, the voice of those friends of education who have given most attention to the subject, declares, by a large majority, their greater fitness for the work. The testimony from widely different quarters is, that most schools, particularly those for young children, are better taught and better governed by women than by men. By way of illustration here, I cannot help telling the story of a girl of nineteen, who went into a certain high-school in this State to assist, at a salary about one-third that of the principal, perhaps less. She taught some eighteen classes, including those in Latin and Greek; and did, so far as I could discover, all that was done toward keeping order in that school, while the principal confined himself to teaching mathematics, leaving a class or two in that to her.

Since quitting this attractive situation, she has reviewed the books of a certain business firm, which had become a tangled thicket of confusion through the long neglect of the nominal book-keeper, and now does the work he failed to do. Whether

the firm aforesaid pays her as much for keeping its books as it did her predecessor for confusing them, I cannot tell ; but I think no one will presume to deny that her work is "intrinsically worth" at least as much as his, or that of her former associate.

Many a time it has been said by school-committees, "This young lady succeeds much better in this school than the young men we have employed in previous winters ; and it is so much cheaper, that we can afford to have a longer school."

This is gross injustice ; and there are *some men*, to their honor be it spoken, who see and feel, and do not hesitate to proclaim, it as such. In proof, I quote a passage from a speech made at a public gathering this summer by the present Secretary of the Board of Education. There may be some very slight variation in the words, as I quote from memory ; but all who heard him will bear testimony that I report his meaning truthfully : —

"We have heard to-day, sir, that female teachers are employed in the public schools of Boston at a saving of many thousand dollars to the city. Sir, it made my cheeks burn to hear it. Out of whom is that money saved ? Out of the girls that teach in our schools ! Sir, it is a disgrace to the city !"

But the truth is, to return to the newspaper quotation mentioned above, that the market-price of a thing is not determined by its "intrinsic worth," but by the relation between supply and demand. Are strawberries and green pease really worth any more as articles of food when they first come than three weeks after ? The later ones are quite as likely to be fresh and quite ripe, and therefore may be more wholesome, have more "intrinsic worth," than the first ; but these bring fancy prices because the supply is small.

It is so with every thing ; and women's work is underpaid because there are so many women, who, in their eagerness to get a little money, when they do not need much, will consent to work under a fair price.

The fact that I am a widow, with two small children dependent upon me, does not make my work as book-keeper

worth any more to the firm of X Y Z and Co. than that of young Mr. Leoline Reckoner, who has no one but himself to provide for ; but it certainly does not make it worth any less. Provided I keep the books as well as he, there is no reason why they should not pay a thousand a year to me as well as to him. They would do so, no doubt ; but when they find Miss Celestina Castwell, who can do it as well as either of us, ready and anxious to engage in it at six hundred a year (for she only needs to clothe herself), you cannot much blame them if they take her in preference to either of us. It would be very noble, it is true, if these gentlemen would inquire which of us three needs work most, and give the place to that one at the best price ; but I fear the business firm that would do that, or think of it, would be as great a wonder as the bearded lady who exhibited her remarkable hirsute appendage in Boston a few years ago to all who were curious enough to pay the tariff of admission.

Again : if my scholars in music advance as fast, and get as thorough a knowledge of it, as those of Herr Hauptmann, my teaching is as well worth twenty-five dollars a term as his ; but if Miss Cleopatra Warbler, teaching as well as either of us, asks only fifteen, how can I hope to get even twenty ?

Perhaps Miss Warbler is dependent on her own exertions ; and, in that case, she, like me, must take the current price for women's teaching ; but that price is low, because so many girls who want to earn a little will put their price down in order to secure some pupils.

There is great need that all women should feel, that, in this matter, they have the cause of their own sex in their own hands. If they would not work under price, though it would take some time to accomplish it, they might, at last, command the same wages as men for the *same* work ; and it would be far better for men too, as justice to all is always, in the end, best for all.

Year by year, women are taking, more and more frequently, the places that men have been accustomed to fill. If it were a recognized principle that the wages given must be proportioned to the quantity and quality of work done, men would

be in no danger from woman's competition, except where her performance was equal or superior to their own ; but let it be understood that a woman will do a man's work at half his wages, and there are so many people who think the cheaper thing necessarily the more economical, and who would rather have their work done at a reduced price, even if it is not done quite so well, that often the male employee will be crowded out wherever a female one can be coaxed in. And suppose, young man, that a girl can do only two-thirds of your work : most people will rather pay three girls five hundred a year each than two young men each a thousand a year. Truly, the cause of justice is your cause as well as ours.

The day will come, I do not doubt, when this great wrong will be righted ; but I fear it will not come until women generally feel, that so long as they have no household to care for, no home duties sufficient to occupy their time and keep their minds active, they ought to have some steady occupation. If they have independent fortunes, there are works of charity sufficient to provide a wide field for their energies, and walks of science and literature open to them, and social movements that need the time and thought of wise and kindly women. There is no need that any laborer should stand idle in the Lord's vineyard. If not, their work should be sufficiently remunerative to support them at least (or at a rate that *would* support them if they devoted themselves to it), if not to enable them to accumulate. They should feel that it is a disgrace, while they have health, to be dependent upon their parents even for a home. They should consider, that, like their brothers, they can rightfully claim a preparation for the work of life, an education more or less extended according to their parents' means ; and, that preparation accomplished, the work ought to begin.

In many cases, one or more of the daughters will be needed at home, — perhaps to assist in the care of the family, perhaps to relieve an infirm parent entirely of that care. A daughter thus employed is in no sense dependent. While discharging this holy duty, she fully earns her support. Nor can a married woman, with the care of a family, be rightfully

expected to assist in earning their living. Often, if hard necessity compels her to do so, she must omit some sweet and sacred duties in consequence.

It is the husband's part to provide the means of support; the wife's, to apply them. If she does this judiciously, she is no more dependent upon him than he upon her. Indeed, she may make, out of very humble means, what all the wealth of a millionaire would never buy, — *a true home* for him and his children.

Is the day far off, when all these things will be accomplished? Perhaps so; but this is no time for desponding. There is no need to complain that the world is growing worse, when so evidently —

“God's day is marching on.”

That day, now coming with giant strides, is the day of triumph for the right; and we are faithless indeed if we doubt that justice will prevail. But it has been wisely said, —

“Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart.”

Let every woman, therefore, strive thoughtfully to do something towards lifting this yoke which is crushing thousands down to physical death, and hundreds to a fate we cannot think of without unutterable horror.

The cause of womanhood is every woman's, every man's cause; and those who neglect now to help their suffering sisters may be mixing bitterness in the cup of life their own daughters shall one day drink.

Sisters, I have spoken. Strong women had said these things before, and far better; and many will say them in the future, I trust, and in words of power.

O ye to whom the commanding or entreating voice has been given! I entreat you, by all the misery and all the crime this evil has caused, — a fearful catalogue that none but the Omniscient Eye can read, — “cry aloud, and spare not,” until the right shall triumph.

L.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF CHRIST'S NATURE, VIEWED
IN CONNECTION WITH THE DIVINE.

It is impossible for a full-grown man to impart unto a little child all his knowledge or his experience. He cannot reveal these to the child. No words can possibly convey to the child's mind an adequate conception of them. He may tell the child, in language the simplest that can be employed, all the wonders of geological, astronomical, physiological, and chemical science; he may give utterance to his own highest conceptions of moral truth and duty, of humanity and of God; he may tell the child of his deep religious experiences, of his states of mental darkness and anguish, of the fearful assaults he has suffered from evil spirits, and the inward agony consequent thereupon, and the sweet and serene peace that bathed his soul, as with God's own sunshine, when those combats ended, — he may *tell* the little child all this, and what will the child really understand or know about it? What, after all, have you revealed to that child of your higher knowledge and deeper religious experiences? Nothing; literally nothing. Nor is it in your power, nor in the power of human language, to reveal to that child your higher mental operations or spiritual states. You cannot reveal yourself to him as you really are in your own interior being, — in your advanced intellectual and moral nature. And the simple reason is, because the child is unable to receive such revelation. He can form no conception of the mental state which you describe. Your words fall dead and meaningless upon his ears, because there is nothing within him to interpret their meaning. The receptacles for such knowledge are not yet opened. The attempt, therefore, to impart it, would be like attempting to teach the beasts of the field, or the birds of the air, intellectual or moral philosophy; or it would be like chanting sweet melodies in the ears of the deaf, or presenting beautiful pictures to the eyes of the blind. You can reveal to the child only so much of yourself as it is in a state to comprehend. If you would reveal to it your

love and wisdom, you must bring that love and wisdom down to its state of comprehension. You must meet the child on its own plane. You must adapt yourself to its wants and feelings and infantile capacities. You must enter, not coldly, but warmly, feelingly, sympathetically, into its little plans and pastimes. You must soothe it in its sorrows. You must help it out of its difficulties. You must assist it in getting control of even its own hands and feet. Its fears are very many, very weak, — to you, no doubt, very foolish. You must help it to overcome them, with much kindness and tenderness and patience. As yet, it has almost no understanding. Therefore it can receive but little instruction, and this chiefly through the medium of its five senses, and concerning the external world, — the objects of sense immediately around it.

Now, if you perfectly understand this infantile state; if you know exactly all the little child's weaknesses and wants, and woes and fears, as well as its feeble capacities, — then you can adapt yourself perfectly to its needs. You can come down to its feeble state; you can sympathize with it in that state. You can enter into its thoughts and feelings; you can instruct and inspire it; you can lift it up and strengthen it, and lead it along, little by little, to the state of mature and robust manhood. But how could you do this, how could you have the requisite knowledge of the little child's weaknesses and wants, if you had not once been a little child yourself? You remember how you felt and thought, and sorrowed and feared, when you were of that feeble age; and therefore you can understand and sympathize with the child. You have yourself been in, and had experience of, the same infantile period as that in which he now is. You have passed through the very states that he is passing through, — all the states of childhood, from infancy to mature years. And, if your memory of those states were more exact and perfect than it is, you would be able to come still nearer to the child; to enter more fully, and with more entire sympathy, into all its states; and so be to it a wiser counsellor, a better friend, a more efficient guide and helper.

Now, this may serve to illustrate, in some measure, the importance and use of the Divine Incarnation. In respect to Jehovah God, all mankind are as little children,—very little, very frail, very ignorant, and of very feeble understanding. God cannot—never could—reveal himself unto men as he is in his own infinite perfections; for men are incapable of receiving such a revelation. And, where a revelation is not received or understood, nothing is really revealed: relatively regarded, it is no revelation. And what can finite minds understand of absolute Divinity? How can the finite comprehend the Infinite? To see or know God as he is in his own infinity, we must ourselves be infinite. Our finite capacities, by the very fact that they are finite, limit us, hem us in, and render our comprehension of God in his essential Divinity absolutely impossible. They who imagine that they can grasp Infinity, that they can know God as he is in his infinite and divine perfections, greatly deceive themselves. Such power is not vouchsafed to men or angels. The possession of it would imply both divinity and infinity in the possessor. Only the Infinite can see or comprehend the Infinite. Therefore the Scripture saith, “No one hath seen God [the absolute Divinity] at any time: the only-begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath brought him forth to view.” The infinite God descends, and reveals himself (as far as that can be done to finite minds) under a finite, human form. Divinity comes down, and speaks and acts, and prays and labors, and agonizes and suffers, and so reveals itself in humanity,—the Divine in the human, the Father in the Son; and this in infinite condescension to our human wants and finite capacities. It is something like what a great nobleman does, whose wisdom is immeasurably beyond the comprehension of a little child, but who, nevertheless, comes down to its infantile state; accommodates himself to its feeble capacities; renders himself approachable, comprehensible, helpful, and lovable to the child, in and through the medium of his body, or the gifts he bestows, and the feelings he expresses, and the things he does for the child, through the body’s instrumentality. In

this way, and in no other, can the great man reveal himself to the little child.

It is, as I have said, in condescension to our human wants, as well as our finite capacities, that God has revealed himself in Christ, — the Divine in the human. For in what capacity do we most need to know God? Not as Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the material universe, but as our spiritual Illuminator, Regenerator, and Saviour. True, the pious mind sees God in the outward world. The visible universe proclaims his presence. We see him in the grandeur of woods and mountains; of seas and cataracts; in the twinkling orbs that span immensity; in the glory of the night, and the matchless splendors of the morning; in the opening flowers of spring, and the golden fruits of autumn; in the beautiful procession of the seasons, and the wild magnificence of the storm. But here we see him only in his vastness, his grandeur, his wisdom, and his might. We behold him in a form that fills us with reverence and awe. We are overwhelmed and lost amid these manifestations of his greatness. Yet we behold not here the God that is suited to our human needs: it is a God far off, and not graciously near to our souls. Not here do we see him in any intimate and tender relation to humanity. Not here, in all the beauty and magnificence of the outward world, — in the awful grandeur of the ocean or the storm, — not here do we behold him ministering to our souls' deep wants. Not here do we see him living for us, laboring for us, suffering for us, working out a glorious redemption for us, — revealing that sweet and tender humanity which is our solace and our hope, and is to be our heaven, our joy, our crown of rejoicing.

But, in Jesus Christ, God is revealed to us in a form suited at once to our finite capacities and our spiritual wants. Here we behold him in the most intimate relation to humanity; clothed in our frail and finite human; himself a man among men; yet, as to his internal, the supreme and only God. Here we behold him in a form that we can approach and understand, and that our affections can lay hold of. Here we see him living and acting in our human conditions and

relations, — “God manifest in the flesh,” — feeling as we feel, tempted as we are tempted, suffering as we suffer, and triumphing over death and hell, as we, through his aid, hope to triumph. We see him born of a woman, as we were born; clothed in a frail body, like our own; passing through the various states, from infancy to manhood, as we have to pass. And then we see him consecrating his life to deeds of mercy; forgetful of himself, and thoughtful only of others; not anxious to be served, but only to serve; going about doing good; healing the sick; befriending the friendless; feeding the hungry; strengthening the weak; compassionating the poor; sympathizing with the sorrowing; comforting the mourners; and helping all who needed and were willing to receive his help. We see him meek and gentle under persecution; patient and resigned in suffering; forbearing when assailed with bitterest taunts; the constant friend of truth and right; the uncompromising foe of hypocrisy and wrong; loving and forgiving towards his enemies; and, with his last expiring breath, giving utterance to that ever-memorable prayer for his murderers, — “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”

This is the way God lived when he subjected himself to our human conditions and relations. This is the way he felt and thought, and spoke and acted, and suffered and forgave, here in this ultimate or lowest sphere. This is the way he bore himself, down on that low plane of human existence where we are now living and struggling. It was always love speaking, love acting, love suffering. Christ was the visible embodiment of Divine Love here below. He was God come down to earth; God subjected to our earthly conditions and limitations; God brought into states of sorrow and suffering and fierce temptation; God clothed with a humanity like our own, frail, imperfect, prone to all kinds of evil. And here is just where we, as weak, suffering, sinful creatures, most need to know God. We need to know him in his humanity: that is, we need to know what he would do if placed in our circumstances, invested with our frail and finite nature; made to feel the fire of evil passions,

and the cravings of selfish and worldly loves; subjected like ourselves to the malignant assaults and the fierce and terrible goadings of infernal spirits. And in Christ Jesus he has shown us just what he would do, just what he has done, the very thing we so much need. Here we see the true God, not as he is in his own infinity and absolute divinity, — for in this he is unapproachable and incomprehensible by finite minds, — but in his sweet and tender and beautiful, yea, his divine, humanity. Here we see him in a form adapted to our finite capacities; in a form that is approachable and comprehensible by us. Here we see him weeping, sorrowing, praying, suffering, tempted, struggling, like ourselves, but never sinning. Here, therefore, our God is brought graciously near to us; yea, is brought into closest sympathy with us, and we are brought into closest sympathy with him. He is able to be “touched with the feelings of our infirmities,” because, as saith the Prophet Isaiah, “he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.”

Nor is this all. While God was coming into closer sympathy with humanity, by living, doing, and suffering as he did in the flesh; while he was displaying his infinite love and compassion down on the lowest plane of human life, ministering to the bodily wants and infirmities of those around him, working miracles of mercy and of healing in the natural sphere, — he was, at the same time, performing still greater miracles in the sphere above nature; was doing deeds of mercy still more wondrous in the spiritual realm. He was cleansing his assumed humanity (which was, by inheritance, prone to all sorts of evil) from all its corrupt inclinations and earth-born tendencies. He was eradicating from that humanity every germ of selfishness, purging it from every hereditary taint of evil. In his assumed humanity were wrapped up all the principles and tendencies of universal humanity. Therefore he was able to touch the hells at all points. He came into conflict with every class of infernal spirits, and had experience of all their craft and subtlety and dire malignity; and, through his own wisdom and omnipotence, he subdued them all, and reduced even the hells to

a state of order unknown in that dark realm before. As saith the Prophet Isaiah, "Therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness, it sustained him."

And while he was subduing the hells, and purging his assumed humanity of all its evil hereditary taints, he was at the same time filling and permeating that humanity with his own divinity. In this way, he successively put off all that was frail and finite pertaining to his assumed humanity, and put on that which was infinite and perfect. He imbued that humanity with his own divine life. He exalted it to a perfect oneness with the Divinity. He made it a divine humanity; that is, a humanity endued with all divine powers and attributes. Therefore he saith, "As the Father [the Divinity] hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son [the humanity] to have life in himself." "I and the Father are one."

And, by the assumption and glorification of our frail nature, God placed himself in a new relation to universal humanity. He could draw near unto all men as he could not before. He could impart unto them his renewing grace as he could not before. He could sympathize with them in their sorrows, he could strengthen them in their infirmities, he could shield them in temptation, and so could exert for them his redeeming love, as he could not before. From the hour that the sublime work of glorifying the human was accomplished, a new spiritual force became manifest among men; a new and divine energy began to pervade the moral universe; new light began to be diffused, and new life to pulsate, in the hearts of all men, especially those who looked to the Lord Jesus Christ in humble and confiding faith; and this, too, in fulfilment of divine promise. For Christ himself spake of the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, which he would send when he had left this world, but which could not be sent before. "It is expedient for you," says he to his disciples, "that I go away: for, if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but, if I depart, I will send him unto you." And again he says, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even

the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." "He will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment." "He will guide you into all truth." "He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." And still more emphatic and conclusive is the passage (John vii. 39) where it is written, "For the Holy Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified;" a declaration which proves that the procession of the Spirit was a consequence of the assumption and glorification of the humanity.

The Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, is the Infinite God brought down to our finite comprehension, and accommodated to our human wants. The all of that Divine Trinity, expressed in Scripture by the terms Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, is in him. This is the teaching of Paul, who declares that "in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." The whole of the Divine Trinity is in him, just as soul, body, and their co-operative energy, exist together in one man; or just as heat, light, and their proceeding operation, constitute one sun. But although all the fulness of the Divinity dwells in Christ, yet, as to the human side of his nature, he can be approached, comprehended, and loved, even by little children. A child can learn something about the Lord Jesus. He can see him in thought or imagination. He can be made to understand something of his sweet and tender humanity. His affections can be drawn out toward him by the simple recital of his deeds of compassion, his meekness, his gentleness, his forbearance, his unselfish love, his patience in suffering, and his unbounded forgiveness. And, in learning about Christ, the child is learning about God. He is acquiring a knowledge of God's real and unchangeable character. He is learning how God lived and acted and suffered when here below; and how he, too, must live and do and suffer, if he would grow to be like God. In learning to love Christ, he is learning to love God. And suppose it be only the external or natural humanity of the Saviour that the child learns about and loves, the knowledge is none the less important for all that. It is like his learning and loving the

Word in its literal sense. As this sense contains all the higher senses, so this knowledge and this love are the foundation and continent of that higher knowledge and purer love to be unfolded to the child in riper years.

And as the child advances toward maturity, and is able to comprehend more and more of true humanity, the Saviour's character in its higher and nobler elements unfolds to him with more and more clearness. And still later, when the sorrows and anxieties and responsibilities of life press heavily; when evil spirits assault him on his heavenward path, and at times extinguish in his moral firmament the light of the sun and the stars,—oh! then it is that this doctrine of the divine humanity, this knowledge of God in Christ, comes to him with a quickening and saving power. He sees in its clear light that there are no depths of spiritual suffering to which his soul can sink where Christ has not been before; that there is no darkness which his soul can know that is not known to Christ; that there are no states of temptation so agonizing that Christ hath not known a deeper agony; that there are no assaults from hell so fierce that Christ hath not experienced fiercer. And seeing and knowing all this, and realizing that in and of himself he has no power to resist the assaults of evil spirits, but that the divine in the human—the glorified Saviour—hath all power in heaven and on earth, he looks to him, and prays to him, and confides in him, and so receives from him the succor that he needs.

And so, through all our journey from the cradle to the grave, divinity in humanity,—God in Christ,—God invested with our frail nature; God living and laboring and suffering here below; God as Redeemer, Regenerator, and Saviour; the very embodiment here on earth of all human and all divine excellence; God in a form approachable and comprehensible by finite minds; God able to come to us in and through the medium of his divine humanity,—able to enlighten and quicken and strengthen us by his grace, and lead us upward in heavenly paths,—this is the God whom we need to know. This is the God exactly suited to our human weaknesses and human wants. And, throughout the ages of

eternity, the wondrous wealth of his redeeming love will continue to unfold more and more in accommodation to the advancing states of all his humble followers. To know this God, not theoretically or doctrinally merely, but in a real and living way, through experience of his renewing grace, — this is the highest kind of knowledge. To love him is an exercise of the sweetest and purest love. Rightly to worship him is the noblest of all employments. B.

TRUE BLESSEDNESS.

COULD we but feel that blessings lost
 Are blessings doubly given, —
 So sweetly smiling on us here,
 Then taking flight for heaven, —

To teach our hearts the calm that flows
 From meekly yielding all,
 To lure us on our upward way
 By love's persuasive call ;

Could we but see the gentle hand
 That deals the sternest blow,
 And mingles in our cup of joy
 The bitter drops of woe, —

Then strength and peace divine would spring
 From keenest agony ;
 And Grief's transfigured form would shine,
 A heavenly ministry. †

KNOWLEDGE of external things will not compensate my moral ignorance in a time of affliction ; but moral proficiency will always afford me consolation under the absence of external knowledge. — *Pascal*.

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S DREAM.*

IN the town of Convulsion, where I was born and bred many years ago, we enjoyed the ministrations of an excellent Orthodox divine, who, for many years, was the acceptable pastor of a flourishing people. I well remember the good old gentleman, with his kind face and nicely brushed coat, his pleasant greeting and friendly shake of the hand, with an especial grace for us young folks. We looked up to him, I can tell you: and the only fault the worst critics could find in him was, that he had no fault; and so they said, "There must be something awful covered up in him."

But the minister got to be old; and, one New-Year's sabbath, he told the people he had been settled with them forty years, and if all the couples he had married, with their children, should gather together, that church would not begin to hold them. "And alas!" added he in an altered tone, "if all those whose funeral rites I have performed should stand up before us, they would be no small congregation; and of what varied ages!—the white locks and bowed forms side by side with the ripe middle age, the full-blown flower of manhood and womanhood, the buds of childhood, and the babes in arms. What a company!" said he, seeming to see them before him. "But no: they are not as they were. The babe has developed, the bud has opened in a genial immortal bloom, and maturity and age have put on the garments of glory and perpetual youth."

The parson had a way of preaching as if he saw right before his eyes what he was talking about, not as picture, but in reality: and oh! I felt his prayers through all my bones; for he spoke to an actual presence in such a life-like way, that I almost shuddered, lest I were disembodied.

This seemed to be the parson's power with the people,—the actuality of what he talked about. Hell and heaven were

* This article, it will be perceived, comes from an Orthodox source, and was intended for Orthodox readers. "Convulsion," if our map is correct, lies in the vicinity of Boston. — Ed.

like something that were right at hand in the course of nature, — like day and night, sunshine and storm. He seemed to feel so for sinners; and he held up their doom as against God's wish, and by their own blind, obstinate choice, so that God's love seemed to be magnified, while his justice was vindicated. We had great revivals under his preaching, — love-revivals rather than fear-revivals; though the parson would sometimes make the flesh creep as he talked of the necessary doom of unrepented sin in the judgment to come.

Well, we always looked on the parson as a permanent thing. Age came on him so gradually, the change was never noticed: and when he told us, on that New-Year's sabbath, that his strength had given way, and that he felt the shades of night gathering, when no man can work; in fine, as he said, with choking voice, that he must lay down his staff of the pastoral office, — there was not a dry eye in the house. At first, the people would not hear to it. A meeting was held; and the people voted that the minister was as useful and acceptable as ever, and they could not bear a change.

When they communicated this vote to the minister, he said it had been hard for him to make up his mind to give up. He came to it slowly, and because of their good. For his part, he had rather die with the harness on.

"And that you shall," said Deacon Thomas. "What say you to a colleague? Come, you can't refuse to keep on with us."

The minister answered, that he must give up the leading and responsible charge with the salary: but, if they wanted him to be their pastor still, he would preach and visit occasionally; but they must get a new man to have the direction and charge. And this was the way they settled it.

We did not run a long gauntlet of candidates. We had had a good minister, and had grown up under him; and we supposed all ministers were just like him. So we took up with our first candidate, — a young man just launched in the ministry. Well, before he was settled, he cooed you softly as any sucking dove; but as soon as he was ordained, or "set over" us, as he called it, he took all on himself, and began

to turn things topsy-turvy. His authority was so high when he started, that the old parson was nowhere.

There had for forty years been a custom on Thanksgiving and Christmas and Fast Days for all the churches in town to give praise and thanks and make supplication unitedly. The young parson told the people he could not confuse his flock in this way. If his sect was right, all the others were wrong; and he would not countenance error by Christian fellowship. Folks were taken aback, and especially our meek old minister. After the meeting was over, he ventured to expostulate privately with his young colleague.

"On these public days," said he, "points of doctrinal difference do not come up. We can surely bow together to the same God, to offer together the same thanksgiving and supplication for the same blessings."

"Why not always meet together, and exchange pulpits with every Christian name, then?" demanded young parson.

"I should not exchange with ministers whose spiritual instruction would oppose and contradict the system of truth which the Holy Scriptures have led me to form," said the aged parson, "because confusion and division would result from ministers at cross-purposes; but, on occasions when no such variance can be expected to occur, it is good for fellow-Christians to meet together, exchange friendly greetings, and recognize the cardinal oneness of all believers in the Church invisible and universal. By this kindly course you get the ear of men; and perhaps they will come to test your preaching, and see whether it squares more closely with Scripture than what they are accustomed to. But, if you rub the nap up the wrong way, you set them against you and the doctrines you represent. 'This is not the love of Christ,' they will argue, 'which leads to narrowness, exclusiveness, and arrogance, and the assumption, I am holier than thou.'"

"A believer," said the young parson, "is one who believes the Bible, and the whole Bible; and that is our denomination alone."

"Minds are differently constituted," urged the elder, "and view the same things differently."

"If they view the truth of God," said the junior, "they do it by the Holy Spirit; and that will not teach one man one thing, and another another. It is God's work of grace according to the election of his will, and not man's work. I care not whether I make friends or enemies: man can do nothing against the Church, except what God makes him do. I hate all these modern issues that have crept into the churches."

The old parson did not like the spirit of this; and he labored, and prayed too, for the change of the young parson's purposes. His labor amounted to nothing; but his prayers, perhaps, were the cause of a wonderful dream the young parson had the night after his long talk with his senior colleague.

He dreamed that his final hour came, and he crossed the Jordan of death. On the opposite bank were many newcomers like himself. Some of them appeared uncertain which way to turn, and readily to fall in after the lead of a very officious and ill-looking individual in brimstone-colored livery, with lurid, sinister eyes. These filed off into a valley or cavern, and disappeared; but others, and among them the dreamer, fastened their gaze on the glorious city near at hand, with its high pearly gate and jewel-walls in plain sight. A crowd kept pressing toward it, whose progress was impeded by many returning applicants, who had "sought to enter in, and not been able."

The young parson could only approach very slowly, as the ground was gradually yielded by those in advance; and he continually encountered those who were pressed back with cast-down faces, as if their claims to admission had been considered and denied. Among these he was astonished to notice a polemic divine whom he had reckoned as one of the main pillars and defenders of exact Christian science. He could not repress his surprise, nor refrain from asking the disappointed doctor how it had fared with him. The latter only murmured in reply, —

"If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound."

After a while, he got so near the gate as to observe two angels clothed in white : one with a roll-call in his hand, from which he occasionally read a name ; and the other with a flaming two-edged sword, with which he kept back those whose names were not on the roll, and compelled them to turn to the left of the gate, and make room for the others. As they turned to the left from where this angel stood, their position was such, that, when the gate opened to admit one whose name was called, it swung against the place where they were. They were thus effectually excluded, while they were so near that they could see through the bars of pearl, and look into the city. The sentinel angel appeared to be kind and communicative, while unflinching in the discharge of his duty. He readily answered questions put to him.

In looking into the city, the young parson noticed a venerable man with a white beard and glistening attire. He seemed to combine the wisdom of age with the vigor of youth.

"Who is that man, if I may ask?" said he to the sentinel angel.

"That is Socrates," was the reply.

"Socrates! Why, he was a Heathen."

"No," said the angel: "he was a Christian."

"How can that be, I pray? He never heard of Christ."

"Does not the Scripture say, 'He is the true Light, that lighteth every man that is born into the world'? Christ was Socrates' light; and the philosopher believed in him, although he did not know his name or personality till he heard him say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"This is very strange to me," said the parson. "Those, then, in Christendom, who do not believe in Christ, may yet be saved, if they follow the light within them; that is, reason or conscience?"

"One of your poets has written," replied the angel, "'There are many things, Horatio, which are not in your philosophy.' However, this you speak of is not among them."

If Christ, the light within, be accepted, it is certain that Christ in person, revealed in the gospel, will not be rejected. Those to whom he has been presented, who still reject him, do not believe in the light of Christ conscience-born within, but some *ignis fatuus* of presumption and self-conceit."

"Ah! that is it; just as I thought," said the young parson. "In Christendom, certainly, only believers in Christ can be saved. But how is this? — what man is that I see in the city? He looks for all the world like a heterodox minister whose church I went to as a boy."

"Right; he is such."

"But he denied the divinity of Christ."

"How do you make that out?" asked the angel. "The good man taught, that in Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He recognized him as his Saviour."

"But he did not think that he was God."

"He gave ear to him as the word of God, and he was born into Christ's kingdom. His errors, which have been disclosed to him in the light of eternity, have been excused, because originating in a re-action from contrary errors."

"Pray, what contrary errors?"

"Why, the insisting, as Christian teachers have done, on reducing the Godhead to scientific system and formula. It cannot be so reduced."

"What! not by Orthodoxy?"

"No: you theologians have made a wretched failure in attempting to reduce the Infinite Divine to the compass of certain self-contradicting propositions."

"But what shall we do to keep to the faith as first delivered to the saints?"

"Why, leave it just where they left it, and do not attempt to improve upon the word of God."

"But are we not nearer right than the Unitarians?"

"About the divine nature you are; though you appear, some of you, to lose sight of the distinct personality of God the Father and God the Son. But, on the other hand, you have not emphasized enough the Christian essence of right actions from right motives in every walk of life. Then your

Turkish fatalism, though you slur it over, and graft accountability and free-will upon it, yet makes many a man stumble. But it is not the doctrine that makes the test of admission here: it is the Christian heart of love."

"Ah!" suddenly exclaimed the young parson, who had kept his eye on the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem, — "ah! I see my mother there! Oh! do let me go in. She was Orthodox. She believed as I do. You certainly let us Orthodox in."

"Orthodoxy must be cardinal, not merely intellectual, to obtain admittance here," returned the angel. "Your mother believed *and loved*."

"And do I not love?" asked the young parson. "I know I loved my mother."

"Yes," said the angel sorrowfully; "but Christ has said, 'He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother.' You do not love, as you do your mother, those fellow-pilgrims who belong not to your own sect, who pronounce not your shibboleth; while they, some of them at least, still bear Christian fruits in their lives."

"That is because I think they are wrong, and let down Christ."

"Do you suppose He that is meek and lowly in spirit is captious about his rank as compared with his Father? and do you imagine, if a right opinion on this subject were essential, so many texts would have been left on the Bible-record which give color to views of Christ different from yours? Those of meek, converted, Christian spirit, who do his will, shall know of the doctrine correctly in eternity, even if they err in time. It is very easy here to correct intellectual mistakes; but, if the heart is not right, its probation is closed."

"But the Unitarian system is a mere negation: it embraces every variety of opinion. It proves itself, too, a languid, dying cause. I have opposed it for its practical effects, in unnerving Christian energy, depopulating the conference meeting, and restraining prayer. Unitarianism will never evangelize the world."

"Admitting Unitarianism to be a defective system, and par-

ticularly inefficient as a Christian agency, yet will you induce people to abandon it by quarrelling with them? No: that is the very way these systems originate, — in theological feuds, and divisions selfishly fomented by spiritual teachers. Men wholly in sin you do not expect to win to Christ by making angry: why pursue a different course with those erring in doctrine?"

"Still, I must preach the whole counsel of God."

"But you do not rightly understand that counsel, when you forget that God is love. Souls are to be won, not driven, from intellectual and moral error."

"Yet that counsel embraces threatenings."

"What saith the Scripture? 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we *persuade* men.' Besides, you must remember that you are a fallible man in interpreting God's counsel. To err is human; and you are neither wholly right, nor the others wholly wrong."

"Am I to understand that Christians of my way of thinking should amalgamate with Unitarians?"

"When your heart is very full of the love of Christ," said the angel, "you will not decline to bow down before God with any who do him homage. You will not indeed compromise your religious opinions. To give up truth, which belongs to God, and not to man, is sometimes called liberality; but, inasmuch as it gives away what does not belong to the donor, it is more like robbery. But the truth is to be preached in love. What you need is more love. It will warm your soul, and make it go forth in sunshine to all about you, — those out of Christ and those in Christ of every name. While it will not lead you to sacrifice your convictions, it will cause you to seek for something good and true in the sincere religious views of others, and to seek to gain and impart light."

"But may I not now enter that pearly gate? Can it be that my name is not on your roll?" asked the young minister tremblingly.

"Your record is not made up yet," answered the angel in a kind tone. "This is but a dream: look you well to its interpretation."

With these words of the angel still ringing in his ears, the young parson awoke. Having sought for guidance in prayer, he went to his senior colleague, and related to him his dream.

"I believe it was a vision of reality," said he.

"I think not," said his colleague. "It was only the working of your own mind in sleep, when the imagination has singular power, and the thoughts are illustrated by moving figures. While awake, your determined will kept out of sight, and made you unconscious of, those reasonings which have obtained audience in your sleep, and incited the imagination to these pictures. The mind does more, at times, asleep than awake. It is said that Newton solved some problems in sleep, which overmatched his waking thought."

"At any rate," said the young parson, "I am going to seek for this love of Christ the angel spoke of, till I find it."

"Amen!" said his colleague.

And the young parson bent all his soul in prayer to obtain this boon of fulness of love; and, after days and nights of supplication, it came upon him in a flood of warm, genial light. He afterwards shunned vain disputations. He sought to get Christ into the hearts of men, that the truth might work up thence into the head. He had a ready, helping hand in all moral enterprises, and refused not to bow before God in supplication and thanksgiving with all who called upon him in the name of Christ.

WHEN a man has done thee any wrong, immediately consider with what opinion about good or evil he has done wrong; for, when thou hast seen this, thou wilt pity him, and wilt neither wonder nor be angry. For either thou thyself thinkest the same thing to be good that he does, or another thing of the same kind. It is thy duty, then, to pardon him. But, if thou dost not think such things to be good or evil, thou wilt more readily be well-disposed to him who is in error.

CHRIST appeared under such obscurity (as the world esteems it), that historians, recording only important events of worldly policy, took scarcely any cognizance of him. — *Pascal*.

IN SICKNESS.

THE sabbath-bells ring out upon the air,
 Calling God's children to his house of prayer :
 Could I but rise, and go, and meet him there !

I hear the people pass along the street :
 Their rustling garments and their church-ward feet
 Make happy music, — murmurous, low, and sweet.

The breath of summer-flowers is in my room, —
 The scent of lilies, and the faint perfume
 Of crimson pinks, and roses all abloom ;

And through my open window comes a rush
 Of sudden music, — some melodious thrush
 Pouring his heart out in one happy gush !

But lovelier far than any bird of Spring,
 Sweeter than Summer's sweetest blossoming,
 Thy sacred altars, O my God and King !

Better one day thy holy courts within
 Than are a thousand spent in mirthful sin.
 Open His gates, that I may enter in !

Nay : these preventing bonds ; this lifted rod ;
 These long, long hours of anguish, leaden-shod !
 Let me be still, and know that thou art God.

Oh ! teach me — what so slow I am to learn —
 That where true spirits for thy presence yearn,
 There is thy temple, there thine altars burn.

Believing this, these narrow walls expand
 Into cathedral glory, vast and grand,
 With fretted dome, and arches overspanned.

Yet need I even these *fancied* signs of Thee ?
 Dear Lord ! but enter in, and dwell with me ;
 Then shall my heart both shrine and temple be.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

C. A. M.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.*

LUKE xix. 41, 42: "And, when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!"

OUR Saviour loved his native land. He personified nation and city. He had a heart for the community as well as for the individual. He cherished thoughts of good for Jerusalem. He would have saved the city from ruin, and the people from exile. Had it been possible, he would have raised dead Jerusalem as well as dead Lazarus. He wept as he foresaw the coming destroyer. What sweet human sadness in those words, "*Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!*" Glorious in his humanity as in his divinity, our Lord illustrates no narrow and recluse pietism, occupied with introspection or with retrospection, or with visions of mansions beyond the skies. He came to redeem our earth, as well as to open a way into the heavens; and he taught a religion which is "the best reason of state," and the best charter of the Jerusalem that now is, as well as the prophecy and pledge of the city of God above. And Christ was in the world to reveal to us the mind and heart of God. What Christ loved, that we may be sure God loves. Dear to the Father and Son are the cities and nations of the earth. "*Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain,*" was the confession of Hebrew piety. The Divine Providence watches over the destinies of races and tribes. The deeds, the character, the fortunes of the State cannot rightly be separated from the highest and the most religious ideas. The Son of God weeping over Jerusalem entitles us to rescue the word "patriot" from the selfish and contentious, and to speak of patriotism as one of the expressions of the new life in Christ, of

* A sermon preached in the First Church, Boston, on Sunday, the 11th of September, 1864, by the pastor of the church, in compliance with the request of the President of the United States for thanksgivings on account of the late national successes in the war against the Rebellion.

loving our country in and for God. There is no warrant in the gospel of Jesus for denouncing this affection as selfish, as a love which should be sacrificed to a universal humanity ; for as there is a so-called patriotism which is blind, foolish, and immoral, so there is a loyal service of the State which is pure and undefiled, eminently religious, a work which God will bless.

I ask in this discourse, What can the Christian do for his country, for the land of his birth or of his adoption ; his pleasant heritage, it may be, from fathers laborious and brave, consecrated by their tears and their blood, its very earth enriched with their precious dust ; the land, as he would fain believe, of his children and his children's children ?

I. I answer, first, The Christian can serve his country very effectually, even when a direct participation in public affairs is either undesirable or impossible. There are times when acquiescence in the existing order is wisdom and fidelity ; when there is nothing to be hoped from any outward changes ; when no political revolution will help forward the kingdom of God. There are persons also in the freest States to whom no political functions are intrusted ; and yet Christian patriotism is for all times and for all persons. Our Saviour refused to commit himself to any of the parties in the Jewish commonwealth. They were at best only factions ; and when, pointing to the Roman coin, he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," he simply accepted the facts of the State as he found them, implying doubtless that it was as well or better so. And yet he said that he would have saved the land. He meant that the new life would have been their salvation, — would have lifted them above their passions and their fanaticisms ; so that, instead of sacrificing themselves to obsolete ideas, they would have been born again into a truer national existence. And it is ever the tendency of the Christian spirit in the minds and hearts of Christian men and women to redeem and uplift the State. Surely the first and the most important condition of genuine national prosperity is true manhood and womanhood. Honor and honesty, love and courtesy, aspiration and persistent endeavor, — these lie behind

any specific theories or methods ; and, without these, there is nothing for your building save the wood, hay, and stubble, which the fire will not spare. Good men cannot be very bad citizens ; and they serve the State who seek to quicken in themselves and in others that divine sense which compels us to make a conscience of all things. No matter how admirable your constitutions and your laws, no matter how triumphant your armies, no matter how well-balanced the different powers of the State : the day of prosperity shall be also the day of decline, if our young men and our maidens have lost their worship. Then all things go to decay ; then patriotism is a pretence, and statesmanship is jugglery, and to be powerful is to be oppressive. The indirect service of a pure Christianity to good citizenship can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, that discipleship of which Christ is the life shall yet prove to be the fruitful germ of the true commonwealth. Besides the faithful and eloquent voices that urge upon us the especial duties and doctrines of the day and hour, there is always a Voice deeper and more commanding than all others, the same yesterday, to-day, for ever, proclaiming the everlasting verities, the Yea and the Nay of conscience ; and that God over all for ever blessed, and our Father, who hath appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment. This is the voice of the Christian Church, speaking through so many various languages, slowly and surely educating the world for a true citizenship, and working a noiseless but mighty revolution.

II. But again : the Christian can serve his country by putting his Christianity into the institutions and laws and enterprises of the State, and this very directly through the formation and utterance of opinion, through his largest, highest, purest thought ; his hopes, aspirations, affections ; the struggles of his spirit in prayer to God to gain his blessing, in thankfulness to God for the wonders of his arm outstretched to deliver. I am a debtor to the world I live in. I owe to my country my very best : not my outward goods only, but my mind and heart and spirit ; not what is earthly merely, but what is heavenly. What we most want is to

idealize the State and its deeds ; to put conscience and piety into the nation's life ; to make the kingdom of this world, so far as may be, a kingdom of God in Christ. We would not bring politics into religion ; but we would put religion into politics, as much of it as we can. We would carry every thing up to God. If the young lions seek their meat from him, as the Psalmist says they do, shall we not take to him the conflict of our days ?

Now, I am well aware that to speak of Christianity in connection with the struggles of the State will provoke not a few even to scornful mirth. They will say, "These are the dreams of a recluse, the visions of a crazed ideologist, who will soon be made use of by some party, and that, most probably, the most unprincipled of them all. You must not talk to us, who have been behind the scenes, of high public moralities. The kingdom of God may be true in the idea ; but the more closely you keep to the idea, and the less you have to do with those who make loud professions of realizing it, the better. What is all this agitation into which you would bring your Christianity but party strife, selfish always, not seldom devilish ? And who, that knows any thing of the causes and the processes and the chances of war, can think that it is a business with which the Holy God can have any concern one way or the other, save as a frightful sin and evil, out of which his marvellous providence shall bring good ? Who will talk of a Lord of hosts, or regard victories and defeats save as the surging this way or that of the tide of battle, as accident, or the heavier battalion, or the more skilful general, or the more desperate soldiers, may determine ?" It is easy to understand these doubts and discouragements, and why men lose their faith in the highest things and in the Divine Providence when they come down from the serene heights of the ideal life into our world of mingled good and evil ; but to yield to these doubts and discouragements is to admit a practical atheism, and to consign the national life, in peace and in war, to men without God. It is hard to form and express honest and sound opinions ; hard to choose one's party, and discharge one's duty in the choice of rulers : in these things

it is human to err. One may fall very far short of an ideal standard, and become the victim of the designing; and what can be more difficult than for one, whose conscience does not pronounce against an appeal to arms in all circumstances, to decide when the time has come for that dread arbitrament, and when it has gone by? Nevertheless, it is a part of our life-struggle and human discipline to discharge these difficult duties, and all the more because they are difficult to invoke the highest wisdom and love. And one of the lessons which we have to learn, in our effort to put our best wisdom into life, is the lesson of courtesy, and of that allowance of the sincerity of opponents which may be consistent with a proper and deep faith in our own convictions. Because men come to widely different results in practical matters, it does not follow either that there is no such reality as truth, or that the one or the other party is made up of those who are no true men.

In the history of Athenian decline, two names stand forth as illustrations of high political ability and integrity,—Demosthenes, the unsurpassed orator; and Phocion, the incorruptible. For most of their public lives, they advocated opposite political courses,—Demosthenes pleading for war; Phocion, for peace: Demosthenes believing that it was still possible, as it was needful, to rescue Hellas from the encroachments of Philip of Macedon; Phocion regarding any vigorous efforts in that direction as either hopeless or needless. I believe that they were both in earnest,—equally desirous of putting their best thought into the life of the State.* The result, indeed, proved that Demosthenes was by much the more far-sighted of the two; and yet Phocion was none the less sin-

* The preacher would not by any means be understood to imply that Demosthenes and Phocion stood upon a level in the matter of high-toned and enlightened statesmanship. Phocion was singularly narrow-minded, and deficient in pure Hellenic sentiment, as Mr. Grote, we think, has abundantly proved; and it is hard to show that he was not guilty of high treason, or unjustly put to death: nevertheless, we can scarcely credit the charge when brought against an old man of eighty years, whose political life had been singularly blameless; and we must, as it would seem, allow him the credit of sincerity in his opposition to Demosthenes and the war-party.

cere. What we want, especially in a popular government, is that all men shall make a conscience of their public deeds, and shall not turn their backs upon God when they go down into the arena and strive to translate truth into life. In the history of the last days of the Roman Commonwealth, I read of the correspondent and friend of Cicero, the Atticus, who is known chiefly from his association with that famous orator, but weak and vain man. This record is chiefly that he took no part whatever in the political conflicts of the day, but looked on calmly and blandly, — a mere spectator of most fearful scenes, polishing periods, and making successful investments. If there are ever days when such indifference is pardonable, that day was one of them; for the good were weak, and the strong were wicked: and yet what a contemptible record of a cultivated mind!

It is no part of my duty as a Christian teacher to sit in judgment upon the parties into which state or nation may from time to time be divided: but it is my duty to urge upon you, each one of you, to discharge the functions of the citizen as in the sight of God, and as a disciple of Christ; to have confidence in ideas; to ask always what is best, most just, most humane; what is the path upon which the light of the Divine Face will fall. And especially would I bring my Christianity into contact with that work of my country, which, to some good Christians, seems to be utterly irreconcilable with the peaceful doctrine of the Son of God. There are those to whom the phrase "Christian war" is simply a paralogism, an absurdity, a flat contradiction in terms. They are peace men in all conceivable circumstances. We may not be able to commend their judgment; but we must honor their spirit, and approve the provision which Christian governments have learned to make for their case. They have no difficulties as to this or the other war; but how serious the difficulty, and how solemn the responsibility, when as Christians, entertaining no such conscientious scruples, we are asked to fast because of defeats, or to give thanks because of victories! — defeats and victories equally weighed down with their unutterable burdens of mortal woe, alike carrying desolation into

countless households, and destroying the hopes of countless hearts. God's presence on a field of battle ! Not there, you may say ; not there, of all places on earth ; not there, where passions become fiendish, and our world seems to be ablaze with the fires of hell ! And yet, alas ! if God is not there also ; alas ! if there is no God upon whom the soldier may call ; alas ! if men, even those whom for the time we call our enemies, can engage in such fearful work without appealing to God, without such confidence as erring man can have that the necessity is imperative, and the duty not to be declined ; that the cause for which we are willing to suffer and to inflict suffering is a righteous cause ; that the divine sympathies and succors shall be theirs who are engaged in it ; that we are to accept defeats as needed chastenings, and victories as needed encouragement ; and to believe that what we are struggling for shall be substantially and in due time secured.

I know how easy and natural it is to claim an interposition of Providence when the advantage is on our side, and how cautious we should be about interpreting events as in the light of the divine counsels. You remember what Jesus said to those who cried out, "A Providence !" when the tower in Siloam fell upon the eighteen ; reminding them that the eighteen were as good men as they. I know that victors, no more than vanquished, will have any eminent Christianity to boast of in a land which, north and south, east and west, lieth in wickedness. Nevertheless, there are just wars and unjust ; and the more earnestly and habitually we turn to God, mourning or rejoicing, the better able shall we be to discern between them. And this is a Christian's business. When the ruler asks for prayers, he is to decide whether he will pray to his God or no ; whether he can pray such prayers as a believer. He cannot say, "It is my country ; and, even in my most solemn exercises, I am for my country, right or wrong." Our country, I am sorry to say, has been engaged, since I have filled the office of a Christian preacher, in one war at least upon which I would in no wise have sought Heaven's blessing. The Church is not to be made the tool of

the State, or the mouth-piece of the majority. With the request which the head of our nation has made for this day I have gladly complied, according to my faith in a work, which, sad as it is, is needful; and, inhuman as it seems, is not only just, but merciful. God grant that the necessity may soon cease, because the justice and the mercy shall be in the way to be wrought out! I rejoice to believe in very special providences; and, when the highest human interests are at stake, I shall look for and pray for and confess the mighty hand of God. And let us not fear, but seek rather to bring our truth down to the world we live in. He that desires to be a faithful citizen, like Milton, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Arnold, like Winthrop, Washington, Franklin, desires a good work. Completeness may not be attainable; but they who seek for little shall gain nothing. Give your Christianity to your country; count her worthy of that high treasure; and you shall presently find that the earthen vessel has become a priceless casket. Not that I speak in respect of want. These years have been adorned with a singular loyalty. Men and women, young men and maidens, have devoted their all and their very lives to the service of their country, and that throughout the land, east, west, yes, north and south; for whether in wisdom or in foolishness, in knowledge or in ignorance, the devotion of all sections has been high, and even holy: and, as it is our dear hope that we shall all again be one, we will claim the bravery of each as a part of the common heritage. May the tears and blood of a whole people be for the healing of the nation! And, as we have prayed in the day of victory, may the ends which we seek be always and altogether Christian; and the means to which, in our sinfulness and infirmity, we are unhappily left, be not without the sanction and blessing of Him whom we must call now the Lord of hosts, praying all the while for the coming of that glad time when we shall call him only our Father and our Peace!

"NOW, HOPE IS AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL."

WEAK hearts lie on the sands of Time, and cry,

"Undone, undone !

I see no hope on earth, on sea or sky ;

No comfort, — none !

The light upon the rocky isle, once bright,

Has now grown dim :

So wavers day by day, and night by night,

My faith in Him."

Strong hearts stand firm upon a rock, through hope,

Defying fear ;

In blackest night bethink them of the dawn :

Help *may* be near.

"That ship *may* bear the one I love so well

Back to my heart ;

That wave *may* break, the truth at last to tell,

And take my part.

That lightning flash *may* be no doom of woe,

But break my chain ;

That cloud *may* burst on my parched heart, to flow

In healing rain.

That thunder-peal, misnamed God's wrath, *may* be

An angel's word ;

That wailing sound, if heard aright, *may* be

The song of bird."

They cast an anchor out like them of old,

And wish for day ;

Knowing the voice that once His followers told, —

"Faint not, but pray."

And so, through tears and blood and death and war,

You'll hear them say,

"The cloud *may* lift, the ship *may* reach the shore ;

It *may*, it *may* !"

STARR KING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

"THE Christian patriot of California" was so well known in New-England pulpits and lecture-rooms, that I should hardly dare to give the familiar picture of his presence in this vicinity; but, trusting that it may interest some of his countless friends to know how he appeared in distant scenes, let me recall the impression which he made in the region of lakes and prairies.

Of course, he was first invited to the West on account of his Eastern reputation; but the eagerness of expectation was much increased by his preliminary correspondence with the committees of lyceums. The ordinary letters of the lecturing tribe are not very attractive epistles. Some are curt, without being at all pithy; or long, and yet not explicit; while many betray the most melancholy concern for comfort, dignity, and profit. To men who had been worried or insulted or worn out by the demands of coming celebrities, it was a strange delight to get the gay, hearty, and generous notes of Mr. King. Almost invariably enriched with an apt story or a good-natured list of the stock in trade, from which they were invited to select such wares as might suit their markets, his letters were carried about in pockets, to be read at dinner-tables, boards of trade, corners of the streets, or wherever else lovers of "a good thing" chanced to meet each other. Thus many felt all the interest which belongs to intimate personal acquaintance in the stranger for whose approach they were looking impatiently. So thoroughly were they won in advance, that men went to greet him with the peculiar flutter of the soul with which trains and boats are searched for expected sweethearts. Sometimes the disappointment in his personal appearance was too great to be concealed. A Milwaukie committee rode part of the way to Chicago to meet the famous man to whom they hoped to listen in the evening. After staring in the faces of all the passengers in all the cars, they stood in an aisle considering the propriety of telegraphing that Mr. King was not on board; when up rose a slender

figure from the nearest seat, and a voice of marvellous depth and sweetness said, "My name is King." — "But not Starr King, the lecturer?" — "The very man." — "You don't say so! — why, we took you for some boy!"

His youthful face occasioned a buzz of surprise when it was first seen in a lecture-room; but a few moments were enough to assert the presence of a right manly vigor of thought and speech. There was no demand for even a third of the fifteen minutes of extra time claimed by J. P. Curran "to remove the impression made by his face." Before a sixth of an hour had passed, Mr. King was enthroned for the evening; and his sceptre never waved over more loyal hearts than the warm Western ones that delighted to honor him. He had something for every variety of taste, and stage of culture. Philosophers found occasional use for all their powers of attention; lovers of poetry were charmed with abundant imagery; and many a rude hall rang loud and long with the echoes of the laughter that followed his humorous sallies. Talking once of the rise and fall of lecturing reputations, he said, "A popular lecture requires a certain admixture of sense and nonsense. 'Too much sense makes it heavy and tedious: too much nonsense makes it trivial. It is nice work to adjust the proportions, and only about a dozen men in this country have got the receipt.'"

After the lecture, he usually attended some party invited to meet him; and it was the success of the season to be able to say that he had accepted your invitation. All sorts of efforts were made by rival circles. There could not have been more competition if he had been a lord, an archbishop, a member of the cabinet, or an oligarch with a thousand slaves at home. Exhilarated by public speaking, and still further stimulated by our admiring attention, he would captivate us for hours with his graceful and brilliant conversational talents. Memorable indeed are those happy nights when we listened to sketches of character, incidents of personal experience, and witticisms which grew so naturally out of the place and hour, that they must have been unstudied and off-hand.

He told us of a letter which he had received from a little

village in Vermont or New Hampshire, telling him of their purpose to have a course of lectures, paying ten dollars a night. They invited him for a certain evening, and added in the postscript, "We do not require you to write a new lecture expressly for this place, but grant you permission to repeat one which has been delivered somewhere else."

At a time when the currency was out of order, a committee-man in Western Illinois paid him in such dingy bills on such mild banks, that he feared that he should have to pay a large discount to get rid of them. Passing on to Davenport, Io., on his daughter's birthday, he bought a trinket, and, with many misgivings, produced his Illinois money for payment. The jeweller examined the bills very closely; and all Mr. King's fears were fully confirmed when he was astonished by the inquiry, "How much premium do you expect for this? It is not often that we get hold of such money."

He was at Rockford, Ill., during the trial of Ex-Gov. Babb for shooting one of a band who had persisted in giving a tin-horn serenade to the bride of Gov. Babb's son. Mr. Corwin was the lawyer of the accused; and, with the jury, he went to hear Mr. King preach and lecture. One night they met at Rev. Mr. Conant's, and Corwin told his eloquent young friend from the East the following story:—

In Ohio, there was a real-estate agent, named Felix, noted for his dishonesty. To mend his reputation, Mr. Felix offered to join a large Baptist church in his neighborhood. At a church-meeting called to consider the application, a brother, who had lost several hundred acres of land through the knavery of this agent, said, with rather damaging effect, "I have only one hint to give our minister, in the event of his baptizing Mr. Felix. He will do well to anchor him, and leave him in the river over-night; for there are a great many bad *land-stains* to be washed out of his character."

One night, Mr. King gave an account of meeting Thackeray at dinner in Boston; and then entertained us by acting out Father Taylor's description of preachers from manuscripts, who look up and down after the manner of drinking geese and ducks, with the flapping of wings to correspond with gestures. Another time he would serve up Dr. Chapin's

best hits in the White-Mountain talk of the previous summer. He gave an account of Dr. Chapin's ruling passion to have the best editions of his favorite authors, invariably exchanging an excellent copy for any new one of proved superiority. Dr. Chapin, seeing the president of a society paying Mr. King for a well-known lecture, amused both parties by remarking, "King takes the substance, and you take the show."

The story which Mr. King seemed to enjoy relating the most was one of Beecher; and, as he told it in the first person, he must have been present at the scene. There was a great public meeting in New York to protest against one of the many aggressions of the slave-power; and it had been arranged that no speaker offensive to the "conservative merchants" should be invited to speak: but as safe men are proverbially slow, and dignity is often next door to dulness, this unfortunate assembly soon found itself very weary. Somebody called for "Beecher," who was in one of the galleries; and he went down to the platform, where he was far from welcome. Of course, he had a pungent beginning; and then came a storm of hisses. In vain did he try to go on. Every time he opened his mouth, he was greeted with the same overwhelming opposition. Watching his opportunity, he let the indignant throng get fairly out of breath, and contrived to say, in his drollest fashion, "You remind me very much of my grandfather." What his grandfather had to do with that meeting awakened general curiosity; and so he was allowed to go on. "My grandfather was a blacksmith; and a very poor one too, I am sorry to say. Once he got a fine piece of steel, and said to himself, 'I will make a broad-axe out of this.' He put it in the fire, and heated it; and took it out, and hammered it" (Mr. King showed us how Mr. Beecher acted this), "and failed. Then he put it back in the fire, and heated it again, saying, 'Perhaps it will do for a hatchet:' and again he took it out, and hammered it" (here Mr. Beecher, rendered by Mr. King, became still more dramatic); "but again he failed." All this time, the audience listened, without seeing the faintest glimmer of a point; but one was coming. After going through the motions of mak-

ing a hammer also, but in vain, Mr. Beecher said, "At last, the old man took the hot steel in his tongs, and, walking to the water-barrel, said, 'Well, there is one thing I *can* do: I can make a plaguy good hiss.' I need not add, that, after this, Mr. Beecher had the cheerful attention of his conciliated hearers.

T. M.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE. -

WHAT a privilege it is to feel, that, wherever we go, we take, as it were, the spirit-world with us! From our dearest earthly friends we may be severed far and wide: but those whom we call the departed are to the eye of faith ever near; and we have only, as we may believe, to open the doors of our hearts, and the celestial guests will enter in, and make their abode with us. May it not be true, that they only are always within our call who seem to have wholly passed away? The event which we call death, is, in this view, the re-union of severed friends. Space is annihilated, and soul meets soul as never before.

The human affections, it is true, crave something more tangible, and long for the dear, familiar tokens of love. They reach forward with yearning desires toward the time when the evil shall be withdrawn, and the eye shall behold the loved form once more. Yet, when the soul ascends its "Mount of Vision," it can hold high converse with things unseen, and feel the invisible ones so near, that faith becomes almost sight. In this near companionship, loneliness is for the time abolished; and our seasons of deepest seclusion may draw us only the more intimately into the presence of the glorified.

If this be true of the finite ones, how much more is it so of the Infinite Father! How are we encircled and pervaded by that unfailing presence and love! What but our own blindness and sinfulness can make us insensible to the radiance of this holy light? With the blind man of old, let us cry, "Lord, that I might receive my sight! — that I might see by what a glory I am surrounded!" Let us accustom ourselves to dwell ever in the consciousness of this heavenly presence, that all events may be hallowed thereby, and that thus our daily walk may lie "quite on the verge of heaven."

†

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE HUNDRED-DAYS' MEN.

CAMP CARRINGTON, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,
Sept. 15, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. E., — I received your kind note a few days since. Thank you for heeding, thus early, the hint conveyed through our mutual friend. Letters are among our greatest blessings here in camp. If there is any one thing better than others that people at home can do for their friends in the army, it is to send them frequently — it cannot be too frequently — the right kind of letters; letters full of even the homeliest of home news; letters full of good cheer and sound suggestion. The coming of the mail is always the great event of the day; and one of our sergeants, into whose hands fell at once six precious missives, was for some hours the envied man of the company.

It is a change, the like of which I never experienced before, — this sudden breaking-away from pulpit ministrations, and pastoral calls, and quiet home delights, and transference to a dreary camp, which is, in many respects, no better than a prison. I sometimes feel as if I had lost my identity. The corporal standing in soldier's clothes in the ranks appears to others a different man, and cannot but appear to himself a different man, from him who, do what he may, is always looked upon as *the minister* at home. Nor, I sometimes fear, is the change, for the time at least, outward and in appearance only. We are so much the creatures of surrounding and association, that the inward man cannot but feel the effect of the deadening influences of army life. The change from home to camp, in respect to many little outward things, is certainly very great, and very curious to witness. One who, at home, shudders if a speck of dirt appears within his glass goblet, and frowns if a spot of rust is formed upon his knife-blade, and finds great fault if the meat is a trifle over or under done, or the toast slightly blackened, or the tea a little weaker than usual; or, worse than all, if Madam appears in any but the most perfectly immaculate and well-arranged attire, no matter what hastiness of toilet the ceaseless care of children may have necessitated, — gets his little con-

ceits quick knocked out of him when he becomes a martial follower of his Uncle Sam; eating — with grumbling or not, as the case may be — but still eating with relish almost any thing that is set before him; drinking with joy marvellously weak tea that has been boiled in a big iron pot not over-clean, and sweetened with the most molassesey of sugar; cleaning his tin-plate with a bit of bread; using earth for Bristol brick; drinking out of anybody's canteen, without asking or caring to whose lips its mouth has last been applied; doubtless consuming, without the least compunction, his full measure of dirt every day that he serves.

It is not the life of a man made a little lower than the angels, not the life of a son of God, this military life; and after all the novelty and freshness of it are worn off, after all that from afar appears attractive has disappeared, one sees very plainly that it is a quite abnormal way of spending days and weeks and months and years, — a way to which a beast or a machine might with entire fitness be subjected, but not — except under such sad necessity as at present rules us with a rod of iron — a human being. Under divine ordering, and for sacred ends, many and many a citizen of the Great Republic — and why not a minister, who, if he be not servant of all, is nothing? — must live this miserable life for a season. God grant that it may be only for a season, — only for a little while! Never as at this time did the beauty of the prophet's promise shine so clearly before my soul, — the promise of the day of peace and universal jubilee, when nation shall no longer rise up against nation, and sounds of war shall be heard no more. Never more plainly and sweetly than amid these surroundings of drum and musket, and all the paraphernalia of war, has come to my inward ear the voice of the Prince of Peace.

Military duty, whether in camp or in the field, is something to which we must for our very lives submit; just as we yield our flesh to the sharp cutting of the surgeon's knife, that we may not die, but become strong and well again: but how any man can contract a real liking for this profession, be he private or lieutenant-general, it is hard for me to understand.

I do not think that I ever before so thoroughly perceived the marvellous influence of woman upon our civilization. The soldier is absolutely cut off from the hallowing companionship of the other sex, and, for this very reason, throws off many restraints in respect of speech and action, if not of thought, which, in other situations,

form his more or less effective barrier against the assaults of evil. You know — and perhaps, like me, have now and then been somewhat saddened by the knowing — how woman is the great source of strength in all the churches; so that it were to be feared that many of our ecclesiastical organizations would fall to pieces, were they to depend for their support — at any rate, for their interior life — upon men alone. My short experience here has helped to reconcile me to this condition of things. When I see, as I see here every day, how much man depends upon the presence of his gentler counterpart for his deliverance from sin, how many arrows of temptation her silver shield of purity averts from his undefended breast, how very cowardly and weak he grows when shorn of the support of her matchless moral strength, I can more easily understand how right and fit it is, that, in religious things, woman so commonly takes the place of leader, and man becomes the follower. Ah! I fear we have still somewhat of the old-time contempt for our wives and mothers and sisters; holding them merely as our acceptable assistants, whom, as far as the real work of the world is concerned, we could, without much difficulty, spare: but in how many things are they our forerunners and guides and chiefs!

But this is preaching; and I am covering paper without telling you what we are doing here, and why we came. We were transported hither, as I understand, for two purposes, — first, to assist in quelling any outbreak that might arise in the city at the time of the enforcement of the draft or at the elections; and, second, to help guard the six thousand rebel prisoners shut up in Camp Morton, about a mile to our north-west. The vigilance of Gov. Morton in ferreting out certain deep-laid plots of the Copperheads, and bringing to light several thousands of arms secretly prepared and sent hither from the East for the use of home traitors, will go far to prevent the necessity of any collision between ourselves and any citizen: and so I think it highly probable that the remainder of the hundred days will be consumed in the performance of our present duties; i.e., in guarding our own camp, which has become a sort of rendezvous for going and returning regiments of Indiana; and in furnishing a daily detail for Camp Morton. All this, of course, in addition to our company and regimental drills.

Camp Morton I will not attempt to describe to you in detail.

Let me, however, try to give you some idea of it. About thirty acres of uncultivated land, well stocked with black-walnut and butternut trees, is enclosed by a strong wooden fence some twelve feet high; all around on the outside of which, defended by a narrow railing, runs, about eight feet from the ground, a platform, upon which sixty sentries with loaded muskets stand, or pace at regular intervals. The interior is partially occupied with barracks and tents. Inside the fence, and parallel with it, extends all around a deep and broad ditch, intended to thwart any attempt on the part of the immured to mine their way out. The general appearance of the prisoners is dirty and ragged: but they are well provided with blankets, and have plenty to eat; and, if they please, can easily keep themselves clean. They manifest considerable ingenuity in constructing rough tables and chairs and benches and stools, and especially in the manufacture of pretty finger-rings out of black bone-buttons, inlaid sometimes with gold, but more frequently with silver, of which they somehow have no small supply. These, watching for every opportunity, they sell secretly to the sentinels for sums ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents apiece. In addition to the guard posted upon the fence, there are certain posts within; and, at night, regular patrols. The hospital is all that could be desired,—the same iron bedsteads and neat red-and-white quilts that I saw at Readville. All the work to be done in and about the camp is performed by the prisoners, who are glad enough to be regularly occupied. The happiest lot are the carpenters, distinguished by hatchets of silver foil pasted upon their hats. They go cheerfully to their labor every morning, and, I fancy, consider themselves distinguished above their companions in bondage. Well, it gives one an odd sensation as he stands upon the platform, and looks over upon the motley assemblage within, eating, sleeping, cooking, lounging, reading, writing, mending clothes, playing marbles, using all expedients to pass the time away. It is difficult to regard them as fellow-beings and possible associates.

But let me, before I close, turn from this unpleasant picture, and tell you something about a model Soldiers' Home that I saw at Pittsburg on my journey hither. I came, you know, after the regiment, in company with another "straggler;" and, as we got out of the cars at the city of smoke one Sunday morning, a man

came up, and said, "Come over to the Soldiers' Home." Over willingly we went just across the street to a warehouse, the second and third stories of which had been fitted up for the use especially of sick and wounded soldiers passing through ; and, when they are not too numerous, of well ones too, like ourselves, whom chance may have called that way. In the second story are a kitchen, washing arrangements, and a dining-hall, where, on narrow tables, is set three times a day, not coarse army rations, but wholesome and enjoyable food ; where attentive volunteer waiters answer all calls, and supply all wants. The third story is partially carpeted, and contains perhaps forty well-furnished beds, and a number of extra mattresses, a little library, a table with writing materials, and another supplied with every article necessary for the dressing of wounds. A surgeon is in occasional attendance, and there is preaching every Sunday ; and all is the result of the volunteer contributions of citizens. I staid here from Sunday noon to Monday morning, and had full cause of gratitude to the generous supporters of the institution.

We have no chaplain : on account of the shortness of our term of service, none has been thought necessary. I have twice officiated, however, on Sunday, in that capacity ; and we have in our own company, just after roll-call, every evening, a very brief service, which is well attended, and, so far as I can judge, well appreciated by my companions in arms. I read a few Scripture verses, and offer a short prayer ; and then we join in singing a hymn from that excellent publication of the Unitarian Association, called the "Soldier's Companion," — the only improvements to be made in which are a greater number of tunes, and more Scripture selections for alternate reading. I have obtained also from the Association a lot of John Ware's excellent army tracts, which I shall try to distribute, not only in our own regiment, but, as far as possible, outside of it.

There are rough men among us ; but I have never received from any man any but the kindest and most courteous treatment. In some instances at least, the inside of the cup and platter are cleaner than the outside.

The time flies. Not long hence, if God wills, I shall find myself again in the dear old State, which is the best of all the States.

Meanwhile believe me sincerely yours,

CORPORAL.

BURIED ALIVE.

"Hark! — from the tombs a doleful sound!"

NOT a great way from the city of Salem, Patrick, one of our adopted fellow-citizens from Ireland, was going homeward past the cemetery, his perceptive faculties overclouded by the fumes of whiskey. It happened that the sexton had opened the door of one of the tombs on some duty connected with his office, and had gone into the cemetery. Patrick, seeing the open door, thought he had got home; and, being weary, reeled through it, and threw himself upon the floor, and was soon wrapped by the drowsy god into that realm where all cares are forgotten. Meanwhile the sexton came along; and not knowing of the new inmate of his shadowy domains, shut the door, and locked it, and went home.

Twelve o'clock! — the hour of midnight, when the world is, or ought to be, wrapped in sleep. But the cool recess into which Patrick has deposited himself exerts a reviving influence. He awakes. Mr. Trask says, in his tracts, that smoking and drinking are inseparably connected; and here is a fact for him. Patrick found himself in total darkness, and took out his tobacco-pipe, and a match to light it. What was his terror and amazement as his match blazed up, and threw its lurid light over the three rows of coffins that went round the three sides of his apartment! He rubbed his eyes and his wits. "Where am I? and what have I passed through?" He came to the conclusion, — which, as a good Catholic, he could not avoid, — "I certainly have died, and waked up in Purgatory." Swedenborg says a great many people in the spiritual world don't know that they have died, and can't be convinced of it, — so very much that world resembles this. But Patrick's new world did *not* resemble any one he was ever in before; and what more natural than to suppose he had passed through the gate of death? This, however, did not relieve his terrors. Such a howling as he set up would have waked the dead in their coffins, if such a thing could be. He —

"Raved round the walls of his clay tenement,
And shrieked for help."

Not all in vain. A fellow-countryman of the same faith was passing by. It would be difficult to say which was the more terror-stricken, — Patrick in the tomb, or Michael outside hearing

the howl that came from it. Michael ran, with his eyes dilated, and knocked at the house of the sexton. "Git up, git up, yer honor! the Divil has broke loose in the cemetery!" The sexton went, and opened the gates of Purgatory; when Patrick emerged, much sooner doubtless than his creed had taught him to anticipate, from his penal sufferings. Whereupon we may read a lesson not only pertaining to premature burials, but also to such overclouding of our rational faculties as is sure to result in Purgatory in this world as well as the world to come.

Seriously and solemnly, Patrick's case is one of a thousand. How many are there sleeping under the stupefactions of this world, intoxicated with its pleasures, who if they could wake up, and see exactly where they are, — see their surroundings corresponding to their inward poverty and death, — would find themselves shut up in their own sepulchres, though long they had perceived it not! s.

A POLITE BOY.

RESPECT and reverence have not died out so long as we have such graceful manifestations of them in railroad cars as in the following incident. We take it from the "Universalist." Let the children all read it: —

"The other day, we were riding in a crowded railway carriage. At one of the stations, an old man entered, and was looking around for a seat; when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up, and said, —

"Take my seat, sir."

"The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.

"Why did you give me your seat?' he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy,' was the reply. The passengers were much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow, and press him to my bosom."

THE veil which covers the truths of Scripture from the Jews equally hides them from mere nominal Christians, and from all who do not see the evil of their own nature. But we are then inclined to listen to their dictates, and to acknowledge Christ in them, when we are brought truly to abhor ourselves. — *Pascal*.

THE MANHOOD DEVELOPED BY THE WAR.

ONE of our preachers,* discoursing during the last month from the text (Wisdom of Solomon, ix. 9), "Wisdom is the gray hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age," illustrated his subject in these beautiful words, referring to the present needs of our country and the grand opportunities of our young men. We take the liberty of copying the paragraphs from the columns of the "Evening Transcript:" —

"They buried a young man yesterday at Cambridge, of whom it is said, that he has taken part in every battle in which our gallant Twentieth Regiment has been engaged during these three years; but he fell at last, like so many of them. I did not know him: but those who did, tell us of the fine promise of his youth; of the ardor of his patriotism, which made him utterly forgetful of self and every personal interest in perfect self-consecration to his country's righteous cause. It would be a hard heart indeed that could not spare a tear by the bier of such a one, or at the thought of the sorrow that fills the home that loved him. But, if we might rise to the highest point of Christian contemplation, *is that among the saddest scenes in this world?*

"Consider from the deepest places of your soul, from the level of your highest thought, and say which must be sadder in the sight of God and the angels, — such a life, so lived and so closed; or that of another young man, who, at his country's call, felt no bounding of the pulse, no kindling of enthusiasm, no promptings of self-sacrifice, but only thought how dangerous a battle must be, and how hard the life of camps, and how prudent and politic it would be to keep clear of the risks, and make money, and guard well his life and health, and live on long and prosperously; sneering at or mourning over the folly of a brave and ardent soul; coldly calculating the value of a national existence, and whether it is worth the cost of so much money, so much blood; and so managing to live on and thrive, and destined to live to eighty years, safe, healthy, thrifty, but with never a glimmer of the soul's true fire, never a flash of all-daring disinterestedness, never an aim in life but to live on, and never a thought of death without shrinking and dismay.

"These are the two contrasted styles of life that are constantly brought to our view of late. And which is the sadder, — the soul's death, or the body's? The flesh and the mere prudential understanding will answer one way, and is answering it every day with a thousand tongues; but

* Rev. G. Putnam, D.D.

every living soul will answer the other way. Every *soul* will see more of real life, such as it can venerate, admire, bow to, and eagerly covet for itself, in that brief career of the high-hearted soldier, than in the longest life of selfish comfort and prudence and thrift, to end in decrepitude and death at last. The *soul* knows, and will confess, that early death makes no such dreadful ravages in the world's life as are made in the long years of selfishness and moral decline.

"We cannot and would not be insensible to the sufferings and sorrows and deaths incident to such a war as ours: we should be stocks and stones if we were. But there has been no such waste of life as mere figures would show. *I believe and declare, that notwithstanding the numerous graves with which war dots the land, and long as is the catalogue of the fallen, there was never so great an amount of real life in the country as during these three years, — never so much as there is now.* The awakening of tens and hundreds of thousands of souls from their dreams of safety and comfort, and their graves of selfishness and self-indulgence, has increased the amount of life in the nation more and faster than death has diminished it.

"Many who have died have lived more than if they had lived on a century in the apathy of peaceful times. More manhood has been developed by the war than has been extinguished on its bloody fields. Many a youth, who would have dragged on a frivolous and aimless life, has been aroused to an energy of effort and a loftiness of conception, that, but for these exigencies, would have slumbered on into dotage and death. Lives have shortened in years; but life itself has increased in vigor and quantity.

"I cannot doubt but there has been soul enough, life enough, developed in the nation, to save it, and to lead it on to far higher heights of true glory and prosperity than it ever would have reached but for this great trial and discipline. When God's providence makes war a duty and a necessity for any nation, and the duty and necessity are faithfully and perseveringly met, *there is more life than death in it*; higher blessings follow than are taken away; and benign and beautiful compensations attend it.

"In the light of immortality, the body's death is but a small circumstance, and it matters not whether it come a little sooner or a little later: but that true life which pertains to the soul is the life eternal; and, where that lives and is strong, there is no fear of death, and little thought of it. Live nobly and worthily, and you live for ever, come the visible death when or how it may.

'He liveth long who liveth well;
All other life is short and vain:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.'

R.

HERE is one of David Gray's sonnets, whose poems are noticed on another page : —

"Why are all fair things at their death the fairest,
 Beauty the beautifullest in decay?
 Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
 With ever-new apparelling the rarest?
 Why are the sweetest melodies all born
 Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove
 In the green forest gloom an absent love?
 Leaning her breast against the cruel thorn,
 Doth not the nightingale, poor bird! complain
 And integrate her incontrollable woe
 To such perfection that to hear is pain?
 Thus sorrow and death—alone realities—
 Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
 On troublous life a relish of the skies."

"My Epitaph," written by the young poet for himself, is very touching : —

"Below lies one whose name was traced in sand:
 He died not knowing what it was to live;
 Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
 To maiden thought electrified his soul,—
 Faint heatings in the calyx of the rose.
 Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh,
 In a proud sorrow. There is life with God
 In other kingdom of a sweeter air.
 In Eden, every flower is blown. — AMEN."

CARES OF OFFICE.

THE following, says Gibbon, was found in the closet of the deceased Caliph of Cordova, who ruled over the Saracen dominions in Spain in the eighth century : —

"I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call; nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation, I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to FOURTEEN. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

To a mind of any Christian philosophy, it is altogether unaccountable that the Presidency of the United States, especially in these times, should be the prize of selfish ambition. The next Presidency will lay upon the incumbent, whoever he may be, a burden of responsibility which will be sure to crush any small man under it, and disgrace him utterly; and even the wisest statesman is sure to find the sleep of the White House on a pillow of thorns. Mr. Lincoln says he does not expect to survive very long the cares of office; and, if he wishes them prolonged for any other reason than the great necessities of the State, he must be a very foolish man. A united North would now give us peace in six months on solid and enduring foundations, with the Union preserved in its glorious integrity. If split into factions, the career of Mexico and the South-American republics is before us. To proclaim a peace when there is no peace, as the demagogues at Chicago demand, in secret alliance with the Cabinet at Richmond, would be instantly to dissolve the Union into wretched and jarring fragments of empire, and, instead of "stopping the war," prolong it to where no mortal vision can see the end. But, as God never brings his people to a crisis without sending them ultimately the man of the hour, we may believe he is sure to come. Enough of little heroes who have personal piques to avenge. Oh for a Gasca, a Washington, a William of Orange, or a Jackson! s.

METHODISM.

METHODISM is to celebrate its centennial next year. We learn from its statistics that it is making steady progress, and numbers, in the Middle and Southern States, nearly as many as all the other denominations together. We are much gratified at this, for many reasons, — because Arminian theology, on which Methodism posits itself, is altogether more humane than the Augustinian of the Orthodox sects; because Methodism places life before doctrine, and makes the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart the prime condition of Christian fellowship, and thus opens a warmer and more catholic communion; and because it obeys more faithfully the behest of the Master in preaching the gospel to the poor. s.

A REQUIEM.*

SOFTLY the skies bent o'er our head
 That day, that day;
 Lightly the leaves beneath our feet
 Crumbled away;
 Slowly we bore him to his rest, —
 That lovely clay.

Where is the clasp of that dear hand,
 So free to all?
 Where the young voice, so joyously
 Answering each call?
 The sweet south wind breathes round us still;
 But man must fall.

Where is the eye that gladly dwelt
 On each loved face?
 Where is the form moulded so fair, —
 Each movement, grace?
 Where doth the mother go to find
 His warm embrace?

Where is the living energy
 That fired his breast?
 His thought of others, ever fresh
 E'en in his rest?
 The hopes, the fruitage? — Lo! with Him
Who loveth best.

Earth cannot give him back, nor life
 His presence bless.
 Springs come, and roses bloom, and charms
 Around us press,
 Young things and beautiful to cheer:
 Is he aught *less*?

Nay! the free spirit lives and glows
 In sunnier climes:
 Nought of pure love is dead, but blends
 In music chimes,
 Such as he loved and breathed in here,
 In those sweet times.

* In memory of JOHN QUINCY THAXTER, Esq., whose sudden death occurred on the eve of Sept. 19.

Immortal, holy, quenchless love
 Keepeth him ever :
 Stronger than life these ties ; for such
 Death cannot sever.
 Can He forget his suffering ones ?
Never ! ah, NEVER !

Richer is the soul's life within,
 Now, evermore ;
 Holier the pathway we shall tread,
 Loftier we soar ;
 Nearer to thee, dear Father, still,
 Till time is o'er.

Grief — what a sacred gift art thou !
 Blessed each tear,
 While immortality doth beam
 Through every fear !
 Heaven folds itself around in peace,
And he is here.

SABBATH MORNING, Sept. 25, 1864.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Broken Lights : An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Boston : J. E. Tilton & Co. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

It is our purpose to set down in our next number, somewhat at length, our impressions of this very interesting work, the spirit and style of which are worthy of all praise, whatever we may be compelled to think of the conclusions into which the writer has been led.

E.

The Cliff-climbers ; or, The Lone Home in the Himalayas. A sequel to the Plant-hunters. By Capt. MAYNE REID, author of the "Desert Home." With illustrations. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The children are always entertained, and their entertainment is not without instruction, when they get one of Capt. Reid's books into their hands.

E.

Poems by David Gray; with Memoirs of his Life. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The story of Keats and Henry Kirke White over again. David Gray was a young Scotchman who came from the working-class, of undoubted poetical genius, ardent aspirations, very ambitious for a name in the world, and with great faith in his own powers. He was encouraged and helped by R. M. Milnes and other appreciative friends, who write his biography and edit his poems. He died of consumption at twenty-four. He writes under the consciousness of mortal disease and blighted hopes, which give a tinge of melancholy to his effusions. The longest poem, "The Suggie," — the name of the stream which flowed near his father's dwelling, — indicates less genius than the sonnets. These are wonderfully tender, and show that the worship of Nature had been a consuming passion.

s.

Patriotism, and Other Papers. By THOMAS STARR KING, with a biographical sketch by HON. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Tompkins & Company. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The biographical sketch will be read with interest; but the "papers" are no fair representation of the mind and genius of Starr King. Many of them are evidently put in to make up the book. "Patriotism," from which the book takes its title, was a discourse delivered thirteen years ago, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and has no traces of the ability and eloquence of Mr. King. The Essay on Plato is the most valuable in the volume, as indicative of Mr. King's range of thought and varied scholarship. The minor pieces are very well; but the book, in our judgment, is prematurely got up.

s.

The Western Sanitary Commission. A sketch of its origin, history, labors for the sick and wounded of the Western armies, and aid given to freedmen and Union refugees, with incidents of hospital life. St. Louis: Published for the Mississippi-Valley Sanitary Fair. R. P. Studley & Co. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

The work of this great charity is well told by our brother, Rev. J. G. Forman, with interesting and touching incidents, showing the sufferings of the war, and the Christian love and mercy that assuage it.

Religious Training of Children in the School, the Family, and the Church. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

This is the third of Miss Beecher's books on theology, in all of which she urges a most effective protest against Calvinism, as absurd in theory, and pernicious in its practical results. The three chapters in the present volume, entitled "Puritan Training," made up mainly of extracts from a book written by a daughter of the late Dr. Payson, giving her personal experience of the tortures of a Calvinistic conviction and conversion, are more conclusive than any abstract argument which could be shaped to show the essential inhumanity and bad influence of Calvinism. The childhood of a sensitive and conscientious child, from three years of age to thirteen, is filled with gloom and anguish under the most revolting representations of the divine character and purposes. Miss Beecher, in a former volume, describes her own early experience under the same harrowing doctrines of the divine government: she had seen their blighting influence on the spiritual nature of her pupils; and the result is, she rejects and deplors the Orthodox theories of human nature, adopts Pelagianism in their stead, and seeks refuge in the Episcopal Church.

The letters appended to the present treatise from Episcopal and Catholic clergymen, and Miss Beecher's replies, are not the least interesting portion of the book. Her criticisms of Puritan theology and culture are as destructive as any thing we have read; and, if one wishes to give the finishing blow to Calvinism, these are the books for him to circulate. They are more convincing than the scholarly discussions of Unitarians, because of Miss Beecher's long personal experience under Orthodox culture, and because of her plain way of appealing to the common sense of her readers.

We dissent from her Pelagianism, and believe she will recede from it herself as the religious experience grows deeper. That education and development are the whole work of Christian nurture, and all that is meant by the "new creation," or "being born again," cannot satisfy the deeper Christian consciousness of want, or of supply from the affluence of God. We venture to predict that it will not always satisfy the writer of this book, with her clear intuitions and fervid religious aspirations. s.

Captain Horace, by SOPHIA MAY, — published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, — is a charming story: so the children say. s.

NEW BOOKS.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

No. 5.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

THE 27th of October is marked with blood, in the religious calendar, as the anniversary of the martyrdom of one of the first victims of Protestant persecution. The story is one of the most affecting of any to be found in the dark annals of religious intolerance; and it ought to be recounted over and over, till time brings about its revenges.

Michael Servetus was born in 1509, at Villa Nuova in Aragon. His father was a notary; and he sent his son to Toulouse for the study of the civil law. But, in the general ferment of opinions, his inquisitive mind plunged with deepest interest into questions of theology. He acquired a competent knowledge of ancient languages, and was said to be "quite crammed with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." When only twenty-two years of age, he published a tract "Concerning the Errors of the Trinity;" and, in the year following, "Two Books of Dialogues concerning the Trinity;" in which the Orthodox doctrine was unsparingly assailed. At this time, his circumstances were depressed; and he lived an unsettled and wandering life.

In the city of Lyons, the traveller, even at this day, passes through a long, crooked, dark street, "overhung, on either side, with tall houses," which shut out the sun. On this street, in 1540, lived a bookseller by the name of Frellon, a

friend, or at least a correspondent, of John Calvin. He kept in a secret apartment heretical books, which he would not offer for sale to his fellow-citizens for fear of the inquisitor, but which he procured for strangers, from Germany and Switzerland. Hither came Michael Servetus, and for some time was employed by Frellon as a proof-reader. Having procured the means by his earnings, he went to Paris, and studied physic; and he carried into that science the same ardor which distinguished him in his theological studies. His skill and acquirements became conspicuous; and he made a near approach to the discovery of the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, which afterwards rendered famous the name of Hervey. He graduated at Paris, and repaired to Charlieu, near Lyons, where he practised as a physician three years. At this time, he fell in with the archbishop of Vienne, a noble Catholic prelate whom he had known at Paris, who was fond of patronizing the votaries of learning, whose heart had warmed towards Servetus, and whose purse had opened for his relief. The disposition of Servetus was gay and social: he made friends, who honored him for his learning, and loved him for his goodness of heart. The archbishop invites him to Vienne, and even offers him lodgings in his palace. He accepts the invitation, and goes. Bright prospects open before him; for, both at Lyons and at Vienne, he had won the ardent friendship of the people. "A man of the world, he knew how to please and to gain affection."

Beside the archiepiscopal palace at Vienne stood the printing-office of one Gaspard Treschel, who also had been drawn there by the liberal patronage of the Catholic prelate. Dreams of a literary and professional career, congenial to his tastes and habits, are dawning upon the "learned Spaniard." He had already published an edition of "Ptolemy," and he now meditates a second; and already, in his brain, he arranges a fine Latin inscription to his beloved Mæcenæ, the good archbishop of Vienne: "Princes who command the world must be acquainted with the world." His "Ptolemy"

goes through a second edition under the patronage of the archbishop, and gains for him abundant applause.

Meanwhile, both at Paris and at Lyons, Servetus had been in correspondence with John Calvin at Geneva. They discussed the doctrine of the Trinity: the discussion became warm and insulting on both sides, and was in the virulent spirit of those times. Calvin became angry, and dropped the correspondence. Calvin hoarded his anger; but Servetus is incapable of malice, and wonders, with admirable simplicity, why Calvin has ceased to write to him. He even gets Frellon to write to Calvin for an explanation of the mystery. Calvin calls him a "Satan," and already thirsts for his blood. He writes to Viret, "If ever he come to Geneva, he shall not go thence alive: this is my fixed resolution." Servetus is full of banter, but has no gall in his nature. He makes himself merry over the system of predestination, and the logic of Calvin's "Institutes," laughs at the *free necessity* invented at Geneva to explain the sin of Adam, but is ready to shake hands with the reformer.

Servetus continues at Vienne in the practice of medicine; and what leisure he can get from his patients he devotes to learning and theology. After his second edition of "Ptolemy" has appeared, he devotes four years to a theological treatise, in which his system is carefully matured. In 1553 he published his "Christianity Restored," in which both the doctrine of the Trinity and the logic of Calvin are assaulted anew. "In the ninth book, he condenses in a few pages," says a Catholic writer, "the most graphic refutation ever made of the Calvinistic fatalism." He is less malignant in his abuse than Calvin, though he deals it out without mercy.

This book was printed at Vienne; but the name of neither author nor printer, nor of the city, was attached to it. It was a large octavo of seven hundred pages, eight hundred copies of which were struck off. Servetus sent some copies to Frellon. Frellon sent one to Calvin.

Calvin's hate becomes lurid. His thirst for blood blazes up anew, and he contrives a net for his prey.

There was a French refugee at Geneva by the name of Trie, under the protection and in the confidence of Calvin. Trie has a cousin at Lyons, a merchant and a good Catholic, by the name of Arneys. They keep up a loving correspondence: Arneys trying to bring back his dear cousin to the true church; Trie, however, keeping close under the wing of Calvin. Arneys tells Trie of the licentious tendencies of the doctrines of the Reformers. Whereupon Trie writes a long, pious letter, retorting upon Arneys, that they, the Catholics, are harboring a wicked heretic at Vienne; that his name is Michael Servetus, and that he ought to be burned. He exhorts with much holy horror that he be brought to justice. He sends with the letter four leaves of the "*Christianity Restored*," which Frellon had sent to Calvin as proof against the heretic.

Straightway the detached leaves and the letter of Trie are put into the hands of the inquisitor, — Matthew Ory. But what can be done? The four sheets sent by Trie are not evidence enough. Wait a while. Arneys writes again to Trie, and Trie goes to Calvin, and Calvin furnishes the complete volume for the inquisitor. Still the proof is not sufficient. The book has no name of author, place, or printer. Arneys writes again. Calvin mouses among his private letters, finds some from Servetus which assert the same heresies, and serve to identify the author of the volume; and he basely gives them up to the inquisitor. He also acts as informer, generally, to Master Matthew Ory. This is enough; and the toils are woven about the victim. Servetus is in the hands of Master Ory, and safely lodged in prison at Vienne.

To the prison there was a garden, and in the garden a platform, and from the platform was an easy leap into an outer yard, and from the outer yard, the door was left open. The Catholic inquisitors are more merciful than the Genevan. Probably the influence of the good archbishop can be traced here. At any rate, they put Servetus into prison with the doors left open. They allowed him a servant, and ordered that he should be treated "honestly, and according to his

station." Servetus walked into the garden, jumped from the platform into the yard, walked leisurely through the open door, and went, laughing and whistling, on his way.

Whither will he go? It is his plan to go to Naples, and there resume his practice of the healing art. He should have gone through Piedmont; but a strange fascination, like that of the serpent over the fluttering bird, drew him aside through Switzerland. Perhaps he feared to fall again into Catholic hands. Doubtless he was as yet ignorant of the fact, that Calvin was the fox who had started the hounds upon his trail. He appears at Geneva, stops at the tavern called the "Rose," and speaks for a barge to transport him across the lake. But the lake is in commotion, and his departure is delayed.

Calvin's hungry eye is upon him, and he feels malicious delight that the victim is in his power. "One of the Sid-nics," writes Calvin, "*at my instigation (me auctore)*, ordered him to be led to prison." They find an accuser by the name of La Fontaine; and Calvin selects for the accuser's counsel one Colladon, a fiery, blood-thirsty man, who often discharged the double office of jurist, and hangman's valet. An accusation, containing thirty-nine articles, is prepared against him; and it is proof of the malignity of the prosecution that one of the charges is founded on an extract from his edition of "Ptolemy," in which the Holy Land is called sterile and unsightly. "An atheistical speech," said one of the judges. "I have done nothing but translate it," said Servetus: "It is Ptolemy who is the Atheist."—"I was very glad," says Calvin, "to stop the mouth of this miscreant, and I asked him why he had indorsed the labor of another; and so much was this vile dog confounded by such pressing reasons, that he could only snarl, and say there was no harm in this."

The heretic appeared from time to time before his judges: Calvin confronts him, and browbeats him, and mounts the pulpit, to inflame the passions against him. Personal hate and revenge are manifest through the whole trial. They try to find something against his private life, but in vain.

“Why have you declaimed so violently against Calvin?” This question reveals the *animus* of the trial.

“Calvin’s language,” replies Servetus, “has been greatly more violent than mine.”

The judges hesitate, and fear to bring his blood upon their heads. They request Calvin to furnish a formal refutation of his errors. Calvin employed nearly fifteen days in this work. In the mean while, Servetus lay in his prison upon straw, devoured by vermin. He addressed the following letter to his judges, appealing to their justice and humanity:—

MY VERY HONORED SEIGNIORS,—I very humbly entreat you to be pleased to abridge these long delays, or liberate me from this prosecution. You perceive that Calvin is at the end of his devices. Not knowing what to say, he, for his own gratification, seeks to keep me in prison, that I may rot here. I am devoured alive by vermin. My garments are torn; and I have no change of doublet, and no shirt but a very mean one. I have presented to you another supplication, which was drawn up according to God; and, to defeat it, Calvin has alleged Justinian. Certainly he is unfortunate in citing against me what he does not himself believe. This is a great shame for him, and still greater, because now have elapsed five weeks that he has kept me here strongly imprisoned, and never has brought forward a single passage against me.

My lords, I had also demanded of you a lawyer or advocate, as you had allowed to my opponent, who did not need one so much as I do, since I am a stranger, and ignorant of the customs of the country. Nevertheless, you have allowed one to him, and not to me, and have liberated him from prison before the cause had been investigated. I request my case to be transferred to the Council of the Two Hundred, together with my supplications; and, if I can appeal there, I do appeal, protesting for all expenses, damages, and interests, and for the *pæna talionis** (law of retaliation) against the first accuser, as against his master Calvin, who has made his cause his own.

Done in your prisons at Geneva, this 15th of September, 1553.

MICHAEL SERVETUS,
In his own cause.

No answer was returned.

* This, at the time, was the legal right of the prisoner in the Genevan courts of justice.

Sept. 22, he makes another appeal from his prison, preferring heavy charges against Calvin as a false accuser, and as having degraded the office of a minister of Christ by turning informer, and furnishing private letters to procure his death.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 10, another piteous appeal comes from his prison:—

MAGNIFICENT SEIGNIORS,—For the last three weeks, I have been desiring and entreating you to give me a hearing, and have never been able to obtain one. I beg you, for the love of Jesus Christ, do not refuse me what you would not refuse to a Turk, who asked you for justice. I have some very important and necessary things to say to you.

As to what you had ordered, that something should be done to keep me clean, no attention has been paid to it; and I am in a worse condition than ever. And, besides, the cold torments me greatly, . . . which brings upon me other miseries which I should be ashamed to describe to you. It is extreme cruelty that the common decencies are denied me. For the love of God, my lords give orders for this, or else from pity or a sense of duty.

Done in your prisons of Geneva, October 10, 1553.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

No answer was returned.

Oct. 21, the tribunal assembled. The deliberations lasted three days. At length nearly all decided for capital punishment. What kind of death was the next question to be determined; and death by fire obtained the majority. There was one man, Ami Perrin, who felt some throbs of compassion, who feigned sickness, and absented himself from the council. But he choked down his compassion, and finally came and gave his vote for blood. Calvin thus scoffs at this fit of humanity. "Our tragic comedian," he writes to Farel, "after having feigned to be sick for three days, came to the council, in order to save this wretch, and blushed not to demand that the case should be called before the Council of the Two Hundred; but the sentence was rendered without controversy."

On the morning of the 26th of October, they came to the

prison to announce the sentence of the judges. Servetus lost his fortitude, wept, and sued for mercy. Calvin had the heart to insult his tears and agonies, compared him to a beast, and stigmatized his cries as "roaring" and "howling." But Castalion found words of compassion, "And did not Christ from the tree of the cross exclaim, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'"

The tragedy hastens on. At the place de Champel, an open space without the city, they led forth the victim. A stake was fixed deeply in the ground, to which they bound him with an iron chain. He pleaded for a more merciful death. "The sword! the sword! in mercy, and not fire!" He spoke to deaf ears. Green fagots were placed around him, his head was covered with a crown of straw sprinkled with sulphur; and the heretical book was suspended at the stake. The fire ignited slowly; the death-agonies were prolonged; the head of the sufferer swam amid clouds of sulphur and smoke, through which his lips could be seen moving in prayer. Once, when the flames rose up to devour his face, he uttered a cry of anguish, which sent the silence of death among the spectators, and turned them pale. Some of them, moved with compassion, ran to put an end to his sufferings, and stifled him under blazing fagots. One more prayer, "Jesus, Eternal Son, have mercy on me!"—and he passed out of the hands of cruel men to the judgment-seat, towards which his blood, now three hundred years, has cried from the ground.

Calvin tried in vain to wash the gouts of blood from his mantle. He issued a book, which made its appearance in 1554, under the title "A Faithful Exposition of the Errors of Michael Servetus, and a Brief Refutation of the Same, wherein it is taught that Heretics are to be coerced by the Right of the Sword." Himself a heretic, liable to the same punishment from the Roman Inquisition, and with the same justice, he sends out this shameless pamphlet to the world to justify what, in every view of the case, was the most deliberate and diabolical murder on record, for the gratification of private hate and personal revenge.

There was a man who in the noon of the nineteenth century could write this sentence, "We do not see, if there must have been such a trial, how, in the circumstances, it could have been conducted more fairly and kindly, both on the part of Calvin and the council;"* and another challenges the opponents of Calvin "to name not merely in the annals of persecution, but even in the records of criminal justice, an instance of more *moderation* and *liberality* than was exercised by the magistrates of Geneva in the trial of Servetus."† It is something to know what *some* followers of Calvin understand by mildness, moderation, and liberality. None are responsible for the deeds of Calvin, merely for holding his theology, unless they choose to apologize for them and defend them. But, so long as they do, the ghost of the murdered man will come up to sear their eye-balls; and it ought to come up till the end of time, to make religious intolerance as hateful in the sight of men as it is abominable in the sight of God.

The religious opinions of Servetus cannot be judged of from his accusers. They charge him with Pantheism. He denies it. "God through his omnipresence is necessarily present in all things, yet these things themselves are not a part of God; but the prototype or idea or conception of all things is in God." Though he denied the tri-personality, he asserted a sort of Sabellian trinity, and ascribed even supreme divinity to Christ. His opinions are set forth with great discrimination and candor by Baur;‡ and though, probably, he was not always consistent with himself, it would be difficult to absolve his system from the charge of Pantheistic tendencies.§

8.

* Robbins's "Life of Calvin."

† Waterman's "Life of Calvin."

‡ Dreieinigkeit, vol. iii. pp. 46-108.

§ The main facts in the life of Servetus are summed up in the "Encyclopædia Americana;" but the best and most unimpeachable authority as regards Calvin are Calvin's own letters, extracts from which are given in the original Latin, in Audin's "Life of Calvin."

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XIV.

AT EVENING.

"WERDE MUNTER, MEIN GEMUTHE."

[JOHANN RIST, 1642. The translator has not only taken the usual liberty of leaving out some of the verses, but, in one instance, has combined two verses by taking a part from each.]

BE thou glad, my inmost being ;
 And, ye senses, lead before ;
 All the heavenly goodness seeing
 Lavished on us more and more :
 That He still, from day to day,
 Through an all-imperilled way,
 Has so helped me in my quailing,
 That no foe has been prevailing.

Father of all tender mercies !
 Praise and thanks to thee we bring,
 Who hast saved us from reverses,
 And from every evil thing ;
 And, from sins on many a side,
 Faithfully hast kept me wide :
 Yea, and foes far hence hast driven,
 So that they no harm have given.

Skill of numbers cannot mete them, —
 All the favors thou hast shown ;
 Nor the speaker's tongue repeat them, —
 All the works thy grace makes known.
 Wondrous is thy goodness found ;
 Without measure, without bound :
 So has thy compassion guided,
 That no mischief has betided.

Let this night, no outcry hearing,
 Sweet and gentle slumber bring;
 Cover me, in solemn cheering,
 With the shadow of thy wing.
 Be to me, O Father! nigh;
 Throw thy light beyond my eye;
 Let no blow or fright confound me,
 When there's nought but darkness round me.

N. L. F.

 BROKEN LIGHTS.*

THE book whose title we have here given stands almost unique, so far as we know, in religious literature. Its avowed doctrine is not Christianity, but Theism, the superior of Christianity. And yet it is full of tenderness, reverence, and piety; it breathes no contempt; it preaches no iconoclasm; it freely admits both the excellences of Christians, and the defects of Theists; it is just and candid almost beyond precedent. We sincerely pity the man who can fling it aside as only "the latest form of infidelity," and can think thus to escape the responsibility of examining anew the foundations of his faith. Were any thing to induce us to renounce the name of Christian, it would be a book like this, which comes so *near* to showing us "a more excellent way." More formidable than any batteries of biblical criticism, which attack but the outworks of our faith, this new presentation of Theism, with no hostile front or destructive purpose, almost persuades one to be *not* a Christian, by seeming to conserve all that is most precious in Christianity, while putting it on a more stable foundation than that. Is this, indeed, the fruit of the new religion, we are tempted to ask as we read? So far as a book can give evidence of its author's character, here is an almost unmatched combination of piety, without a particle of superstition; of the noblest devotion to truth, with

* Broken Lights: An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By Frances Power Cobbe. J. E. Tilton, 1864.

forbearance towards error ; of humility with boldness ; of faith in the results of science, with faith in a living and personal God. Hers, we should say, must be a philanthropy without bitterness, an all-embracing charity which transcends not only the lines of social and political demarcation, but the boundaries of this earthly life. She will not have one soul to be lost, or even neglected, whether in time or in eternity. But in reality, as an argument against Christianity, or even as a suggestion of its insufficiency, it would amount to nothing to appeal to such a character. No man or woman brought up in Christendom can claim entire independence of Christian influences. An exhausted receiver is unfit for life ; and such life as any of us have must inevitably be, in large measure, Christian. Should the time ever come, predicted by Miss Cobbe, when Christianity will have utterly "ceased to be" as a distinctive, "historical" religion, then we might have materials for judging what were the legitimate fruit of the Theism whose advent she hails. We have not such materials now. The problem is too complicated for any such simple solution. It is wiser to address ourselves more directly to the merits of the case. Let us not attempt to ask, What sort of a character would Theism produce ? — but, Have we any good grounds for abandoning the Christian method of education in favor of the Theistic ? Must we accept the conclusion, that the religion of Christ is on the decline, and, sooner or later, will perish from the face of the earth, like other systems which have "had their day" ? For ourselves, we hasten to say, that Miss Cobbe's book has not shaken the conviction with which we answer such questions by a decided negative. We have listened, with all possible candor and impartiality, to her argument ; but it leaves us with a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ not one whit impaired. Nay, more, — she has herself confirmed us in that faith by her own testimony to its power.

The motive of this book is one which every true Christian must respect, and sympathize with. Its author discerns among the movements of the age a deep and wide-spread scepticism, which reaches even to the ultimate grounds of religious

belief, and calls in question the vital doctrines of God and Virtue and Immortality. She believes, if we understand her, that this scepticism is mainly owing to the false basis on which Christian advocates have placed the belief in these fundamental doctrines; that false basis being the authority of the Bible as a supernatural revelation. It is her object, therefore, to show that all the various attempts to build a religious faith on this foundation have signally failed, and that the true foundation is "God's natural revelation through reason and conscience." Here, she firmly believes, may be found — and here only — a refuge from all the storms of doubt. "Science," she thinks, has inflicted such irreparable injury upon the Bible, that no rational and candid mind can very long continue to make it the reliance of his best hopes. She comes, therefore, to the rescue of that precious "triune faith," by making it impregnable to all attacks of scientific scepticism, and absolutely independent of all history or tradition. The world, in her opinion, is steadily advancing to that period, when men will no longer require to learn of *any book* concerning God and duty and immortal life, but will find it plainly and infallibly written in their own hearts what is true.

It is not our purpose to follow the author in her keen and generally impartial analysis of the Paleologians and Neologians. It chiefly concerns us to know, not whether this or that form of Christianity be the truer, but whether we have a right to any Christianity at all. Miss Cobbe challenges this right, on the ground that Christianity, in any distinctive sense, is an historical religion, and depends for its proof on historical records; and that these records, moreover, come to us in a character which enlightened criticism must reject. The Bible and science, to her view, are hopelessly irreconcilable. But as the avowed object of her book is not negative, but positive, we naturally inquire what is the substitute offered for our Christian faith. If the religion based upon the Bible be insecure and doubtful, how is the religion of natural reason and consciousness any better? Miss Cobbe has, indeed, intimated, in one or two places, that the voice of consciousness

is sometimes variable and obscure ; but surely it behooved her, as one of the first conditions of an audience, to show that she had something *better* than historical religion to offer us, something free from its uncertainty. For the Horatian appeal is still valid :—

“ Si quid novisti *rectius* istis,
Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.”

One who is not essentially destructive, — and Miss Cobbe certainly is not, — will find in this appeal no little weight. Now, the question between the Theist and the Christian is a question of fact. It is simply this : Does man — man in general — find in his natural reason and conscience such positive knowledge of God and duty and immortality, that his faith in these great truths needs no other confirmation ? To simplify the inquiry yet more, let us take the last of the three-named doctrines. Is it a fact, that the instinctive belief in immortality is universal and sufficient ? Why, then, are there so many who see nothing beyond the present life ? We need not stop to prove how wide-spread is the unbelief on this point ; for our author herself admits it. Her answer would probably be, not that man *does* always find this truth in his consciousness, but that he *may* find it there ; and that he will do so, when “ reverence for the sanctity of that consciousness ” shall be enforced, and “ every obstruction to its fullest and highest development ” shall be removed. The meaning of this plainly is, that, when Theism shall have supplanted Christianity, the voice of consciousness will be far more clear and indisputable than it is now ; for she holds that Christians, inasmuch as they are “ traditionalists,” must always, to be consistent, “ depreciate consciousness,” and make its evidence suspected. Now, here we distinctly take issue with our author. We deny that Christians, as such, throw any discredit upon the testimony of consciousness so far as it can have any thing to say. They only deny that man’s natural reason is *sufficient* to guide him into all needed religious truth. What may be exactly meant by the “ fullest and highest development ” of consciousness, we may not perhaps

understand ; but if we interpret the expression aright, as meaning the fullest development of all that is highest and purest in man's nature, we appeal to history for proof that this is just what Christianity has done. In the Epistle to the Romans, a doctrine of consciousness is laid down, which we have supposed was accepted by all, or nearly all, Christians ; and yet here is no disparagement of consciousness, but the reverse. Paul says, that the Gentiles, having not "the Law," are a law unto themselves ; and he affirms, that, from the beginning of the world, it has always been possible to know God, for his works declared him ; and, moreover, "that which may be known of God is *manifest in*" men. But this original light of consciousness became darkened by sin : the primeval revelation had become so obscured through "vile affections," that the professedly wise were only fools. "They *did not like* to retain God in their knowledge," and so they were suffered to tread the downward road, which led away from him. And then, when the world, with all its wisdom, no longer knew the true God, it pleased him to try the "foolishness of preaching," — the preaching of "Christ crucified," "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The apostolic and Christian doctrine, then, we hold to be, that man has by nature a capacity for *receiving* spiritual truth, but no power of *originating* it. This capacity may be indefinitely increased by spiritual faithfulness, and checked, if not destroyed, by unfaithfulness. Faith is spiritual perception. The objects of faith are revealed by the Divine Spirit to the human ; and this revelation, we have reason to think, would have been always what our author calls "natural," had not the fact of man's depravity necessitated the supernatural mode. "The supernatural is the measure of our alienation from God."* To us, this statement of the Christian doctrine is a sufficient answer to Miss Cobbe's assertion, that one must consistently reject *either* tradition or consciousness as a ground of faith. We see no necessity of rejecting either, when the province of each is rightly understood. One does

* See Sampson Reed's "Observations on the Growth of the Mind." We quote from memory.

not deny that the eye is made for seeing, because he also asserts that we must be brought within the line of vision in order to see, and that our eyes must not be so diseased that the light cannot enter them. It is the more surprising that our author does not make allowance for the disturbing influence of sin, in estimating the power of the natural consciousness to discern the truth, because she, like Newman, and unlike Parker, lays great stress upon the importance of a "sense of sin," and has written upon this topic with a beauty and emphasis which show how deeply she felt it. What Christian writer could say more than this: "There seems no one fact more clearly revealed by the experience of religious men, than that on the depth and intensity of the sense of what has been called 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin' must depend also the depth and vigor of the whole religious life"? How could one, who saw this truth so plainly, fail to recognize the fact, that "sin clouds the mind's clear vision"? Had she not ignored that fact, she would not have claimed for "consciousness" *now* what might have been its original endowment. She would confess that man needs tradition, because, alone and unassisted, consciousness is no longer reliable. God has revealed himself through his Son, because his revelation in nature and the human soul had become comparatively ineffectual. And that which made it ineffectual was sin.

If we have given sufficient reason for believing that the substitute which our author proposes for an historical religion — viz., "God's natural revelation of himself through reason and conscience" — has not the advantages which she claims for it, let us now consider, on the other hand, her objections to this historical religion itself. There is religion in history, she affirms, but history is not religion; for, if it were, — such is her argument, — we should be led to the "monstrous conclusion," that "the intellect, not the soul, is the first authority in religion." For it is the intellect, the logical understanding, and not any moral or spiritual faculty, which determines the facts of history, and sifts its records and monuments; and, at best, this process will only give us

high degree of *probability* for the existence of historical facts and the integrity of historical records, while it is *certainty* that the soul needs as the groundwork of religious faith. This is substantially the argument that we have heard so much of, in recent years, from various quarters; and we are always amazed that one should *practically* find it to be of any weight. To take a familiar example: Can any one practically distinguish, in his own mind, the degree of conviction with which he believes that there is such a city as Constantinople, from that with which he apprehends the truth, that two and two make four? It may be proved that one has *no right* to feel the same certainty with regard to these two different things. But yet he does feel it; for that which is crossed by *no shadow of doubt* has for us all the force of certainty. All that Miss Cobbe says so beautifully concerning religious faith, as "a thing which God gives, not in answer to studies and researches, but to prayers and deeds," is just as true to the sincere Christian as to her; and, of course, she knows that it is, but would say that it is so, because Christians are logically inconsistent, because they believe ignorantly and blindly, because "they persist in believing the Bible in the teeth of science," and in defiance of criticism. Now, it would take us too far, for our present purpose, to defend the Bible against these formidable adversaries. We are concerned simply to show that there is no valid objection to accepting our religion through the medium of a book, and thus being dependent, in some measure, upon history for our faith. An illustration, which seems to us entirely pertinent, may clear the matter a little. When the astronomer confesses himself indebted to Kepler for the discovery of some of the most valuable laws on which his science is based, it does not weaken his confidence in those laws, that they had an historical origin. They have been transmitted to him through books, and have been exposed to all the risks of two centuries of tradition; but he is satisfied of their truth, because he *sees it now*. So Christ has spoken words which are "spirit and life;" and "every one that is of the truth heareth his voice" still across the ages, and never doubts that it is the voice of one who "spoke as

never man spoke." His words are received, because they are seen to be true by man's spiritual faculties, not because the book they are contained in has been critically examined, and pronounced reliable. It is difficult to conceive why one's faith in any doctrine of religion should be impaired, merely because the doctrine was first announced at some remote period of the world's history; and yet this would seem to be the conclusion to which Miss Cobbe's argument logically conducts us, inasmuch as she objects to our being "dependent" on history for our faith. But the character and life of Christ furnishes the most satisfactory reply to the objections of the Theist against "historical religion;" and upon that we must say a few words now.

Our author herself, in her notice of Rénan's "Life of Jesus," has, it seems to us, abundantly refuted her own objections. The tribute she has there rendered to the character, work, and influence of Christ, and the change which has come over the world since his advent, makes one wonder that she could stop short of the acknowledgment, "Truly, this was the Son of God!" When one, who uses words so carefully as she does, admits that Christ infused a "new life" into humanity, how can the conclusion be resisted, that this is because he was "the Life indeed"? The *work* of Christianity — its actual result in history to this day — has always been felt as a proof that its originator was divine, and that his religion was intended for eternal duration. The argument is valid still. In vain does our author say, that the question, Who is Christ? is a purely historical one. The life coursing in our veins to-day has something to do with telling us who he is. Even if it were possible "to stand outside of Christianity," it would be disloyal to the highest name to do so. We cannot, and we dare not, profess any strict critical "impartiality," in answering a question which touches our deepest religious experience as does this question, Who is Christ? We might as well be expected to inquire impartially into the character of the mother who bore us. And yet we are bold to say, this is no weak superstition or irrational confidence. The Theist also admits a

Providence in human affairs; and it is in the order of Providence, that we start in life with an inheritance of Christian ideas, sentiments, and beliefs, which we must not carelessly renounce. "By the grace of God," we are what we are, in respect to every better hope and aspiration of our souls; and, as that grace is indissolubly connected in our minds with the name of Christ, we could not cease to be Christians, until we had either exhausted Christianity, or found its influence leading us away from Him to whom Christ referred his origin. We are aware that what has now been said meets none of the special difficulties which Miss Cobbe and others feel concerning the Scriptures as the revelation of God's will, and the record of Christ's life. But it may perhaps stand as a general defence of the inspiration of the "holiest of all books." It gives us some right, at least, to infer that a time will come, when all essential difficulties, in the way of receiving the Scriptures as divine, will be removed; since to them we owe primarily our knowledge of that wonderful being, who, beyond all that have appeared in human shape, could claim to be, in the highest sense, the Son of God.

Our limits forbid us to take up some of the other very interesting topics which Miss Cobbe's book has suggested, or to criticise the manner in which she has treated them. We should be glad to notice especially her singular jealousy of the recognition of Christ as "Lord," and her objections to prayer through a mediator. While we gladly acknowledge the general accuracy of her statements, and the admirable fairness with which she writes, we are constrained to say, that there are a few instances of sheer dogmatism, of absurd exaggeration, and of unaccountable misinterpretation of Scripture, — of which last we hold her assertion, that Christ "gave no opinion" about the authority of the Old Testament, though he said that he came to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, and that "the Scripture cannot be broken." But, leaving these unfavorable criticisms, we have a word to say, in conclusion, on our author's view of the "Tradition of Prayer." The phrase is her own. She believes in prayer as a tradition, if she holds no other traditional belief.

"Every spiritual loss and error comes from giving up prayer, even as every spiritual grace and good comes from earnestly practising it." And she is evidently most sincere in saying this. It is plainly a matter of vital importance to her; and the neglect of prayer she holds to be one of the most deplorable defects of "practical Theism." Every Christian might read with profit what she has written here. We admire her beautiful piety, but we marvel greatly at her inconsistency. Why should man need tradition to persuade him to pray, any more than to teach him the fact of immortality? Nay, if, in either case, he could dispense with tradition, and trust to his "instincts," we should say it was the first, and not the second. It seems to us a purely arbitrary preference and distinction which Miss Cobbe draws here. "Our mothers," she beautifully says, "were our first prophets." Ah! why, then, are we to accept their doctrine, when it tells us to seek God in prayer, and reject it when it tells us of the love of God in "our Lord Jesus Christ"? "Our mothers" have always been distinctively *Christian* prophets. They have told us of no other name under heaven by which we must be saved but the name of our Divine Master. Will we not still go unto him before all others, that we may have life?

W. S.

It is no hinderance to us, because we are sinners, and Christ holy; for, if we had not been sinners, there would be no need that Christ should suffer for us. We see in his genealogy, that both good and evil are rehearsed, of whose posterity he should come; that weak and timorous consciences might be comforted, that they might confidently and cheerfully put their trust in him who has taken away our sins. That we may be certain of this, he has left us his word, which assuredly declares it to us. Among the kings and princes that Matthew rehearsed, some were exceedingly evil, as we may read in the books of the kings; yet God suffereth them to be rehearsed in his genealogy, as if they were worthy that he should come to them. — *Luther's Sermons.*

L I N E S

RECITED AT A RURAL FESTIVAL, NEWPORT, R.I.

COME out to the fields,
Out to the fields,
Children all, both great and small ;
And taste the pleasure Nature yields.
Come out from the narrow and noisy street,
And let your feet
Press the green turf of this pleasant retreat.
Ye who are neither too busy nor wise,
Come out, and read in Nature's eyes
The lesson she *looks* from her radiant skies ;
And here, in the tranquil autumn air,
Come forth, with grateful hearts, to share
The banquet her beauty and bounty prepare.
The summer *months* are over and past,
But summer *hours* and *days* yet last, —
Sweet after-summer hours and days,
When the Indian saw, in the tender haze
That hung in the skies of the far South-west,
The home of the spirit in fields of the blest.
The Indian is gone ; but his God is near :
His voice and his look are around us here.
The Father of all, whose bounty fills
The cattle on a thousand hills
With food and gladness, who faithfully feeds
Each little insect on the meads
With his cup of morning and evening dew,
Has spread a table here for you.
And not this board alone, that stands
Provided and decked by human hands,
And loaded with pleasant and goodly cheer,
All brought by *visible* angels here, —
A broader table is in your sight,
Where sweets diviner your hearts invite.
Then feast your eyes
On the broad, blue skies,

The beautiful fane
 Of your heaven-like home ;
 On the bright, o'er-hanging firmament,
 Transparent roof of the endless tent, —
 The banquet-hall, which a Father's hand
 Has stretched out over the quiet land.
 Drink in the beauty of vale and hill,
 Drink in the song of the little rill,
 Day after day
 On its winding way
 In search of the sea,
 The mother-sea,
 Where all her children yearn to be ;
 Where once it was born
 In a soft, warm morn,
 Went up as a cloud, and descended again,
 In the cleft of the hills, in drops of rain,
 To beautify and enrich the plain
 On its homeward way to the murmuring main.

Oh ! list to the hymn of thanks and praise
 All Nature sings in these autumn days ;
 That silently breathes from her grateful face ;
 That silently swells in her lines of grace ;
 That steals on the heart with a tender thrill
 From placid meadow and sunny hill,
 And clasps the earth and sky and sea
 In the bond of a secret harmony.
 On upland slope and on lowland plain,
 What peace, contentment, and plenty reign !
 No lurid battle-clouds here turn pale
 The sun that looks down on this happy vale ;
 No deadly bullet shrieks by to scare
 The innocent sprites from this peaceful air :
 The whistling shot, the mangling shell,
 The dying groan, the maddening yell,
 All sounds and sights of murderous fray,
 From this calm scene are far away.
 Ah ! who could dream in a scene like this,
 Whispering only of love and bliss, —

Who could believe that beneath the sky
 That bends o'er the world, like God's blue eye,
 On all this earth's majestic round,
 There could at this hour a spot be found,
 Where the children of men were met to grasp,
 Not hand in hand with fraternal clasp, —
 Ah, no! but to grasp in deadly strife
 The throat that shall redden the fatal knife?
 But why should these dismal thoughts creep in,
 To blot fair Nature with shadows of sin?
 The Father Almighty still sits above,
 And bends even war to his purpose of love.
 And is there not war in Nature too,
 When darkness struggles, and light breaks through?
 To-day, in this valley, how silent all! —
 So silent, a leaf might be heard to fall:
 So still and picture-like, it might seem
 As if the world were a long day-dream!
 And yet e'en here 'tis not always so:
 When winds the signal trumpets blow,
 And clouds, that come with growl and glare,
 Hang out black banners on the air,
 Then comes the crash, the flash, the roar,
 Of the great elemental war.
 But this, too, passes: another morn,
 The world stands there as if new-born,
 So fresh and sparkling and pure and clean
 That the tempest-demon now is seen
 To have been a peace-angel in war's disguise,
 An angel of healing to earth and skies.
 But, oh! if the wrath of man can praise
 The inscrutable Wisdom that guides our days,
 Then how much more must his children's love
 Give glory and gladness to God above!

Be this, then, children, *our* noble strife
 To contend for the crown of love and life;
 By patience, contentment, and gratitude,
 To conquer evil and sin with good.

So shall the beauty, the peace, the bliss,
 All Nature breathes at an hour like this,

In a scene like this, sink into the heart ;
And the gentle influence shall not depart,
But with us and within us dwell,
Long after we have said farewell.
The milder sun that now shines above
Will shine within as an orb of Love ;
The tender and temperate autumn air,
As the breath of a spirit, will touch us *there* ;
The sky that bends over us *there* will be
A heaven of peace and purity !

C. T. B.

THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED.

A SERMON BY C. A. BARTOL.*

LUKE xxiv. 14: "And they talked together of all these things which had happened."

WHAT could have been more natural? — "Where have you been? What have you been doing? You have not told me yet what sort of summer you have had." So we salute one another. Much has happened since I met you, asking the religious interpretation I should have been so glad to give. Let us, this morning, cast up our account with time, and bridge over this gap of absence.

First, how has our country — the mother that bore us — fared as the weeks have been slipping away? You will excuse me for going, beyond all personalities at the outset, to her case. She preceded us all; and she, we fondly trust, will survive us all on earth. Our little individualities rise and sink; "come like shadows, so depart." Society, the body-politic, remains. While, in peaceful life and under quiet roofs, many have gone with strokes as summary this season as the bullets on the battle-field, how has it been with the country whose existence also is at stake? Let Atlanta, the Bay of Mobile, the Shenandoah Valley, the price-current,

* Preached in the West Church, Oct. 2d.

the gold-thermometer, many a piece won on the board in this dreadful game of war we are forced to play, give answer.

Some years ago, England, Russia, and France watched as nurses to see when "the sick man," as they facetiously denominated the kingdom of Turkey, which they all coveted, would die; and so the nations of the earth have been long hovering at our bedside, as the phrase goes about poor invalids, *to get our last breath*. What shall we say to them? What do the things that have happened, the occurrences of the day, say to them posting swiftly across the sea? This, namely, that they are mistaking the nature of the occasion. It is not a nation dying that they gaze at, but a nation born again. The carcass is not here which those eagles thought they scented, and were whetting their beaks on either side the Channel to devour; but the Continent labors in travail for her new offspring of Justice and Freedom under the sun. God willing, we will be no cast-off carrion for them to peck at. "I shall live, and not die," said the old Hebrew to the waiters round his pillow. So says the Genius of America, and blows it abroad with her trumpet on all the winds, bidding the world witness these agonies are not throes of dissolution, but pains of birth. As I passed, a week or two ago, over the Common, close to the flash and roar of the jubilant guns over Sheridan's triumphs, was it a mistake, a fancy, an illusion of sense, that, in the quick blaze and sharp report, my eye and ear felt not congratulation only over achievements already secure, but *determination*, set and grim as the lips of the cannoneer, to continue the struggle till the flag under which the discharges were made shall float over all the territory belonging to it in the United States? "Sir, what is the firing for?" cried out to me a poor Irish immigrant woman on the way. "For victory over rebellion," was my reply. "O Providence, PROVIDENCE!" she shouted back, clapping her hands, and looking up with wet eyes and worshipful face. It is Providence,—not slow, as we charge it with being, but rapid enough at least to shame all our sloth, ingratitude, impatience, and unbelief. I charge you all, old men and maidens,

young men and children, all of either sex, be instruments in the hand of Providence to maintain that cause of country which shall prevail against this treason as surely as yonder storm hurtling through the air shall go down before the stars.

But, during my absence from the congregation, much has happened more privately to touch this church, and tone my public service. Two of our aged sisters have dropped into the hand of the reaper, Death, like shocks of corn fully ripe in their season; two little children have withered like unopened buds you see snapped on some tender bush exposed to the gust; two wives, flourishing in their prime, seeming to have other blossoms ready to unfold on their tree of life, have been cut down,—holy maternity, bountiful motherhood, the one thing under heaven that chiefly draws my tender reverence, as it brought new existence into the world, like a stem overburdened with its own fruitage falling away. What have I to say to you about such events? What can any of us say? This is, we feel, the supreme question. As we knock at the door of the grave, do we get no answer but the hollow reverberation of the sound we ourselves make? None whatever, some sadly aver. A traveller wrote, concerning a great author whom he visited, "It was not his fault that we talked of the immortality of the soul; for he had the natural disinclination of every nimble spirit to bruise itself against walls, and did not like to place himself where no step can be taken:" and I confess, unless you *feel* the immortality in yourself and your dear ones, I see not what any external argument, testimony, or authority can avail. Unless the immortal nature in communion with God and good spirits is awakened in you, no demonstration, no resurrection, real and glorious as we indeed believe it, can certify you.

Therefore I have never been able to confine myself to the reading or reciting of any precise burial-service prepared by other men, though I am often asked at funerals, "Do you want Bible or book?" No: in a book or out of it, I want only what the word of God whispers intimately to my very soul. Beautiful are the litanies of the formal Church. Thank

God for all the comfort and satisfaction they yield to their votaries! Sublime and touching are the sentences of Scripture about human mortality and immortality: but, with or beyond them, we want something suited to the fresh case, to meet the exact circumstances, and interpret the feeling of the hour; and I cannot abdicate my privilege and duty in favor of any conventional phrase, however ancient or venerated. I cannot consent to put my dear, dead brother or sister into any uniform description of all the dead, good or bad. If they have lived nobly, and sweetly submitted to die in my sight, I shall say, at least in my heart, something more than the prepared generalities, as I bend over the coffin, or stand with bare head on the brink of the grave, and hear the gravel rattle on the coffin-lid. I shall celebrate their virtues; I shall rejoice in their achievements and their resignation; I shall commend their particular spirits to God: and I affectionately suggest to all Christians the propriety of adding the immediate inspiration of the bosom to the familiar periods, as Jesus tells us every well-instructed scribe will bring out of his treasury things new as well as old.

For, my friends, suffer me to say it, we have a direct relation to God! He is *our* Father, and not Abraham's or David's only. We have the prerogative of children to speak to him for ourselves of our own matters. In nothing did our Master more show his truth than in teaching as transcending even his own authority this religion of the spirit. I adjure you, claim the right; establish the fact of such a divine impulse sufficient to your want! If God is our Father, *all* follows, — life, paradise, progress, love, beyond our boldest imagination, beyond our wildest wish. If he is not our father, and we have no angelic brothers or sisters, then shut the book, disperse the assembly, close the church, — all our preaching, hearing, singing, praying, is delusion, mockery, a form indeed, or a dream. But we do not build without a foundation. If there be any reality, it is our Christian trust. This earth that looks so solid — not the soul, which we cannot see — is the shadow. When, of that you loved, nothing but a cold corpse lies before you, then resort to your faith. Call

on your God with all the spirits of the good. Say, gazing on the clay, This is not my work : I did not make the living form : I did not reduce it to this lifeless lump. But yesterday animated with a spark of deity, mere ashes to-day, I contentedly commit it to the ground : but *the spark* in it that flashed out of it I leave to him that kindled it, to fan from these embers into glowing with brighter blaze for ever in an air feeding the fire of life over every blast to blow it out.

Of one thing that has happened in this way of human vanishing since I saw you together, I must make especial mention. There sat, perhaps scarce noticed by you, year after year, in these seats, a young man — Edward Washburn — who afterwards became one of the sixty-five — for it has mounted to that — connected with this church, who have gone to the war. Wounded, as it seemed fatally, in the fight at Port Hudson, in June, 1863, he was yet got home apparently restored, to live for a year and more, and talk about going back as soon as he could ride a horse without pain ; when the old trouble in the mangled thigh broke out, and his life-blood ran away. Called, a month since, as his minister, to speak to God and men over his remains such words as his character might suggest, I owe, also, a passing tribute here to our fellow-worshipper. How well, in the beautiful town of Lancaster, I remember his diligent travelling about and scouring the county at large, to gather up the courage and patriotism of the region into a company he did not aspire, though he was unavoidably chosen, to command ! In the terrible battle, he fell, variously hit under a shower of bullets, throwing his canteen to his also disabled and thirsty superior officer, while one of his own fallen soldiers behind, seeing him helpless on the ground, crept forward to put his limb into an easy position, and then crept back to die. Such are the generousities of the field ! His captain can thank him in heaven ! With a constitution whose ruddy vigor promised perfect health to threescore and ten, but twenty-eight was the number of his years. We read, with a shudder, of the times of human sacrifices. The times of human sacrifices, my friends, are not past : they are on us, and with us now, though they are made with no human supersti-

tion, but at the call of duty and God. Rationalists stumble at the word "vicarious." These precious lives are vicarious offerings for the country's salvation: they ebb into the sand, that she may stand on the earth. The exact measure of her atonement, God holds in his hand; not a drop of their blood shall run to waste; he catches every unregarded particle that the soil seems to drink, and holds it in his cup; as He pours, he watches the rising line, and the veins shall trickle no longer, the moment the just degree is attained.

But, while they complete our atonement, shall they, for their hardship and anguish and early death, have no atonement to themselves? Yes, indeed! full compensation for every loss and pang. They are already rewarded for their labor of love, for their heroic conflict, for their expiring sigh. As the car bore me to the funeral, I saw the leaves in the woods beginning to change and drop; and in the graveyard, near the house where the solemn words were said, some blood-red foliage I noticed hanging near the spot where the sexton's spade had just been digging, as if to betoken the cause and manner of the brave soldier's end: and I said to myself, No, this is not the *end*! God will not leave the voluntary conscripts for justice and liberty and mother-land weltering in their gore, or crumbling in the ground; but with his own strong, outstretched right hand rescue them from untimely decay. We express our gratitude to them many ways; but for this, perhaps, we have not yet thought to thank them,—the new conviction their early fate brings of the everlasting life. I feel surer of living, that they have so lived and died. I bless them for their defence of the nation; for their fearless self-exposure; for their devotion to the cause of humanity, imperilled on these shores, and everywhere at risk: but I bless them, moreover, and above all for the contribution they have made to the faith of man in another state of being: for such a state there must be, or the good and innocent, the disinterested and self-denying, in their youth and fresh manhood, the beauty of our Israel, with their fair cheeks and curling locks and mounting spirits, are dead, prematurely dead. No, it cannot be: forbid it justice! forbid

it the instinct of our heart! God forbid it! No: their name in heaven, as on earth, liveth evermore; and we are persuaded of a future existence for ourselves and all mankind from the strong confirmation of their example and destiny.

My friends, I have not finished, but just touched, my design. I had meant to speak of other events that have happened while we have been separated; but I must stop: I must postpone words that would take too much time now. Let us all own the great mercy in the events, recent or remote, of our life. Some of us have been healed in sickness; some of us comforted in sorrow; some of us have beheld fresh glories of God's creation by hill and shore; some of us been preserved amid the dangers of the deep; all of us have some memorial of the grace that holds us. In the dear old sanctuary of our fathers and of our children, — for we will leave it to them, — let us humbly and gratefully bend before the forgiving, preserving Father; and let us consecrate our strength, be it less or greater, our days below, be they more or fewer, to that service of him which is our service of his creatures.

O sceptic! whatever else be doubtful, one thing we know, — that we can love. In the strength of that love for one another which asserts its own unquenchableness and eternity, let us live, labor, suffer; and then, when the time comes to each one of us for that too to happen, let us die into the spirit's life.

If a man be so stricken of God in his heart, that he acknowledgeth himself such a one as ought for his sins to be condemned, he surely is that very man whom God by his word has stricken, and by this stroke hath fastened upon him the bond of his divine grace, whereby he draweth him, that he may provide for his soul, and take care of him. At first, he could find within himself no help nor support, neither did he desire any; but now he hath found the special consolation and promise of God, which is this: "He that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it is opened." — *Luther's Sermons.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XV.

HERR, DER DU VORMALS HAST DEIN LAND.

Melody: "Aus tiefer Noth ruf' ich zu Dir."

(BY PAUL GERHARDT, FIRST PRINTED IN 1658.)

LORD, who aforesome hast thy land
 With favoring power defended,
 And, when it felt thy chastening hand,
 A mercy still attended;
 Thou, who hast ever gracious been
 To pardon all thy people's sin,
 And loosen all their burdens, —

Shall now thy chastisement severe
 O Heavenly Lord, be endless?
 Clean gone thy loving-kindness dear,
 And we for ever friendless?
 O God, our Healer! bear us through,
 And cheer our fainting hearts anew,
 That at thy wrath are troubled.

Oh, would were heard with trumpet sound
 The eternal Word, proclaiming
 That peace should o'er the earth abound,
 Wherever Christ is naming!
 That all who in that calling stand
 Would cast their weapons from their hand,
 And rest in peaceful dwellings!

Where Christians now in bloody press
 Assail each man his brother,
 In coming ages, Righteousness
 And Peace shall kiss each other.
 Where now the sword of maddened strife
 Leaves ravaged fields and murdered life,
 Shall Truth walk on with Mercy.

The fruitful rain and gentlest dew
 The wasted plains shall nourish ;
 And Nature, all created new,
 With all her crowns shall flourish.
 Whate'er the gifts our God imparts,
 Fail not the grace of thankful hearts,
 The highest of his giving !

XVI.

“ O DURCHBRECHER ALLER BANDE ! ”

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD, 1697. *

THOU who breakest every fetter ;
 Who art ever by my side ;
 Who canst make disgraces better
 Than all earthly joy and pride !
 Let thy judgments, further, stronger,
 Smite upon my worldly sense,
 Till the prison holds no longer,
 Till thine angel leads me thence.

Labors yet the whole creation ;
 And we groan, and strive, and pray
 That thy Word may bring salvation
 From brute Nature's iron sway ;
 From the service of things vainest,
 Which so rules and chains the heart,
 Though thy Spirit points the plainest
 To the high and better part.

Are we slaves of wrong affection,
 Snared in joys that cannot bless ?
 Leave us not to that subjection,
 To that death, of selfishness.
 That deliverance will not linger
 If ourselves no sluggards be ;
 Oh the rapture, when God's finger
 Turneth our captivity !

N. L. F.

* Three verses out of ten. There is a wholly different hymn, though beginning with the same line, and running to the same measure, in the “Berliner Gesangbuch.” The melody is the same with “O du Liebe meiner Liebe !”

THE JOURNAL OF ERNEST RAY.

(Concluded.)

May 6. — I have told Haven. The poor, lonely man's first thought was, joy that there was something living that belonged to him that he might love: then came the bitterness of it. How the struggle between shame and the sense of justice will end, I cannot tell. If he knew the utter desolation of such a lot, he would snatch his child from it at any cost; but it is unspeakably terrible to have his days of sin rise in judgment against him in the midst of his new life. I am haunted by the look of fear and horror and shame that came slowly into his face as he realized it all.

May 7. — Haven sent me word that he would come to see me in a few days. That is well. Such a crisis should not be hurried.

May 10. — Haven came, looking haggard, and spent some hours here. It is a hard struggle. He says he finds now that he was taking more comfort than he had supposed in the consciousness of the returning respect of good people, and was putting his sins as much out of sight as possible, and looking forward to the time when they should be forgotten by others; and had even been venturing to hope, that, if he lived on in this way long enough, his family might at last relent, and consent to let the past be buried: but of course, if he shall take this child and acknowledge it, shielding himself by no lie, all this hope will be gone. Still he sees the right, and his heart yearns over his son; and I think he is perfectly honest in saying, that one thing which holds him back is the thought it might be better for the child to pass as an orphan always, than to receive such a father in such a way. Perhaps some people would think so; but Muriel would tell him that it is hard to be always an orphan.

May 14. — Little Johnny seemed so far from well when I saw him to-day, that I got Ferguson to question Dr. Hill,

who attends at the Asylum, about him. Dr. Hill says that the child never has been strong, probably never will be, and that now he is in danger of serious illness; and ended by saying, "What he needs is just what he cannot have,—loving care, a quiet home, delicate food, and the sea-shore this summer." I told Haven this to-night; and I think Johnny will have what he needs. He only said, "Will you take me there to-morrow? I want to see—I mean, I want to get near my child, and hear his voice."

May 15.—We went to the Asylum this morning. When Johnny saw me, he stole into the room; for he is a warm-hearted boy, and returns any love he receives with double strength. His attention was soon caught by the stranger sitting there, a green band over his eyes, and his face fixed and white as a statue. Presently Johnny went nearer, and put his little hands on his knees, peering up at him, and asking, "You going to play blind-man's-buff?" Still Haven did not speak, but turned with a helpless look toward me, as if he wanted me to explain: I tried to, but Johnny had never encountered a blind person before, and was puzzled.

Just then, a troop of the children scampered into the room, and beset me with, "Tell us a story," "Let us *blow* your watch." Johnny came too; but soon I saw them all beginning to glance curiously toward Haven, and I feared that their inquisitiveness might annoy him: so I offered them a grand boon that would have made my nephews jealous. "My crutches for horses, if you'll all go into the entry to ride them." Away they all galloped; but Johnny lingered. Soon he sidled up to Haven again, and began stroking his arm, and touched his hand. Haven started, and asked, "Who is it?" "Only Johnny again," said the boy. "Why don't you play with the others?"—"I'm tired."—"Are you often tired?" "Most always, seems to me." Then Haven felt for the child, and began to measure his height with his hand, and pass his fingers over his face, telling him not to be frightened. He did not look frightened, only perplexed, and at last grieved, as he began to understand it; and he asked, in his gentle little voice, "Can't you see me, really?"—"No: I can't see

you."—"Are you trying to?"—"That I am."—"Couldn't you see if that ribbon was off?"—"No."—"I am sorry for the gentleman." At that I saw Haven's lips twitch; but he controlled himself a moment longer, till Johnny said wearily, "I'm so tired! won't you take me up?" and he was taken up into such an embrace as he never knew before.

Presently Haven set him down gently, and stood up, turning to me, and whispering, "Will you take me home now? I must get ready for him. How soon can he come?" I said, "To-morrow;" and he kissed Johnny again, who clung to his hand, and we came away.

The only questions now were about arrangements for the little one's reception. No one but he and I knew about it yet; but, at his request, I at once told Mrs. Field. The dear old lady! as soon as she had got over the first shock, she hurried up stairs, saying, as she entered the room, "Mr. Haven, you are doing right; and the Lord won't have a hard job to bring a blessing out of this trial: it'll come along natural. Where do you think we'd better put his bed?" I left them at work; Haven seeming almost happy in these preparations. He followed me to the door to put a bill into my hand, and whisper hesitatingly, "After Mr. and Mrs. Irving know, perhaps—they are so kind always!—perhaps she would get me some toys and pretty picture-books to have here to-morrow: she would know what he would like." I believe all the necessary arrangements are made, and to-morrow will see them together.

May 16.—When I went to the Asylum for Johnny, he ran to meet me; but looked past me toward the door, and asked, "Where's the other?"—"Who?" asked I. "The gentleman that kissed me;" and the child's lip quivered: "he said I'd see him again to-day." When I told him he was to go with me to see the gentleman, he lighted up, and ran eagerly to get ready. This intense sensitiveness to any tenderness has often shown itself in him; and it tends to confirm Dr. Hill's opinion, that he is not for a long life: it does not seem quite healthy.

When we got to Mrs. Field's, I sent Johnny up stairs by

himself; and I do not know in what manner Haven made himself known to his son. After half an hour's pleasant chat with Mrs. Field, I went up, and found Haven setting a sand-box in motion, an accomplishment acquired for the occasion, while Johnny sat on his knee absorbed in contemplation. When I spoke, he jumped as if to come to me; then suddenly hugged closer, drew both Haven's arms around him, nodded to me out of this nest, and said, with an indescribable exultation in his voice, "I've got a father now! Here's my father!"

Haven whispered something to him; and he slid down, and trotted toward me, holding up his face, and crying, "I want to kiss you." So he gave me two good ones, and then stood up straight, and repeated, glancing at his father to see if he had got it right, "That is to thank you for giving me a father;" and by that time Haven had reached me, and was holding my hand, and trying, through his emotion, to thank me for his son. I am grateful for their thanks; but they all belong up higher, whither I pass them.

May 28. — "Little Johnny Haven, who has been lost ever so long, and has just been found," is hailed with great delight by our children; and Ray patronizes him to an alarming extent, — calls him "my young friend." Of course, Haven's action is wholly approved by all the circle and by Dr. Ashton: but there is plenty of cruel talk in some quarters; and we hear that his family are indignant, as he foresaw they would be. He accepts the sharp pain of all this as his just punishment, and bears it both meekly and manfully. He will not let shame keep him back from any right thing; but Dr. Ashton says, that when Jones led him into church on Sunday, with his son holding his hand, there was a look of suppressed anguish in his face, which it took his breath away to see.

But at home, or among us, he grows happier hourly in the possession of something on which to pour out his love and care. The great danger is that Johnny will be utterly spoiled. He is master of the situation; for Haven devotes himself to him, and moreover feels it quite impossible ever to punish him for any thing. He says, "He is so much better

than I, how should I dare to do it?" Happily, Johnny's is a nature which is easily controlled by love; and he already clings to his precious father with all the strength of a loving little heart that has never found a home before. Haven's blindness draws them even closer together; for it is the height of Johnny's ambition to be "father's eyes." Jones pretends to be "drefful jealous o' young master;" but, in truth, that faithful personage is likely to do his fair share of the spoiling.

June 12. — Word has just come of the death of old Mr. Haven. We are thankful that it was not until John had a son to comfort him. A townsman of the Haven Family tells me that it has been believed lately that the old man was relenting toward John; but that his other children tyrannized over him in this matter, as they were known to do in almost every thing. I wish this might be proved. He says John used to be his father's favorite; and it was the fear of being led away by his affections that caused him to treat the boy almost harshly in his youth. So it was a terrible wound to his love, as well as to his family pride, when John grew cold toward him, and entered on evil ways; and he has been immovable and stern toward all men since.

June 14. — Haven's oldest brother has sent him a little scrap of paper which was found folded up in his father's will. The old man wrote it himself, the day of his death, by the aid of a servant, and without the knowledge of his children, who have happily been honest enough to send it where it belongs. These are the words: "John, if you are really penitent, may God forgive you — and me! I have not meant to be harsh; but you were my idol once. God forgive us all!"

The brother writes to me, coldly, "It is evident my father was wandering when he wrote these confused lines. In the will, made some time before, when he was of sound mind, he expressly says, "I leave nothing to John Haven, who was my son; for his sins have disinherited him." I *will not* read that to John. He is intensely grateful for those words which he cannot see, and was not permitted to hear from the lips that should have spoken them. They are not "confused" to him:

he feels all their meaning, and says, "It is so much more than I deserved! I am much happier than I deserve."

Now, there ought to be a truce to the Havens in this Journal, until some other great event befall them. Indeed, I suppose, according to my original plan in writing it, they have hardly belonged here so long; but my scope varies at different times, and I do not know that it does any harm. This debilitating spring weather insures me wakeful nights, wherein I might as well be doing this as nothing: so I have slipped into the way of allowing this "eloquence for one" to be as diffuse as it pleases. However, here it ends for this night; for Harry steals in, scolding under his breath about it. A. M., threatening to put out my light, and looking over my shoulder to read. You're a domineering old —

June 15. — It grew dark suddenly last night.

Nov. 1. Four years later. — The many sicknesses of Johnny Haven are over this day. Dear little fellow! he has suffered much, but his poor father's pangs have been more pitiful. How often have I heard him groan, "O God, spare my child! Oh, let me suffer instead!" Never was there greater devotion than his: father and mother, playfellow and teacher and nurse, he has made himself every thing for the child, in spite of his own ill-health and blindness.

Johnny has shown himself a sincere little Christian, and has tried hard to be patient and considerate. He has been wonderfully so most of the time. Once or twice, when he and I have been sick at the same time, he has sent me funny, merry little notes, which have done me good, and are among my treasures. But weakness and pain, and want of sleep, are what older people than he do not always endure pleasantly; and sometimes he has been more fretful and unreasonable than any one but his father could bear. He has never faltered in his cheerful lovingness to the boy. If I had not known Harry, I should have thought what they tell me of Haven impossible. The child's weak, sometimes peevish, voice has never sounded, by day or night, but Haven has heard it, and been at his side to give him what he needed, or take him in

his arms, or tell him his wonderful stories. To those of us who know his history, those stories always have a vein of pathos in them ; but Johnny and our children have rejoiced in them without feeling that. I mean to write down one favorite of Johnny's which I remember well, and which I think children will like to keep.

Now all this care is ended. Johnny's only trouble about dying was, "I am really afraid father'll miss me ;" but as yet that father's heart is so full of thankfulness that his boy does not and cannot suffer any more, that he does not realize what a dark, lonely path lies before him. Humbly and patiently he will walk in it, I know, and seeking help where it may be found. Still, this earth must be dreary to him. May the merciful Father soon call him into the light and love of our eternal home !

SEPARATED.

We shall go forth again

On the bright hills, when summer winds blow free,
Or joyous harvests crowd the homeward wain ;
But never more with thee.

Never again ! when glowing sunsets burn
Their royal signet upon sky and wave ;
When stars upon their silver course return,
Night's ebon shore to lave.

We ply accustomed tasks,
Walk the same round as when we knew thee here ;
But, yearning ever, the soul dumbly asks
Of thy unsounded sphere.

At the grave's mouth we stand
Listening, perchance, if some dear voice may call :
Dead leaves are drifted to the out-stretched hand,
Silence, — and this is all !

Yet some celestial gleam
Tinges the mist of our slow-dropping tears,
As bright above these mortal changes beam
The calm, immortal years.

C. M. P.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

MISSION TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

THE book, the title of which is given below, does not belong to the class of ephemeral publications. It must long have a value for every inquirer into the missionary work of the Church of Christ, in these days; and it throws a great deal of light upon the relation of the gospel to the sheep that are not of this fold, — a world lying in darkness and sin and wretchedness. Dr. Anderson seems to us an eminently candid observer and writer. It is plain enough that he is a person who can be trusted: we do not mean not to tell known falsehoods, — it were an insult so to write about him, — but to find out and report the truth, as one who merely proposes to make out a case cannot. No man has had a better opportunity than he to learn “what God has been pleased to do on the Hawaiian Islands, through the gospel of his Son, and the labors of his missionary servants.” Forty years of correspondence with the missionaries, and four months’ residence on the Islands, during what we may call the latter harvest of their Gospel Year, are no inadequate preparation for one whose vision is so clear, and whose purpose is so honest. Much as we should have enjoyed the abundant details which the writer has left out of the volume, we are glad, for the sake of the general reader, that they were not put in; because the book is now manageable and readable by busy men and women.

We suppose that Christian people are widely familiar with that marvellous phenomenon in Gentile history, the rising-up, so to speak, of the Sandwich Islanders against their idol gods. We do not know that there is another instance in history, of a people becoming disgusted with their divinities; simultaneously, and, as it were, by the inspiration of God, pronouncing them a delusion and a mischief. So, however, did the Hawai-

* The Hawaiian Islands: their Progress and Condition under Missionary Labors. By RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street, 1864.

ians ; and that before the Christians came amongst them. The house was swept and garnished ; not, however, for the return of the unclean spirit with the seven worse companions, but for the entrance of the Spirit of the Lord. We see horrid pictures still of the poison-god and of the war-god ; and the missionary house is made hideous by one and another ugly image : but idolatry has, for the most part, disappeared ; not lingering, we should say, any more than the old Paganism survives in some of the popular customs of modern Europe. What would have been the fate of that people, had the missionaries failed to appear ? Would they have lived on, pagan iconoclasts and rationalists, having not so much “ changed their gods ” as turned their gods out of doors altogether ? But the ground was cleared, in the good providence of God, for a glorious planting. On the 12th of April, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston, and Dr. and Mrs. Holman, took up their abode at Kailua, in a house “ three feet and a half high at the foot of the rafters, and without floor or ceiling or windows or furniture, in the midst of a noisy, filthy, heathen village. The king dined with them on board the ship, going with only a *malo*, or narrow girdle, around his waist, a green silken scarf thrown over his shoulders, a string of beads around his neck, and a feather wreath on his head.” Counting the cost, he objected to Christianity, at first, as likely to interfere with polygamy ; and spite of the report which met the missionaries, of the turning-away from the idols, the sight of the naked chief must have been rather discouraging to these zealous laborers. The natives looked upon dress as merely ornamental, as indeed do some who ought to be wiser. “ In one of the first years of the mission, a chief of Hawaii was reproved by a missionary for entering his house so nearly naked. Profiting by the rebuke, and aiming to give full satisfaction, next time he walked in with the addition of a pair of silk stockings and a hat ! ” If the reader would know what progress has been made in externals at least, let him take up Dr. Anderson’s very interesting volume, and examine the portrait of Kamehameha III., which stands over against the titlepage, and let him learn that his Royal Highness has

even got so far, not only into Christianity, but into Ecclesiasticism, as to have a decided preference for what is called "The Reformed Catholic Church," which, from the description in this work, would seem to be a very ritualistic Anglicanism, not unsuited, we should judge, to these Islanders; though Dr. Anderson says that they find it too showy, and though it seems to have entered a little unceremoniously into the labors of the faithful congregational missionaries to whom under God the Sandwich Islands are indebted for the liberty of the gospel.

The work done in that region during the last forty years is a work in which the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions may well feel an honest pride; for which, they who have labored, and we who have not labored, may well thank God. Would that we had all been partakers in it! It is not pretended that the Sandwich Islanders have become Christians, even in the very qualified sense of that name with which a halting Christendom has made us all too familiar. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean thing in a day? Doubtless the Lord can; but so it does not please the Lord to work for the most part. The determination to pass from death to life may come through the Divine Grace in a moment; but the passage is, for the most part, a long one. When we think of pious John Newton suppressing a rising of slaves on board his slave-ship, and then gathering the ship's company in the cabin for prayers and thanksgivings to the God, not, we must suppose, of the slave, but of the slave-owner, — we can afford to be patient with naked savages, if they do not at once rise even to Christian decencies, but must be excommunicated, as they seem to have been most faithfully, at first one out of every five, and then one out of every three, — eight thousand backsliders in all, — in order to secure any thing like the purity which should mark the Christian life. Some persons have been left to sneer at such Christianity as this: without cause, we think, when it is remembered what sort of Christians have, in too many instances, gone to the Islands in our ships; and that, so it is written, a naval officer of the United States opened his ports,

or threatened to open them, upon one of the towns, because the authorities would not suffer women to go out to his ship, as their evil custom had been. Dr. Anderson very justly instances the Church at Corinth. We can easily learn from Paul's Epistles with how much difficulty and delay the believers passed from death to life in that city. There can be no doubt that, spite of every allowance which the most censorious may insist upon making, the Sandwich Islanders have been Christianized to a very good degree, and that we can instance, in what has been wrought there during the last two-score of years, one of those glorious miracles which will not cease so long as the Church lives its divine life in the world. The only serious question about the Islands is this: Was there enough vitality remaining to outlive the terrible effects of former sins; the sins which even the merciful God visits, as he warns us he must, upon the children of sinners, unto the third and fourth generation? As yet, the deaths exceed the births. Still it may not be so always. Christian reformation has at least checked the decline. It will be some consolation, that even a decaying race, if the race must decay, is to go out, not in darkness, but in light. Nothing but the mighty help of God in Christ could have saved these Islanders from ruin and death. The charge of narrowness so often brought against the missionary, especially by those who do nothing for missions, whether foreign or domestic, cannot be maintained against the laborers in the Sandwich Islands. They have all along sought to civilize the people, to instruct them in the arts and the proprieties of life, and yet, at the same time, they have shown, that, between Christianity and the most degraded and darkened souls, there is something in common, and that the deep sense of sin. The Heathen can be made to feel that they are sinners. The law comes, and sin revives, and they die; and they know that they are dead, and, unless deliverance shall be granted, sealed up to an eternal sorrow. The missionary, now as of old, can preach repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

We wish that we had space for many extracts; but we cannot refrain from setting down one in illustration of a faith

in prayer, from which even some Christian sermonizers might learn a good lesson.

"They expect," says Dr. Anderson, with not a little *naïveté*, "when they pray, to be heard, — in this resembling the primitive Christians. . . . Mr. Bond called my attention to one of his aged church-members, now a valued friend and colaborer. That man, said he, some years ago, was off the coast with two other natives in a canoe, fishing; and a monstrous shark came upon their canoe, which was merely a hollowed log, with the evident intent of upsetting it. They beat him away with their paddles. He went off to some distance, and came down upon them the second time. Again they drove him away, and he returned to renew the attack. Their courage then began to fail; and they said, 'The shark will have us.' But this man proposed to the others that he should pray to God, while they used the paddles. To this they agreed; and he fell on his knees in prayer, while they stood on the defensive. Down came the monster; but, when very near, he sheered off, and was soon out of sight. The natives regarded this as an answer to prayer; and my excellent missionary friend was of the same opinion." E.

A PERSON once said to me, that she was accustomed to feel great joy and confidence after confession. Another told me that she found her fears still continue. It struck me, that out of the experience of the two a wholesome state of feeling might be formed, and that each was wanting in what might be gained from the other. The same thing happens often in other cases. — *Pascal*.

THE hope which Christians entertain of eternal happiness, is mingled with joy as well as with fear. They are not like those who hope for a kingdom of which they have never been the subjects: but their aspirations are for holiness, and freedom from corruption; and of these things they have already had some experience. — *Pascal*.

WHAT IS A WORD?

WHAT is a word? A spirit-birth,
 Born of the living soul,
 Which, uttered by the voice of man,
 Time's power cannot control.

A gift thou art to man alone,
 To bird and 'beast denied;
 To show that to the heavenly race
 His nature is allied.

Mysterious Essence! Birth and death
 Are in one instant thine;
 Yet, born and dying with a breath,
 Thy being is divine.

The outward world thou dost ally
 To things by man unseen;
 And, like an angel, ever pass
 The heavens and earth between.

Thou dost to childhood's feeble powers
 A help to knowledge lend;
 And aid the race, from age to age,
 Its wisdom to transcend.

Thou tellest of the distant Past,
 And bid'st it live again;
 And can, with mystic key, unlock
 The Future's dim domain.

Still, lingering in our common tongue,
 We hear the elder speech;
 And words, which fell from Adam's lips,
 His latest offspring reach.

The world and all it holds shall fade,
 And man himself shall die;
 But thou, unchanged, shalt live the same
 Through God's eternity.

J. V.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, AND UNITARIANISM IN
ENGLAND.

IN the early days of the Christian Church, while its advantages were supposed to be restricted within the narrow limits of the Jewish nation, a vision was sent to the most prominent among its teachers, and the words were heard within his soul, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." It was thus that the leader of the apostles received the impressive lesson of liberality. The vision that he beheld had a deeper meaning than to show him that the Jewish distinction of clean and unclean meats was done away. He gave its interpretation when he said, "God hath showed me that I should not call any *man* common or unclean." No longer was the Gentile to be considered unworthy to share the society and the privileges of the Jew. The Roman Cornelius, whose prayers and alms had been accepted before God, was to be recognized by God's servants as a brother.

That lesson, like the other holy teachings of the Bible, has not grown useless by the lapse of years. If we have little to do now with the distinctions of Jew and Gentile, we still need to remember the word that warns us against a spirit of exclusiveness. Sect raises the barrier against sect, proclaiming of him who is outside the fold, "He is common, he is unclean; he may not enter our pulpit; he may not come to our communion-table; he has not been properly ordained; he has not been properly baptized."

To such assumptions of superiority, an answer comes in the words of Peter's vision, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The proof of God's cleansing the heart is in the holy life: as our Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Thus every instance of Christian holiness in any sect puts to shame the intolerance that would deny to that sect an equal position with others. Thus the exclusiveness of Romanism is answered by such lives as those of Luther and Cranmer and Lady Russell; the exclusive-

ness of Protestantism, by a life like Fénelon's ; High-Church exclusiveness, by the purity, the faith, and the labors of Penn and Wesley and Howard ; and the exclusiveness that would deny the equal claims of Unitarians, by the lives of Milton and of Priestley.

Joseph Priestley was born in 1733, at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, the eldest of a large family. Of his early childhood he records enough to show that he was brought up with religious care ; his mother teaching him the Assembly's Catechism, and inculcating honesty so strictly, that she once made him carry back a pin to his uncle's house, where he had found it.

His mother dying when he was seven years old, he was soon after taken charge of by his aunt, who, he says, was truly a parent to him, till her death in 1764. He speaks of her as a truly pious and excellent woman, who knew no other use of wealth or talents of any kind than to do good, and who never spared herself for this purpose. By her he was sent to several schools in succession, where he became acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages. The Hebrew he studied with the Dissenting minister of the place. The wish of his aunt, with which he readily acquiesced, was that he should prepare for the ministry ; but, his health appearing delicate, this design was for a time abandoned, and a mercantile life was thought of. The way the boy prepared for this, however, showed his strong natural inclination to study. He learned without a master the modern languages, French, German, and Italian ; translating and writing letters in the former two for his uncle, who was a merchant. Arrangements were in progress for his entering a counting-house at Lisbon ; when, his health appearing better, his friends and himself resumed their preference for the ministry ; and he was sent to a dissenting academy, or private divinity school, for further instruction.

His father and his aunt were Calvinists, though tolerant in their feelings to those of other opinions. Young Priestley, thus educated, was, at the period of his delicate health, in great distress of mind from fears that he had not experienced

the new birth. Having been taught the views then prevalent among Calvinists respecting the sin of Adam, he was troubled that he could not feel a proper repentance for that sin. His fears went so far, that he dreaded that God had forsaken him, and that his case was like that of Francis Spira, who had left an appalling instance of spiritual agony from the idea that repentance and salvation were denied to him. From this uneasiness, the active mind of Priestley found relief by questioning whether the doctrine which so troubled him could be true. At his examination, therefore, to be admitted to the communion, he was refused, as being not quite orthodox with regard to the consequences of Adam's sin. He found, however, in the minister of a neighboring congregation to his own, and in other friends, the sympathy and guidance he needed.

Having now embraced the Arminian view in preference to that of Calvin, the academy he chose was one in which Arminian sentiments prevailed. It was the same which had previously been under the care of the excellent Dr. Doddridge. The greatest freedom of inquiry was allowed, and the questions discussed in the religious controversies of the day were examined and re-examined by the students. The views now adopted by young Priestley on some subjects, and which he retained through life, were different from those held by Liberal Christians in this country; and they marked, for a time at least, a wide difference between the English and the American Unitarians. One of our dearest principles is the freedom of the will; another, the spiritual nature of man. Priestley, on the contrary, became early, and always continued, a believer in the doctrines of Materialism and Necessity: that is, he held that the soul is a material substance, or an arrangement of material substances; and that every act and word and thought of man is the result of an irresistible and unchangeable order of cause and effect. In regard to these views, we are wide apart from him; and even in England, it is believed, his opinions have generally given place to the more spiritual doctrines of which Channing is the great expositor. Still, we must admit, that, as held by

Priestley, these doctrines led to no results dishonorable to God or unworthy of man. He believed that the soul, though material, being sustained by Divine Power, would live for ever; and that the necessity of nature, which compelled the actions of all beings, would at length, after a period of corrective discipline to the bad, in the future world, result in the final happiness of all.

His life as a minister commenced as assistant in a small parish at Needham. His compensation was extremely small; and his prospects of a better settlement, or even of usefulness and permanence where he was, were checked by an impediment in his speech, and by his unconcealed disbelief of the supreme Divinity of Christ. The suggestion was made to him at this time of joining the Church of England; but it was at once repelled.

He now investigated more minutely than before the doctrine of the Atonement, and was induced to relinquish it entirely. He composed on the subject a treatise, which a friend submitted to the perusal of the celebrated Dr. Lardner. By his advice, a portion of it was published; being probably the first printed among the immense number of Priestley's works. Many years afterwards, when its writer, then an eminent man, requested of Dr. Lardner whatever help he could give him on the subject of the Atonement, the latter took down from a shelf a large bundle of pamphlets, and, selecting one from them, handed it to his guest as the best assistance he could give him; forgetting that Priestley was himself its author.

His next attempt at publication showed that clear and fearless uprightness which always marked his character. He had written a tract so bold in its speculation, that a friend to whom he showed it advised him to publish it under the character of an unbeliever, to draw the more attention to it. But he would wear no mask, and commenced the printing of his treatise; though afterwards his friend Dr. Kippis dissuaded him from proceeding with it, until he should be more known, and his character better established.

His unpopular opinions rendering his residence at Needham

unpleasant, and his efforts to relieve his poverty by teaching being disappointed from the same cause, he obtained at length another and more productive settlement, at Nantwich, in a different part of the kingdom. Here, besides preaching to a congregation of about sixty persons, he taught a school, devoted some attention to experiments in natural philosophy, and composed his treatise on English Grammar.

After three years at Nantwich, he was appointed to a tutorship in the academy at Warrington. He now married happily; but the enjoyments of home did not arrest the labors of the indefatigable student. He composed courses of lectures on language, on oratory and criticism, on history and general policy, on the laws and constitution of England, and on English history. Some of these were printed for the use of his students, and others at a later period of his life.

He published now his "Chart of Biography," followed some time after by the "Chart of History." The method introduced by him, of exhibiting in a connected view the dates of great events, has not yet passed out of use.

Becoming now acquainted with Dr. Franklin, he proposed to that great man to write the history of discoveries in electricity. This was well received, and added much to the reputation of the author. He had already received from the University of Edinburgh the title of Doctor of Laws, and was now admitted a member of the Royal Society.

After six years' residence at Warrington, Dr. Priestley became the pastor of a congregation at Leeds. Here his theological opinions assumed that form of the most decided Unitarianism which they thenceforward bore. At Leeds he commenced, and carried on for three volumes, a periodical religious work, "The Theological Repository," and published several tracts and controversial treatises. Among these were some writings in vindication of religious liberty, and "An Address to Dissenters on the Subject of the Difference with America." This was written at the request of Dr. Franklin and Dr. Fothergill.

Besides these literary labors, he pursued his researches in natural philosophy. From electricity, he passed to the investi-

gation of the nature of air. The experiments on this subject, which led to his great discoveries in pneumatic chemistry, were suggested by the seeming accident of his living near a brewery, from whose processes he could obtain the "fixed air," or carbonic acid gas, on which he was thus led to experiment.

His first publication on this subject was in 1772, in a small pamphlet which excited much attention, and was translated into French. A fuller account of his observations, soon after published, procured for its author the gold medal of the Royal Society.

He was now applied to, to accompany Capt. Cook's voyage of discovery as scientific observer; and had consented, when the objections of some clergymen to his religious opinions broke off the engagement.

It was while at Leeds that Dr. Priestley formed the acquaintance of two gentlemen, whose names are intimately connected with his own in the history of English Unitarianism. These were Theophilus Lindsey and Richard Price.

Before this time, Unitarians in England could hardly be said to have constituted a sect. In the distant reign of Edward VI., Joan Bocher and George van Paris were burnt to death for opinions, which the denial of the Trinity formed a part. Similar opinions were entertained by Milton, and expressed at least in the earlier writings of William Penn. With these may be classed John Biddle (who died in prison in the reign of Charles II.), the benevolent merchant Thomas Firmin, the learned Lardner, and the still more eminent names of Locke and Newton. Some ministers and congregations among the Dissenters had gradually ceased to preach and to believe as their predecessors had done with respect to the Divinity of Christ; but it was at the period now before us that the growth of Unitarianism in England may most distinctly be dated.

Perhaps not even the writings of Dr. Priestley contributed to that growth more than the magnanimous avowal of the unpopular faith by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his resignation, in conse-

quence, of his living of Catterick. Many of the clergy of that church, it was known, entertained similar sentiments; but, as it was generally understood that the Church required only a general assent to her doctrines, they continued to retain their places. Mr. Lindsey viewed the subject differently; and, after allowing ample time for the consideration of his duty, voluntarily relinquished his position of affluence, to encounter poverty and contempt for what he held to be the truth. His example was followed by Dr. Disney and some others.

Dr. Richard Price, whose acquaintance Dr. Priestley formed about the same time with that of Lindsey, was the pastor of a Dissenting congregation; and the opinions he held, while we class them under the general name of "Unitarian," were very different from those held by Priestley himself. He disagreed with his friend's views of Materialism and Necessity. He held, with the Arians, that Christ existed, as a being second only to the Supreme, before he was born into this world; and he believed also that the death of the Saviour had a mysterious efficacy, apart from any influence it exerts directly on mankind. The talents, the amiable temper, and unblemished character of Dr. Price obtained him the highest esteem even from those who regarded his opinions as heretical. He had the singular honor, for a Dissenting clergyman, of acting as commissioner for the British Government, in its negotiations with France, at an early period in the wars of the French Revolution.

After a residence of six years at Leeds, Dr. Priestley accepted a liberal offer from the Earl of Shelburne to take the office of his librarian and companion. This position he held for seven years. It afforded him leisure for his philosophical experiments and his numerous literary occupations. He travelled on the Continent in company with Lord Shelburne, and was received with much respect on account of his philosophical researches by the men of science whose presence then adorned the capital of France. One thing, however, surprised them. Priestley was a Christian. In France, the intolerance which forbade any form of Protestantism had pro-

duced its natural effect. Intelligent minds, revolting against the doctrines of the Church of Rome, had seen no medium between the belief they discarded and utter infidelity. The learned men of France were, with scarce a known exception, deists, if not atheists; and, through the whole nation, a thin covering of formal respect for the solemnities of the Church was spread over the unbelief and the corruption that soon burst forth, volcano-like, in the horrors of the Revolution.

To the brilliant circles of Paris, the fact that Priestley retained his faith in the gospel was a theme of wonder; to him, their infidelity was a source of sadness. He came forth as the defender of religion in his "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever." He tried also to remove the disbelief in revelation from the mind of his illustrious friend Franklin. That great man, who at least always treated religion with respect, promised to read the books which Priestley placed in his hands; but public events now advanced with such rapidity, that it is probable they engrossed his attention too much to permit him to pursue his researches.

While with Lord Shelburne, our indefatigable author published also his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," his "Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit," and his "Harmony of the Gospels." The second of these works brought him into an amicable controversy with Dr. Price; and the third into one, also friendly, with the Bishop of Waterford. Among such men as these, it was shown that discussions on the loftiest subjects could be carried on without interrupting their mutual respect and courtesy.

But it was not possible that opinions like Priestley's, and so boldly expressed, should fail of awakening opposition; and whether from this cause, or from any other, he found at length that it would be best to withdraw from his place in Lord Shelburne's family. The change was, however, effected in a manner honorable to both parties; and, as had been previously agreed, a pension from that nobleman was thenceforth paid to him. He now accepted again a ministerial charge, being settled with a congregation at Birmingham; with the understanding, however, that his services in the pulpit only

were required ; the duties of a parish minister devolving on his colleague. He was thus left to pursue his theological studies, and those by which he had already contributed so much to the extension of philosophical, and particularly of chemical knowledge. He now wrote his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," and defended his views in his famous controversy with Bishop Horsley.

His ministry in Birmingham continued for about eleven years. It is touching to read in his memoir of himself, written before that ministry was closed, his expressions of unalloyed happiness in that pleasant home and those beloved employments, soon to be rudely broken up, and the warm utterance of his gratitude to that Divine Being who had guided him step by step through his course thus far, making even seeming adversity contribute to his real good. His health, after its temporary interruption in very early life, had been uniformly good, sustained by his habits of active exercise, and by that variety in his pursuits which made change with him supply the place which mere rest does with others. His disposition was naturally cheerful, and this tendency he considered to be promoted by his religious views. Rather perhaps should we say, that his views of religious philosophy were themselves modified by his cheerful piety. To believe that every event was predetermined by an inexorable fate, would, to most men, be a source of discouragement and sadness. To Priestley it was not so ; for, in that supposed fate, he still recognized the wisdom of the Supreme Disposer, and the love of the Universal Father.

B.

[To be continued.]

MEMORY OF FRIENDS.

It is a beautiful arrangement of the world, that we commonly forget the failings and wrong-doings of those near to us, soon after they are gone ; while their excellences come out like the stars at night, and show us a whole heaven of beauty we had not been conscious of before. — *Theodore Parker.*

RANDOM READINGS.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES,—A LESSON FOR THE HOUR.

We have made a "raid" into the study of a friend in a neighboring city, and carried off a portion of one of his manuscripts. The author and owner resisted most stoutly, as his manner is: but we got the victory; and our readers will rejoice in the fruit thereof, and gain new courage and hope in this trying hour. E.

WE may observe the operation of this same restoring, rebeautifying principle, on a broader scale, in the life and experience of nations. There are periods in every nation's history, of convulsion and strife and threatening destruction, that are the farthest possible from being beautiful, but which yet serve as the basis, the body, over which time and Providence weave their new fabrics to clothe them with an exceeding loveliness, and the charming graces of a new and higher life. All histories furnish illustrations of this; but we need not go away from home or beyond the present hour to find one. The condition of our own nation is just now the farthest possible removed from that happy adjustment and harmonious operation of the social forces, which awaken a sense of the beautiful. There is no beauty in this deadly strife that rends us; no beauty in the havoc of the battlefield, and the ploughing-up of fair regions for the harvest of death, instead of the life-giving fruits of the earth; none in the hospitals thronged with the sick and wounded, and vocal with their groans; none in burning towns or burning ships, or ports closed against the benign access of commerce; none in the wasting of the resources of a people, and the fruits of their industry, for mutual destruction; none in the anxieties that weigh down the cheerfulness, and disturb the slumbers, of thousands of households waiting for the tidings of life or death from their beloved; none in the multitudes flying in terror and destitution from their ravaged homes, and the chase of the marauder; none in the civil strife that accompanies the military strife with an almost equal rancor and peril. There is the opposite of all pleasantness and all loveliness in every immediate aspect of this dire and hideous conflict,—death, pain and grief, ugliness and ashes. And can any beauty ever grow out of all this, and take the place of it? Certainly there can and ought and

will. If this people continue true to themselves, their traditions, and their principles, and worthy of the mighty trust of liberty and nationality that has been transmitted to them ; if there is in them the strength and persistency that becomes the sons of noble sires ; if they faint not, nor grow weary, under the burdens and toils and sacrifices that come to test them, as they come, once in a while, to test every people, and prove whether they have a right to be, and are fit to be, a nation, or not ; if they carry out to its rightful result the work laid upon them by the dread exigencies of the time, counting not the cost, and unseduced by the blandishments of a false, premature, and precarious peace ; if they stand immovable on the rock of their duty and the right, till the storm is overpast, and the peace of honor and of righteousness shall have come ; if it shall be so with this people, — and the contrary supposition is too humiliating to be entertained, and the prediction too insulting, that one should dare to put it into words, — then, I say, beauty *shall* be given for all this ashes ; and all these shocking spectacles that affright the land shall be changed by spiritual transmutation into sights of a thrilling grandeur and loveliness. Garments rolled in blood shall become very beautiful as the symbols of a nation's rehabilitation. The scenes of havoc shall clothe themselves, in coming years, with glorious memories, such as make a nation's history its high inspiration and its vital breath. The sacrifices that have been made will become precious to contemplate, for the nobleness which they bring forth, and which survives them for ever ; making them the wisest and the happiest things in the experience of a man and of a people. Thrilling remembrances, and traditions of heroic deeds performed, and sufferings heroically borne, shall make the households of the land beautiful with honor, thanks, and joy, in place of the griefs and anxieties of the present time. There will be beauty in the nation's fair fame restored in the eyes of the world, and commanding the reverence of mankind. There will be a supreme beauty for all men to rejoice in, in that day's sunlight, when the banners of war shall be furled, and its weapons laid aside, not in abject fear and shameful submission, but in a warfare accomplished, and the thing done, which, under the compulsions of Providence, we had set our hands to do. There will be beauty in the fair robes of freedom taking the place of the fetters of bondage. There will be beauty in the sight of a great empire omnipotent under God for its

own maintenance, and strong for all the benign functions of instruction and power and humane influence among the nations.

Such is the beauty that is waiting to clothe all these horrible scenes and events, and make them worth to our posterity, in coming generations, infinitely more than they have cost us of this generation. Great names and noble characters will shine out of all this smoke and death and ashes, to be a treasure and an inspiration to all after-ages, — stars in the national firmament, lights along the shores of time, and spells wherewith to arouse the heroisms and patriotic ardors of souls yet unborn, and nations yet to be. So it shall be beauty for ashes, if we are found faithful ; so planting and watering that God may give the increase as he would, and bring forth the beauty that he loves.

Such is the law and intent of the good God throughout all his works. In the scenes of nature, in the experiences of the individual soul, in the career of nations, everywhere, he knows how to give beauty for ashes. Let us contemplate these blessed doings with adoring awe, with devout thanksgivings, with unfaltering hope, and a firm and cheerful co-operation.

PONS SUSPIRIORUM.

(FRAGMENT OF A LATIN VERSION OF THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS.")

A FRIEND sends us the accompanying poem. We have not become perverted, as the word is, to Romanism that we should abandon the vernacular, and print our magazine in Latin ; but we have promised to supply something occasionally for our younger readers, and, we fear, have hardly made the promise good. Now, let them betake themselves to their dictionaries ; and whilst they translate and read, not without the help of the English, if they will, let them ask, "Could this tender poem, so pervaded by the spirit of love and pity and forgiveness, have been written by any Roman Horace ? Is it not itself a most eloquent witness to the new life which has come into our world through Him who made the old commandment a new commandment, and taught us to love ?" What an amazement it would have been to the literati of Rome, had such verses as these been laid before them at the banquet of some Mæcenas !

E.

En! cui miserrimæ
Tæduit sortis!
Exit temerrime,
Avida mortis.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ!

Heu! quam hærente
(Quasi funebre)
Peplo madente
Labitur crebre
Fluctus instanter!
Tollas amanter,
Non indiganter!

Ne aspernare
Sæve, profane,
De ea rere
Mite, humane,
Fœdum quod nuper est
Nesciens; — superest
Femina mere.

De contumacia
Ne judicetur,
Ejus audacia
Ne condemnetur!
Omne quod secus
Mittere præstat;
Nil nisi decus
Mortuæ restat.

Quodvis sit turpe
Quo maculata,

Evæ de stirpe
Tamen est nata.
Labia tergite
Ista de gurgite
Squale fœdata!

Pectine lapsos
Collige crines,
Cum ubi domus
Mirans divines.
An ei pater?
An ei mater?
Fraterve, sororve?
Omni cariorve
Propinquo amator?

Hei! quam exigua,
Orbe terrarum,
Vera clementia
Christicolarum!
Urbe contigua,
Tanta frequentia
Ædium millium,
Hæc domicilium
Reperit nullum.

Fratrum, sororum,
Parentum amborum,
Cor est mutatum
Propter peccatum;
Numen ipsum iratum
Jam aversatum
Visum est ei.

Tollite molliter,
Religiose,
Formam exilem,
Tam juvenilem,
Parvæ formosæ!

F. H. H.

THE indulgence of self-will never yields us peace, even if it procures us the full measure of our desires; but we have peace the instant we renounce it. Denying it, we can never be unhappy; indulging it, never happy. — *Pascal*.

HOW TO BURN COAL.

PITY it is, not to learn something through the spur of high prices. It is said that most persons who attempt to burn coal waste full one-half of it: so, for the benefit of all such, we transcribe the following rules from a book which bears the title, "Things not generally known:" —

First, To make a coal-fire. On the wood and shavings beneath place just only a dozen lumps of egg-coal. In ten minutes add twenty more. As soon as the wood has burned out, fill the cavity half or two-thirds full.

Second, Never fill a stove more than half or two-thirds full of coal, even in the coldest weather.

Third, When the fire is low, never shake the grate nor disturb the ashes, but add from ten to fifteen small lumps of coal, and let the draught be open. When these are heated through, and somewhat ignited, add the amount necessary for a new fire; but do not disturb the ashes yet. Let the draught be open half an hour. Now shake out the ashes. The coal will be thoroughly ignited, and will keep the stove at high heat from six to twelve hours, according to the coldness of the weather.

Fourth, For very cold weather. After the fire is made, according to rule first and third, add every hour about fifteen or twenty lumps of egg-coal. You will find that the ashes made each hour will be about in that ratio.

S.

TEST OF INSANITY.

PERHAPS no question has more often perplexed juries than the question of insanity; and on no fact is the testimony more variant or contradictory. It is said, however, that there is one invariable test: insane persons never tell a story twice alike. Dr. Wigan says, "I cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, and social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series. To repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person, is, I believe, always impossible in the very mildest case of insanity." Shakspeare knew of this; for he makes Hamlet say, whose sanity was called in question, —

"Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword which madness
Would gambol from."

S.

"**UTTERANCE**" is the title of a volume of poems published twelve years ago by Caroline A. Briggs, now Mrs. Mason, and which is not now to be bought. We copy below one of its gems such as we think ought not to be "out of print:" —

"A STRANGE PULPIT."

[A fact which occurred somewhat recently in India on the occasion of the great festival of Juggernaut.]

Onward like some mighty demon rolls the huge colossal car;
While the jaded crowd, slow-yielding, shrink before its iron jar.

Shrined in its unholy bosom, stands the idol grim and bold,
Juggernaut, — the worshipped monster, — tricked with silk and burnished gold.

Shouts and cries and wild responses vex the blessed tropic air,
Where the golden sunset, pausing, calls instead to praise and prayer.

Thou dear God, in all this mockery, this unhallowed strife and din, —
Hast thou not one faithful witness, strong to unmask the frightful sin?

So from 'mongst the maddened concourse springs one firm and stalwart
form,
With his broad brow raised and brightening, rainbow-like above the
storm.

Courage! — he has gained the terrace, and with lifted eyes he stands
In the idol-car, confronting its grim god with folded hands.

From his lips no fiery outburst like a fierce sirocco rolls;
But his calm, persuasive accents sway that tide of living souls: —

"Come to Jesus, O ye weary, toiling on, yet still unblest!
Jesus is the sinner's refuge; Jesus is the sinner's rest."

How the rapt crowd gather round him, hanging on his lips of flame,
As they kindle with the utterance of that well-beloved name!

Oh auspicious, happy omen! Christ's dear banner is unfurled
From the very gates of Satan to the wide gaze of the world!

Glorious deed! — no nation's plaudit crowns it with immortal bays:
But the God of nations heeds it, and its meed shall be his praise;

And its savor, wide diffusing, yet shall reach the farthest shore,
Till the whole earth swells the chorus, "God is Lord for evermore!"

THE CENTURY-FLOWER.

BY REV. E. A. WASHBURN, D.D.

[A friend sends us the following beautiful effusion credited to the "United-States-Service Magazine."]

'Tis noon of night! in slumber pale
The dreaming soul of Nature lies :
Now lifts the flower its mystic veil,
And flashes morning from its eyes.
A hundred years of waning earth,
Of frost and sunbeams, blight and bloom ;
And man that saw its infant birth —
A frailer flower — has sought the tomb.

A hundred years! what empires sped
As eddies on the whirling tide!
Lands reeled beneath Napoleon's tread,
And greater Goethe sang and died ;
Yet dumb in shadowy stillness strange,
Those fringed eyelids wait the hour,
Till, ripening through each mighty change,
It blooms, — Time's rich full-opened flower.

A hundred years! the soul of Truth
Fettered has lain in death-like rest ;
Yet lives a thought, its budding youth
Wrapped in some holy prophet's breast.
It dawns! the spell of ages breaks!
Stately it towers o'er barren men,
A world of perfumed beauty wakes,
Then drops its seed to rise again.

A hundred years! our fathers lie
Calm-sleeping in the field of toil :
We build ; we drive the ploughshare by,
Heedless of aught beneath the soil.
Silent through day, through lingering night,
Still grew the bud : but see! the morn!
See! burst the glorious petals white,
And FREEDOM'S CENTURY-FLOWER IS BORN!

STATES RESEMBLING DEATH.

WHEN the laws of life are better understood, we shall see how shockingly it has been wasted. The author of "Man and his Relations" says, in his chapter entitled "States resembling Death," that an association was formed in Holland, whose special object was to restore drowned persons to consciousness. The best means and appliances were studied; and, in the course of a few years, one hundred and fifty persons were restored: in some instances, those who had been a whole hour in the water were brought back to life. When we consider, that, with us, *fifteen minutes*, and, for the most part, *ten minutes*, is the limit beyond which there is no hope of restoration, and certain death is supposed to have ensued, — what numbers are lost every year from sheer ignorance of the means of resuscitation! A beautiful boy, for instance, was drowned in a neighboring river. The body was recovered within ten minutes, — and there it lay with parted locks and ruddy cheeks, more beautiful than ever, in death; the organism all perfect and unimpaired, the machinery of life all ready to be set going again. But there was no knowledge or skill available to do it. And this is one case of a thousand where the mysterious springs of life needed only to be slightly touched to resume their motion. The same writer says, on the authority of a French author, that ninety-four cases of providential rescue from premature burial occurred in France within a short time; cases where death was apparent, but not real. In some instances, after ten days of suspended animation, life has come back, and all its healthful functions been restored. What wonder that the lamented Prescott, whose imagination was haunted by these cases, left such directions to his friends as to make doubly sure the extinguishment of consciousness before burial!

s.

FANCIES, with me, depend not upon weather. I have my storms and my sunshine within: the success or reverses of my affairs, even, affect me little. I like to set myself against Fortune; the very glory of overcoming her elates me: and, on the other hand, I sometimes feel depressed in the midst of prosperity. — *Pascal*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Works of John Stuart Mill.—The heart of every loyal American warms towards JOHN STUART MILL as one of the ablest and staunchest friends and defenders of the cause of the Federal Union, and the leader of liberal thought, in England. It is with unusual pleasure, then, that we welcome an edition of his writings originally selected by himself. William V. Spencer republishes, in three handsome large duodecimo volumes, "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical," embodying Mr. Mill's best and maturest thoughts on a wide range of subjects. They are printed in clear type, on tinted paper, which offers a page very refreshing to the eye, and furnished at a price highly considerate in times like these.

The first volume opens with "The Contest in America," which was published in "Fraser's Magazine" during the first year of our present struggle; and it is surprising, on reading it over, what a clear discernment he had of the elements of the strife at its future stages of development, and its probable issue, and this at a time when British statesmen were only prophesying for us evil and disaster. The article on "The Slave Power," published in the "Westminster Review," in October, 1862, being a review of Professor Cairnes's work, is contained in the third volume of Mr. Spencer's edition. It is a clear and admirable summary of the essential facts of Professor Cairnes's volume, and embodies more truth than we ever saw before in the same space, touching the blight of slavery upon the soil of the country, and the character of a people. This article did much to enlighten and at least mitigate English sentiment in relation to our affairs. Neither of these articles is found in the English edition.

There are two articles on Grote's "Greece," evincing profound scholarship, and helping to a just appreciation of one whom we regard as the most accomplished historian of the modern age.

The author's theories of moral philosophy are embodied in two elaborate articles,—one upon Coleridge, and one upon Jeremy Bentham; in a review of Whewell's "Moral Philosophy;" and in the paper on "Utilitarianism," which is a treatise complete in

itself. The historical articles are rich in matter ; among the more extended of which is a review of Michelet's "History of France."

The vast range of research and varied scholarship is the first impression of the reader as he opens these fresh and beautiful volumes. The method of treatment commends them still more. Mr. Mill is a reformer, his mind ever open to catch the first gleams of the coming light. But his mind is the most evenly balanced of any with which it is our privilege to commune. He has none of the one-sidedness of Macaulay, never giving the least tinge of prejudice and passion, never sacrificing truth to a fine period or a striking antithesis, but giving it back from his mind in pure uncolored rays ; and yet he has more insight and more political wisdom than Macaulay. His great candor and comprehension win our respect and admiration ; and his ever-living sympathy in the cause of human liberty and progress wins our love. In style he is concise, but always clear ; never extravagant, but always blood-warm ; and, even through his philosophical discussions, there are the throbbings of his broad and gentle humanity. His publisher has done an excellent service, and deserves ample encouragement in his effort to extend the influence of a mind whose powers have been excited with distinguished ability on the side of liberal principles. s.

Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter. Compiled from various sources, preceded by his autobiography. By ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE. Third edition. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. — There is not much incident in the life of Jean Paul ; but there have been few men whose spiritual life was more intense. He woke the enthusiasm of all Germany ; and by his grotesque and all-pervading humor, transfused through his voluminous writings, his genius perhaps poured sunshine into as many hearts as did the genius of Walter Scott. This volume of Miss Lee is made up of selections from his letters and history, and criticisms of his works, with incidents of domestic and social life. The selections are made with excellent taste and judgment from material, which, as a whole, would swell to nearly twenty volumes. The autobiography prefixed has the charm of Jean Paul's more quiet, humorous moods. To enjoy and fully appreciate this biography, you should read simultaneously Jean Paul's works, especially those two masterpieces of his genius, which Ticknor & Fields have put within the reach of English readers ; viz., "Titan" and "Hesperus." s.

A New Philosophical Work. — Walker, Wise, & Company have issued a volume of 453 pages entitled "Philosophy as Absolute Science founded on the Universal Laws of Being, and including Ontology, Theology, and Psychology made one as Spirit, Soul, and Body." By E. L. and A. L. FROTHINGHAM. The present volume is only the first of a series : it treats only of ontology, and is complete in itself.

A work like this, so elaborate and exhaustive, rising into the realm of pure thought and absolute science, marks an era in our literature. Nothing like it has been attempted since Jonathan Edwards ; and he attempted nothing so complete as the present work. It promises to explain all the hard problems, and reconcile the differences and inconsistencies which beset philosophy, theology, and anthropology, and have perplexed mankind, and split them into sects and parties, from the beginning of time. The promise certainly is very large ; the writers evince great metaphysical acumen, and power of analysis ; they give the result of long years of close study and intense thought ; they are perfectly sure that they have the clew that unravels the mysteries of the universe, and they are fairly entitled to an attentive hearing, and, what is more, to patient study, from all thoughtful minds.

We only give now the fundamental principle of their system, on the truth or falsity of which their whole metaphysical structure must stand or fall. They start with denying the fundamental postulate of the emanation theories of the oriental religions, prominent especially in the system of Zoroaster, and revived by Swedenborg, that God created all things out of himself ; and they deny with equal emphasis the cosmogony of the Christian Church, whose prime article is, that God created all things out of nothing, which is impossible and supremely absurd. These theories lead alike and inevitably to Pantheism and Atheism. In opposition to them both, they posit as the ground of all existence, —

First, The Sphere of Infinite Law subsisting as *LIFE ITSELF*, individualized as Absolute Life, or the Infinite Laws of Spirit ; Absolute Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Substance ; and Phenomenal Substance, or the Infinite Laws of Matter.

Secondly, Finite Law subsisting as *DEATH ITSELF*, individualized as Absolute Death, or the Finite Laws of Spirit ; Absolute Substance, or the Finite Laws of Substance ; Phenomenal Substance, or the Finite Laws of Matter.

These two absolute spheres, one Life itself and the other Death itself, are placed over against each other as opposite poles. The old doctrine of an original, eternally subsisting chaos, the hylic realm of the Gnostics of darkness and death, over against the infinite life and light, is here asserted in a different form. Hereby the gulf of Pantheism is securely avoided, and also the hideous doctrine that evil is a creation of God, or an emanation from his nature.

By marriage between these two spheres of Infinite Life and Absolute Death, Messrs. Frothingham evolve their doctrine of a tri-personal God, the creation of the universe, and the universal laws of being, — to know with what success, the reader must study their books. We have only read as yet, for the first time, about two hundred pages, protesting and rejecting all the way; seeing no proof but simple assumption in the two absolute spheres of Life and Death; never understanding how two spheres internally in opposition are brought into marriage by "external attraction;" protesting against the introduction of evil and regenerative processes into the nature of God; seeing nothing in the tri-personality but confusion worse confounded; seeing nothing in this eternal dualism better than the old Gnosticism, nor so good as Parseeism, in which the dualism was finally reconciled; protesting against making truth, or the masculine principle, internal and good, the feminine principle external and destructive, as turning things upside down and inside out; holding ourselves ready to be converted, however, if, when we get to the four hundred and fifty-third page, we can find our darkness relieved, and the mysteries of the universe resolved. But we do not presume to pass judgment upon the system here set forth, till we have read the book thoroughly through. We rejoice that such a book has been written, as showing that the love of abstract truth and pure metaphysical science has not died out in our wide-spread and enervating naturalism, and that there are profound thinkers and reasoners that reject the sheer sensualism of Kant, who never finds the way out of phenomenal existence, and takes from us the keys of knowledge; and of Sir William Hamilton, who only finds the way by miracle, and, even at that, leaves the gulf between the finite and the infinite as yawning and impassable as ever. Whatever conclusions the readers of this book may come to in regard to its theories, they will find it a powerful tonic to their intellectual powers.

s.

Essays on Social Subjects, from the "Saturday Review." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. — A volume of essays will hardly get justice from the reader, unless the papers are read at intervals, as indeed they, in most cases, have appeared, before the scattered leaves were gathered into a book. The essayist may be very lively or a little prosy, it matters not: you must take breath between the readings, or the effect will be akin to that of "Familiar Quotations" or "Elegant Extracts," or even, shall we say it? of that very valuable, but not specially entertaining volume, — "Worcester" unabridged, though not in these days of progress unadorned. These essays are far above the average in good thinking and good writing. Read at many sittings, they will edify and entertain. The writer not seldom penetrates beneath the surface, and gives token of a discerning and an honest mind. Take as a very small specimen the following: "In fact, a man never makes a poorer figure than in thus unscrupulously discarding as prejudices what he had impressed upon others as convictions. While he parades his emancipation with the airy elation which belongs to this attitude of mind, we think him shallow and trivial. He has, after all, seen no deeper into things than we have: his confidence has been but a knack, a trick of the tongue. It does not happen to the stronger class of minds — minds privileged to influence others — thus to turn round upon their own congenial prejudices. There is too much truth in them as they see them." Think of that, my friend, before you turn round and assail your own companions in any faith or practice. Be sure at least that you understand yourself this time.

E.

Fireside Travels. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

Professor Lowell has brought together into this volume some prose writings which had become or were becoming fugitive, and needed to be restrained of their liberty. The reader will neither nod over them, nor look towards the end to see how much still remains to be read. Lowell is never dull; nor yet is he for ever smart. Writing out of a well-furnished mind, and with the aid of a poet's imagination, he never lacks illustration or image. He has not the gift of dryness. He has an eye which can see, and a tongue which can tell the vision, whether of our common day or of mere ideal hours. The book is pleasant and instructive, and it ought to have been a bigger book.

E.

The Poems of Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. — "The Blue and Gold" have not succumbed to the pressure of the times; and there comes to us, in this bright attire, a charming little volume of Bayard Taylor's Poems. We extract a part of the modest dedication "To my Friends," because it will bring to the reader, better than any words of ours, the sweet spirit of the book.

"You also, Friends, that wear the Artist's crown
Or, wearing not, the crown to others bring,
You do not ask my measure of renown,
But wait, content to hear, as I to sing.

Your love upholds me in the silent days,
And in the tuneful nights I give to art:
These leaves are yours, to whom their speech betrays
The changeful fancy and the changeless heart."

E.

Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning, and the early History of Brown University. By REUBEN ALDRIDGE GUILD. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

No extended history of Brown University has ever been published, though it was founded a century ago. This volume is a near approach to such a history, and will be of special value to all graduates of that University, and to all members of the Baptist denomination, who take any interest in the progress of their own sect, and its distinguishing principles as illustrated in the lives of its most eminent worthies. This volume is illustrated by the portraits of Manning the founder, and of Hon. Nicholas Brown the liberal benefactor, of the University, and by two wood-cuts, — one of the college buildings, and the other of the First Baptist church in Providence.

S.

Ruth: A Song in the Desert. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, Washington Street. 1864. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

A simple and touching story of human sorrow and divine consolation; well fitted to uphold the steps of those — and in these days they are many — whose path is thickly overgrown with thorns.

E.

Poems of the War. By GEORGE H. BOKER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1864.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:
LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, 134, WASHINGTON STREET;
OTIS CLAPP, 3, BEACON STREET.
NEW YORK: DAVID G. FRANCIS, 506, JAMES MILLER, 522, BROADWAY.
LONDON: EDW. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND.

Postage, 24 cents a year, in advance.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
FAMILY JOURNAL.

NOTICE.

The present number of this Magazine completes its twenty-first year, and thirty-second volume. The Proprietor would take this opportunity of thanking those subscribers who have continued their subscription from year to year, many of them during the whole of this long period. Such patronage assures him that the work has generally been acceptable to its readers, and has sustained the object for which it was established, — that of furnishing a Religious Periodical, of a useful and practical character, for Family Reading.

The Proprietor hopes that the Magazine will receive, during the coming year, an increase of subscribers, so much needed at the present time; especially as the cost of paper and printing has so much increased.

We have enclosed bills to a few subscribers who are indebted for the past and present year, and hope to receive an early remittance of the amount due.

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THE

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THE NATION'S BALLOT AND ITS DECISION.

THERE is a striking contrast between two scenes presented to us in Gospel history, in the record of both of which we read of the casting-of-lots. There is all possible difference between the two applications or meanings of that same phrase in the two incidents. In the one case, an issue was staked on what is called "blind chance;" in the other, on a deliberately solemn expression of a devoutly guided will in forming a judgment. The Roman soldiers, the mechanical officials at the Saviour's cross, when that tragedy was over, "cast lots" for his garment. The eleven apostles, purposing to fill one vacancy in their former fellowship, to preserve the national, traditional sanctity and associations with the number "twelve," gave forth their lots.

In both cases, so far as was visible to the eye, the method of decision was the same. The word "lot" is suggestive to us of an appeal to chance. To cast a lot, to throw, to toss, to stake a venture on the die, are all tokens that men commit to the decision of hap what they will not dispose by intelligence or choice, or the decision of the higher Will. Any tool or implement or test will serve for that use. But when, instead of the word "lot," we use the word "ballot," we begin to discern a difference; and the difference mounts and strengthens, till all thought of an appeal to chance leaves our minds, the more we interpose of human preference, purpose, or will. The rude soldiers on Calvary were entitled to the spoils of

their victim. Some of the lesser ones they could distribute. The seamless robe, the most coveted, could not be divided. They put to trial in their own way a familiar hazard in their own game of life, when they tossed the sticks or the dice to decide which of them should gain the prize. It would ill-become the winner, if he should wear it. All chance prizes are apt to suggest incongruity in their use.

We can hardly call the other scene a trial by lot. There were no dice there. Chance was excluded from the appeal; and a wise, discerning, and guiding Power above was asked to overrule the decision, not on a throw or by a count, but in the hearts of human arbiters. The eleven apostles selected by name two men standing nearest their own special fellowship, and both alike fulfilling the specific requirements of the case, both alike qualified, both unobjectionable, for exactly the same work and service. They bowed in prayer for God's best guidance in rebuking private partialities, and suggesting any ground, were it but the slightest, for preference. And then, after bowing before God, they signified their choice. For any thing we know, the result of the ballot was perfect unanimity. Such may be the difference between the lot and the ballot. The intervention of the human choice and will is one element of the difference; the recognition of the divine oversight is another.

What is the significance of that trial and decision by the ballot which has just been made by our citizens counted by millions? Would that we could pronounce it to be a complete and infallible decision, on the part of every individual on either side in it, between absolute right and wrong; between full wisdom and blind folly; between sure good and the sum of evils! It would be a convenience, if, in any human controversy or contest, a dividing line were manifestly drawn so straight and sharp and deep, between the conflicting elements which are ever warring in this world with their respective champions. But common experience, to say nothing of charity, forbids us to look in human affairs for such an anticipation of the judgment. Honest and high-souled patriots and Christian men were found on both sides of this

party-issue. Its own complications, and the known qualities of human nature, not only prove, but account for, the fact, that the individual men of the gaining and the losing side are not to be classified by the distinction of righteous or unrighteous, wise or foolish, in their characters and aims. One who sincerely so believes, however, may modestly venture the avowal of his belief, that the result of the great balloting would not have been different, if some shadowy warden of the polls had overmastered the voting so that all the wise and good and righteous had actually voted on one side. But again: we discard the imputation and the claim which would go with such a pretence as a matter of fact. Let there be not only magnanimity, but fair, right admission in the case. Let not the driving-out of what we call one evil spirit bring in seven others. Let us soothe the irritations of the strife among ourselves, and give over opprobrious names, and prevent the suppurating of wounds which may all heal with an unimpaired vigor for the whole body. The honored Chief Magistrate, to whom accrues so high a tribute from the decision, has set a beautiful example of graceful and kindly recognition of right purposes and honest aims in those who did not vote for him. So effective has been that token of a right spirit in him, that not a few who are the subjects of it would be glad now to give him the votes which they cast against him.

But though a balloting among men on great political or party issues does not sharply and completely divide between the champions of wisdom and folly, of good and evil, it does engage and put to trial all the mixed and conflicting measures of those warring elements which are found in each individual man who takes part in it. To one who can read human nature thoroughly and deeply, how easy the solution of marvels and proclivities and variances which to most of us are so baffling! Men make up their minds, they say: they form their opinions: they mature their judgments: and then they pronounce, and act accordingly. There are but few citizen voters who would not resent a denial of this claim on their part. And yet to how many

abatements and qualifications is it justly subject! The most that it can be made to mean is, that a voter, through force of some overbalancing influence, motive, or reason, decides on which of two sides he will dispose himself. The character of the reason, bias, or purpose which controls his decision, may range over the whole scale of good and evil. You only multiply units when you count a million. A ballot on a party-issue, whether cast by tens or millions of men, is but a larger testing and exhibition of all the complicated elements of human nature in each single man. A party, however large, however exalted its professions, must regard itself as falling, proportionately, just so far short of absolute freedom from bias or error, and of absolute infallibility of judgment and principle, as would the best man composing it in his own private capacity. Our whole race has not a vice or a virtue, a passion or an infirmity, a quality of wisdom or of folly, of which each man has not in himself the germ in some stage of its growth and fruitage. Still we understand better the mixed elements and biasses of will and judgment, and the abatements and excesses of the good and the evil of human nature, when brought out in the crowd, than when manifested in an individual.

Yet there is a significance, a moral of an intelligible character, in the result of that huge ballot. Whatever there was at stake in the trial transfers all its import to measure that meaning of the decision as on one side, rather than the other, of the alternative at issue. The voice of the nation, expressing its will and purpose, approves, and therefore proposes to pursue resolutely and at all costs, the military policy which it has already tried for four years. The people must be understood as ratifying, not repenting of, not even murmuring over, or asking to reconsider, a course of which it has had fair experience. The majority is a decisive one; and under its expressive verdict, if the question were tried again this week, it would doubtless be yet larger: so re-assuring is the influence of such a decision on those who make it, while it also has a converting power on many of those who withstood it!

If ever we ascribe to the verdict of men, counted one by one to millions, a significance bearing, if not on the absolute right, yet at least on their convictions of what is right, we can scarce deny or depreciate the weight of that decision now. Those who, after experience of war, resolve to continue it, must, at least, be regarded as more resolute than those who begin a war. All means and efforts were engaged to make the decision an intelligent one, and to bring the elements which entered into it within the comprehension of ordinary minds. The burden which the nation is bearing, and that which it would need to assume, with the sure ratio of its increase and severity, with the consequent vexations and risks, were candidly disclosed. The resources, also, of the nation were deliberately estimated on the basis of its reserved energies, as in part a matter of statistics, and, for the rest, of reasonable hypothesis. Deference was paid to the high standard of common intelligence among the native-born voters, by laying before them, in carefully prepared documents, the materials for unbiassed judgment. The usual artifices of a political campaign were subjected to all the restraints and cautionary measures which are consistent with liberty for both parties. Even the popular harangues were, in general, of a high tone; and only a very few of the public speakers were so far misled by their own ill temper or their selfish aims as to leave recorded against them legitimate reasons, if not for political, at least for social, proscription. The opposition did good service towards insuring the same intelligence of decision, by presenting all the cogent reasons, all the actual obstacles, as well as all the bugbear and fictitious apprehensions, which might warrant its own measures, or qualify the convictions, the purposes, or the zeal of the party in power. There was less than ever before of that inconsistency between our professed reliance upon the intelligence of the masses, and the tricks and cajoleries, the trumpery catch-words and silly devices which address themselves to those who help to fill the net, without being conscious that their destined use is that of bait. If, as is affirmed by those who should know, some hundreds of hired

torch-bearers appeared, for the same fee, in the city processions of both parties, they will have occasion only to remember which party happened to have the pleasanter weather for its night-tramp, and the more rallying creature-comforts for protection against a cold. Those who, in reviewing the struggle, are curious to pursue it into its private and personal partisanships, may employ their ingenuity, with or without their charity, in accounting for the position of this man or that, by a smouldering animosity, or a laid-up grudge from former antagonisms. Nor will individual instances be lacking, to be discussed between the generous and the suspicious, of conversions and avowed convictions and new positions attached to the names of public men.

Such of us as are happily exempted by profession or principle or temperament from the more exciting and passionate experiences connected with such a struggle, may find in it rich materials for quiet thoughtfulness and for profound speculation. On the whole, the occasion was one which we all feel and know is burdened with momentous and near consequences. As it will enter into history, who of us would not be glad, if, in the calm and security of some other scene or age, he might read the matured issues of the nation's balloting and its decision?

From the clustering homes of our northern and western lands, in crowded cities, snug towns, and scattered rural dwellings, have come those whose ballots have wrought this decision. Many of them were cast after prayers as sincere as those which preceded the choice of an apostle. Those ballots were dropped by hands which have been wrung in woe over the desolations of the war made in those thousand homes. The populous metropolis of the land, the centre of all disturbing and dangerous influences, cast a ballot in which some forty thousand majority were counted by the opposition, — coming from foreigners by birth, — as yet unskilled in our highest patriotism, and from exiles, and sympathizers with sedition, resident there. But that local majority was more than neutralized outside the capital, in the rural regions of the State, by its native-born and educated inhabitants. The

voice of the people is *not* the voice of God; but only the voice of God can silence it. And only his will in manifest demonstration can thwart its purpose. Such is the significance of this ballot. It is not the triumph of a divine decree, but it is the ratifying of an intelligent resolution of man.

There was an alternative for choice,—a positive two-sided issue submitted to the people for their ballot. That alternative on the one side was simple; on the other, vague and complicated. On the one side it was this: Shall we pursue our military policy unchanged in method or design or leadership, with the one sole purpose of crushing rebellion, and saving and vindicating the nation? On the other side, the alternative, as presented by a party composed of heterogeneous and discordant elements, was not simple, but compound, confusing, not definable, except by many distinctions and qualifications. To some who espoused the opposition, its aim was hardly distinguishable, except as to leadership, from that which the Government was pursuing, and the people have ratified. But a leading motive or purpose scarcely consists with joint or distracting motives or even wishes not approving its own direct and sole design. And so an opposition which professed only a desire for some change in the conduct of the war entered into fellowship with those who pronounced the war a crime and a failure, hopeless, and therefore to be given over by other efforts for peace.

So incongruous and discordant were the elements of the party in opposition, that, in the event of its political success, it would have found within its own ranks and councils, under some modifications indeed, though essentially the same irreconcilable aims and purposes, and the same differences of opinion as to methods and means which constituted the grounds of its antagonism to the party in power,—now no longer a party. Precisely the same strife which has been convulsing the politics of the nation would have been transferred in a more condensed, but by no means a more tractable, or a less distracting or alarming form, into the sharper

discords of a cabinet and an Administration dictated to by those who might claim to have given them the power. There was really no issue between the two parties, the substance of which was not manifest in the incorporated, but not assimilated, elements of the party in opposition. Of what sort the precipitate from such a combination would have been, even those who compounded it could not reasonably predict. The decision of the nation has adopted the simpler alternative of the issue.

And yet, though the resolve to pursue the war unchanged in councils and in leadership sounds and is simple in its statement, it is one to which many discordant elements contribute, and which is full of perplexities and anxieties in its details. It avows what we purpose to do, and then it throws us back on our ways and means. Its purpose is to put the maintenance of our American National unity foremost in resolve, and in political and military measures and enterprises. The whole soil of the United States of North America is regarded as held in fee by the nation; and all who live on its territory are held in allegiance to its laws and edicts. Under certain just restrictions of right policy and humanity, the question of territorial integrity and unity takes precedence of all others. The purpose is, that the law of the nation shall extend over the whole of it, whatever may befall the inhabitants or the peculiar institutions of any rebellious portion of it,—town or state, individual or confederacy. If people abroad find it difficult to comprehend the idea which underlies this resolution, it may be because it is an American idea nationalized by the American people. We have all learned how dull and slow even our English kinsfolk have been to apprehend this idea of ours. They are beginning, however, to take it in; and their learning it now may save them trouble for the future.

It claims special notice, that, in this stern trial of purely American principles on so broad a field and with such momentous national issues, we should have had a purely American Chief Magistrate. Our President is an indigenous man, the product of our own soil and circumstances, in a

region where the peculiarities of place, of influences, and products are most distinctively characteristic. He is no courtier, no scholar, no trained expert in the manners of academies or drawing-rooms. His features would baffle the moulding skill of classic Grecian art, and perplex the chisel of genius, in fashioning their marble counterpart. Marble would not be the suitable material for their presentment. In vain would the Roman toga attempt to round into easy grace of shape and attitude the angularities of his limbs. The canvas which is to be animate with his portrait must be content to be excluded from all galleries of beauty. Talleyrand would be impressed with the waste rather than with the lack of direct self-committal in his plain-spoken words. He is, indeed, home-born, home-bred, the product of our own soil, and of that, too, beyond the mountain-ridge of the primary deposit. The wits and triflers of the press, and many silly story-tellers, have shown a poor ingenuity in fabricating reports of him and his sayings, designed to heap ridicule on him. His lack of the graces and of the polish of artificial manners, his plain-spoken ways, and his shrewd aptness in blunting impertinent or obtrusive approaches by facetious indifference, make him an easy victim for those skilled in the little arts of malice and slander. But he has already made the mark of character, and won the homage rendered to straight-forward, high-toned integrity. The statesmen and diplomatists of the old world, after taking time to place him and to analyze him, have now discerned the specific cast and genus of the man; and they accord to him an honor which State craft and official dignity by no means imply, even if they consist with it. History is ransacked in vain for a parallel to him, though, in its revolutionary annals, it gives us, in its representative characters, many striking contrasts to him. Destined, we may well believe him to be, to a wide and an exalted fame! A man of a godly and revering frame of heart, ruling his own spirit, unselfish and faithful towards his fellow-men, pure and devoted in ministering the most conspicuous office of government on the whole earth,—such he seems thus far to

have proved himself. And his trial has been sharp and stern. If such as he has been he still shall be, — and there is a pledge of prolonged identity in the man, and of perseverance in the style of his virtues, — then, when he becomes a character of history, to say nothing of the attractions of the picturesque in personal history, or the diagnosis of a marked individuality, — will he not stand among the world's very greatest and very best? How men among us with human hearts can turn him into a jeer, call him a tyrant, malign him as a trimmer or a demagogue, — is not indeed a wonder; for folly in all its shapes is naturalized among us: but it is a sad token of the lack of all manly nobleness and generous sympathy. What cares and burdens, what responsibilities and anxieties, what days and nights are his!

But the choice of a leader is not the disposal of the conflict, nor the solution of the dread perplexities of our future. There is a dim and difficult way before us. The thronging, deepening anxieties of the national struggle appal the hearts of many; and only those of lightest hope and weakest judgment would presume to indicate any near result, or to shape its conditions. The future can be cheered or forecast by us only through the positive assurances and facts which the present gives as encouragement.

In looking on into the future, and conceiving and laboring for any prospect or plan for the solution of the mighty result, there are two sources or grounds of our wise reliance: first, a confident hopefulness of a desirable and a rewarding issue for the conflict; and, second, an intelligent and bold acknowledgement of the many practical difficulties, embarrassments, complications, and tangled conditions of the struggle.

We need first and most the strength and leading of an unwavering, full-freighted hope, true confidence, humble, thoughtful, chastened, as may be, held under allowances for all divine overrulings of our ignorance or our wishes; but still a confident hope, a conviction, that the dread struggle will repay its cost, and be crowned with a triumphant success. Let that hope be seated in our hearts! It will be to us

strength, cheerfulness, solace, and provision under all that lies between us and its full fruition. And the past and the present will furnish warrants for that hope. We have retraced no step, yielded no resolution, depreciated or distrusted no motive, which has thus far guided us. The will and purpose of the people have been declared by ballot. In face of all the known and apprehended exactions of the struggle projected into the undefined future, under the burden of an increasing drain of men and money, of taxation and personal sacrifice, the voice of the people is, that the strife against rebellion should be vigorously pursued, and that the same mind and will and lead which have thus far directed it shall retain the power, skilled by practice, and approved in resolve and aim. A strong and reasonable hope in any enterprise which engages the energies of men centres in the consciousness of ability and purpose within themselves. Have not most of us thought and felt, all along the course of this awful fraternal strife, that, if we have so great a cause to be saved, it must have in itself some self-saving power; a vitality and vigor which will re-enforce us while we are serving it? There must be a virtue, an energy, in our national cause, which has a potency in itself, using us as instruments for its success, for its triumph. This prompting of patriotism as a spirit lying behind and within the inspiration of men and women, not only of armies, but of those who fill them and feed them and pay them, and minister to their wounded, and honor their dead, — this spirit of patriotism is the mightiest weapon of war. Like the sun, it feeds its own flames; and men do not see or know how its unwasted supplies are secretly renewed. We are often reminded in these peaceful, thriving regions, that we do not realize the war. No; nor do we know the resources within us on which we have not yet drawn. Our hope has power and grace behind it.

The question of cost in money, the enormous outlay, the heaping debt, will not impair or chill that hope. Putting all thought of repudiation or national bankruptcy out of view, we can contemplate the possibility, if stern necessity should require, that the great majority of those who hold the pecu-

niary national obligations should, by voluntary proffer and petition to the Government, propose to surrender every money-claim for the sake of the country, for the sake of posterity. And as to men, — men for the camp and field and for the ships, — the men stand behind the ballots which represent the people's purpose one way, to secure its fulfilment in another.

The second ground of our wise reliance is found in a bold and intelligent facing of all the practical difficulties before us. They are many and huge ones. It requires courage to face them in their dim, bewildering vastness and terror. But it would not be wise to attempt to shape them, for they are misty at best; and some of them will never become solid, and others of them will vanish. But we must face many of them as realities, stern and perilous; and we must say to ourselves, as one by one they take shape, this is to be mastered and disposed of. Of one thing we may be certain, as illustrated by personal and universal experience of the relations between foreboded and actual evils, that no more dismal realities can be visited upon us than those which have been made familiar to our apprehensions by the dark predictions of some among us who have opposed the national purpose, or the conduct of the war. Many of us, in the exercise of our best intelligence, settled in our minds the irrevocable decision, that, as failure would be total and permanent ruin to us, all inflictions and calamities short of that were to be regarded as conditions for averting it, and therefore to be submitted to, without halting or even protest. The object which we have in view has steadily become more definite, more dear, and more sacred, as effort and sacrifice have carried us deeper into its vitalities. Our cause has won an element of inexpressible potency for appeal and resolution in the precious and endeared offerings made to it. Its youngest victims stand as our sagest councillors, the purest priests at the nation's altar, the most hopeful prophets of sure triumph. The Christian conscience of the people, without the help of cunning casuistry, but with the full, calm, earnest conviction of a heart-purpose, assures us that a grand

and holy inspiration of humanity overrules all other motives and aims of the war. The majority of our soldiers in field and camp, with heads bared, and faces turned heavenward, may affirm that they are fighting for a cause in which their present foes are to have a full share of good with themselves, and that the sum of blessing to each depends upon our success.

Whether this war shall prove, on the nation's part, to have been a crime or a righteous enterprise, depends upon what is yet to transpire as the way and the terms of peace, and not upon mere reference to its origin, nor upon its method up to this stage of it. If we shall feel bound conscientiously, not from necessity, to close it, yielding the point and the prize of the Rebellion to those who stirred it, then it is now a crime. Our refusal at the first, our delay, our resistance to grant what we shall ever be induced to own was a rightful demand, have been and are unjustifiable. Measured by the scale of loss and woe for which we shall thus be proved culpable, our crime will be marked as of daring and awful heinousness.

So far the conscience of the nation is not pricked by reproach or misgiving. Realizing more profoundly and intensely, as, to our own amazement, we measure the course of the war by years, what horrors of scourge and misery it brings with it, the moment has not been known when the nation's second judgment has doubted whether it were wise or right to have entered upon it.

The whole issue at stake, as it showed its balanced alternative to us, when the match burned down to the powder, has remained unchanged. It was then, and is now, the alternative of a wrecked and ruined nationality, embracing the world's noblest experiment and hope, or of a country saddened, lacerated, humiliated, but purified and re-instated in its lofty distinction, by a struggle which develops and assures its true life. The great Teacher spoke one of his truths of largest compass and of most profound import in the words: "No man can serve two masters." No man can divide the allegiance of his heart. Nor can a nation do that. We have

tried to do it; and we failed. The snakes of discord were hatched in the very cradle of the nation; and they were not strangled there. Whether the human or the reptile antagonist shall retain its life, is the issue which waits decision in our civil war.

It is the greatest of wars, because for the greatest stake that was ever at issue in war. It is, in its conduct on this nation's part, the most humane war that was ever waged on the earth, engaging in us the least of ferocity, of barbarity, of reckless and fiendish cruelty, and the most relieved and chastened by forbearing mercy and thoughtfulness as to every needful measure of severity. Traitors and spies and deserters are leniently dealt with. The first and the most unpitied victims of all other convulsions and wars, they are all but tolerated, not to say, unmolested, among us. Editors of newspapers, and public plotters and declaimers against Government, are allowed a license of free speech and writing; the exceptions to which, in a very few and those not the worst cases, are, by the same tolerance of utterance, represented as instances of the most tyrannical oppression. The prisoners caught from the ranks of the nation's foe are housed and fattened, not for the slaughter, but to offset, when the time shall come to show them, the cadaverous victims from our own households who have been rotting and starving in Southern pest-houses. The angels of mercy, laden with alleviating and luxurious gifts gathered from all the household cupboards of the land, attend, with equal zeal, upon the sufferings of friend and foe. Our people have wrought and adorned the largest and richest frame in which the picture of the Good Samaritan has been or ever can be set.

Meanwhile, it is not in human nature to be satisfied under such circumstances as are now before us and around us, without asking questions, and shaping wishes into anticipations, about the future. What can we reasonably look for as the solution, the method for disposing of the terrible conflict? Our efforts and hopes, taken together, ought to fashion out something like expectations. We read the edicts of the military leaders, the editorial columns of the newspaper-

writers, and the official documents of the political schemers in the region of rebellion. They are full of resolution, of defiance, of boastful assurance, of sworn determination never to yield the ground on which they have planted themselves. Of course, these utterances will be in tone and purport such as we find them to be. For from whom do they come? Many superficial or dismayed readers among us peruse these utterances of the instigators and master-spirits of the Rebellion; and, hastily inferring that they speak the mind and will of a whole people, sadly say, "These tokens do not intimate any repentance, any sense of failure or discouragement, any readiness for conciliation on the part of our foe." Such persons have merely to put the simple question, From whom come these sturdy and defiant boasts and pledges? They can all be traced, as can the first plottings and the dragooning initiatives of the Rebellion, to a fellowship of men not exceeding in number a single score. Of course, they must remain committed to a cause, whose disaster is to them absolute wreck of all earthly aims, with the blot of eternal infamy on their names. So far as human retribution or vengeful penalty awaits them, the councils and courts of the nation will, in all probability, be spared its infliction. It will come upon them, in all the severity of which they will be able to bear it, from the dupes and victims of their own pitiless ambition and misleading falsehoods. There are those among us who say they are waiting for the days of peace, to read what they feel most interest in, — the internal secret history of the war, in the councils and privacies of the rebels. There will, indeed, be startling and confounding disclosures from those sources. But beyond all the woes and tragedies which have been opened to our knowledge as they transpired, will be the harrowing revelations of private, household griefs, of dark atrocities, of outrages and brutal inhumanities incident to the iron-heeled despotism and barbarous passion by which the plotters of the Rebellion have overawed and tyrannized over the people whose glorious heritage and birthright they have sought to sacrifice. It requires no help from the imagination to draw the scenes of agony which have crushed the

hearts, and overborne the patriotism, of hundreds of thousands in Southern homes.

Therefore, the hope of Northern Christian patriots is, that the war will find its end in the protest and rising of the people in the region of the Rebellion against their own leaders. To bring about that righteous result, is the sole purpose of the discomfiture, the sufferings, and the defeat which we expect our army and navy to inflict on the organized forces of the Rebellion. We have assured the Southern people that we are their true friends. They will believe it when they have stricken their own real enemies. That there is, in the heart of our Chief Magistrate, a purpose of magnanimous dealing which he evidently finds it hard to reserve in announcement till the fit moment for it has come, but which will meet the demands of the opportune time, and reconcile the strife, who of us doubts? Shall we not all be satisfied at least to have extended the time for the maturing of the opportunity for such a peace?

G. E. E.

THE LIBEL. — "The Libel" is little more than an amusing story; and it is so humorous in itself that one almost forgets to seek for its application. A Brahmin on a fast day ("it is only among the Brahmins," says Kriloff, "that there are such hypocrites") feels inclined to eat something nourishing. In great fear of his superior, he waits till night, lights a candle, and roasts an egg over it. He is gloating, by anticipation, over the feast, and flattering himself that his superior will never hear of his peccadillo, when suddenly the latter enters the cell. "What is the meaning of this?" he cries, "deny it not: I find the egg in your hand."—"Pardon me! holy father," exclaims the Brahmin, through his tears, "I do not know how I fell into such a sin; but I was tempted by the Devil." Upon this the Devil himself appears from behind the stove. "Are you not ashamed," he says to the Brahmin, "to calumniate me so? I have just taken a lesson from you; for never, until this moment, did I know how to roast an egg over a candle." — *The Russians at Home, by Sutherland Edwards.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XVII.

"JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT."

[Written by the Electress Luise Henriette von Brandenburg, after her great bereavement, in 1649. First printed in the "Berliner Gesangbuch" of 1653, it has ever since been a great favorite throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia. It was sung over the grave of Alexander von Humboldt, in May, 1859. Schubert says of it: "This song was the funeral-song of my father, my mother, and my sainted wife, and is therefore peculiarly dear to me; so that I have often repeated it with tears and longing." Only six of the ten verses are here presented.]

JESUS is my confidence,
 Not by man's conceit invented ;
 Living Saviour ! that defence
 Still must keep my heart contented,
 Whatsoever thoughts of fright
 Startle at the long death-night.

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;
 I shall live at his appearing,
 With the life his presence gives ;
 Why, then, now be grieving, fearing ?
 Does the head the members quit,
 And not draw them after it ?

I am, through the covenant band,
 All securely with him plighted ;
 Holding him with Faith's strong hand,
 When life's ties are disunited ;
 So that no severe death-ban
 Part me from his presence can.

I am dust ; and 'tis in vain
 Dust would keep from being scattered ;
 But I know he will again
 Shape anew what death has shattered ;
 That within the upper sky
 I may dwell eternally.

Body, such as God shall please,
 Will the new world throw around me ;

Which the Lord in glory sees,
 When he with his grace has crowned me.
 Then shall my transfigured frame
 View his face and bless his name.

Griefs that weep, and pains that groan,
 Vanish at his kind effacing:
 Earthy was I darkly sown,
 Heavenly grow I at the raising.
 Let the flesh decay, while I
 Spring to immortality.

XVIII.

"HERR, ICH HABE MISSGEHANDELT."

LORD, how oft I have offended !
 Weights of sin have kept me low :
 Thither have my steps not tended,
 Where thy law would have me go.
 Fain my sad soul I would cover
 From the judgments hanging over.
 Ah ! but where is safety lying ?
 Lo, thy presence everywhere !
 Should I o'er the sea go flying,
 Should I to earth's deeps repair,
 Would the wind's swift wings infold me,
 Even there thy hand would hold me.

I must own my guilt has mounted
 Up to heaven, and in thy sight :
 Can I still thy child be counted ?
 Ah, do not forsake me quite !
 Not according to thy terrors,
 Judge, O Lord ! thy servant's errors.

Be thy Spirit my assistance,
 With its conquering sign unfurled ;
 Help me make a firm resistance
 To the evil in the world.
 Let me no more stray or falter,
 As I compass, Lord, thine altar.

N. L. F.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

"WHAT knowledge is of most worth?" To answer this question, Mr. Herbert Spencer devotes an article to the "Westminster Review," which, re-appearing in this country as the opening chapter of a book entitled "Education," revised by himself for the press of Messrs. Appleton & Co., has been, we may hope, generally read; and his emphatic decision now as generally known, that, "whether for intellectual, moral, or religious training, the most efficacious study is science;" that, "for discipline as well as for guidance, science is of chiefest value." We accept Mr. Spencer's dictum in the true sense and meaning of science, that it is the process of discovery, the unfolding of "what is" in every department of all creation, in physics and metaphysics, in soul and body of all the universe. Its statements are the nomenclature of facts, as the human mind, from time to time, reaches them. Fallible its work is, and to be proven. What region is there, then, not included in scientific observation? And why are science and religion, as spoken of in the world, held as antagonistic? We say, simply, because of the irreligion of many scientific men who are outside of the Church, not so much because they are scientific, as because they are irreligious; and of the irreligion of religionists who are inside the Church, not so much because they are religious, as because they are ignorant of their irreligion.

The questions these considerations suggest, involve broadly and deeply the life of the Church; and, inasmuch as she holds the soul in and to religion, include all human progress and welfare. In what value and use the Church holds the Bible, needs not be told. Of what value and use it is to the individual soul, each may know, though scarcely could each tell. But the Bible is one thing, and the knowledge of it another. Truly, he who runs may read of its spirit, just as the sweet influences of nature cannot be escaped; but there needs no witness to testify to how much higher knowledge of

God, of his works and ways and will, we may attain by a wiser and truer understanding of nature and the Bible. In the knowledge, then, that is of worth, is the knowledge of the Bible to be included? Is the study of it to be encouraged or discouraged? Is the Bible of interest enough to warrant research, and a scientific treatment, in the high sense of seeking out facts and deducing truths? Shall the results of its study be confined to the clergy, as good for them only; or given to the laity, those within the nominal Church, as good for them also? Or shall its studies be made by, and confined to, those outside the Church's pale, as only fit for them? We suppose the Protestant Church has fully indorsed and supported the view, that the Bible is not dangerous, but is good to be put into the hands of the masses. Witness the sorrow and holy horror of the home and foreign missionary, who finds a district or a house without a Bible; and the painstaking to translate and distribute it to every tongue and nation, for every palace and hut! Is the Romish Church right or wrong to withhold it from the people? Or is it meant by Protestants, that the Bible is good only as it is not understood? "Suppose," says Mr. Spencer, "a writer were daily saluted with praises couched in superlative language; suppose the wisdom, the grandeur, the beauty of his works, were the constant topics of the eulogies addressed to him; suppose those who unceasingly attend these eulogies on his works were content with looking at the outsides of them, and had never opened them, much less tried to understand them,—what value should we put upon their praises? What should we think of their sincerity?" Will the Bible, the Book of books, have less power to sway the moral and spiritual nature, if it be as fully and fairly understood as it may? To *comprehend* that sway we do not expect. To us now, it is the supernatural, the unknowable. Should we the less, if we were fully acquainted with that wonderful, God-preserved history of God's inspirations in men, searched out under the strictest scientific scrutiny, scrutiny of its material form and immaterial force,—should we any the less, standing at the limits of our human intelligence, bow down before the solemn, awful mystery of the

veiled Shekinah, the Presence there, felt but not seen, shining, piercing, streaming through the narrow wickets of human intuitions?

Why, then, is biblical criticism so churlishly received by the Church at large? The world outside is more hospitable, more just; and it is in the house of its friends, that religion, through its God-given ally and interpreter, the Bible, is wounded. Why are the results of its study so arrogantly and empirically treated as to make the criticisms upon the critics almost unworthy of philosophical and religious consideration? It is true there are errors: false theories, false deductions from right theories, "offensive crudities," there may and must be; but are there not the same in any and all departments of human research? Dogmatic assertions also; but they are not the growth of the nineteenth century alone. Nor could it be otherwise in the face of Christian theology, since the third century, that the biblical criticism of the present time should be, as one of the first and best scholars among the clergy confesses and somewhat deplures, "disproportionately negative." Yet he is not disgusted with it, and says, "I cannot regret the critical labors of the most radical theologian." Radical or conservative, liberal or evangelical in theology, the work upon the Bible, of the man, who, in his day and generation, does it in the fear of God, should not come up as "stench in the nostrils" to any of its friends. And we may repeat what the liberal theologian and generous man above referred to has said: "it may be questioned, whether our Lord regards with greater complacency the zeal which would limit truth and mercy, or the thoughtful inquiry which seeks the truth by aid of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We have no wish to disguise that our remarks have been immediately suggested by what seemed to us an ungenerous notice in the "Religious Magazine" of September, of Mr. Sawyer's "Gospel of Mark," lately published by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co., who have thus proved an enlightened view of duty in their position. The pope and Louis Napoléon may wield an "Index Expurgatorius;" but we, in this coun-

try, may safely leave its making to general convictions. The eleven thousand clergy of England, protesting against the enlightenment that *could* not persecute for opinion's sake, do not undermine the "Court of Arches," nor sink the "Essays and Reviews." The Bishop of Cape-Town and all the clergy of his African diocese, though it secede from the English Church, cannot, by escaping the ministry of Bishop Colenso, escape his mathematics. Is the question, indeed, the mathematics or their Bible? Then we say, better mathematics that cannot lie than any thing of which we cannot say, "it does not lie."

It is fair that Bishop Colenso, and Monsieur Renan, with Mr. Sawyer and other scholars, great or small should be criticised. We are disposed to do that with severity. But it is not fair, is not Christian, that an honest historian or critic should be assailed with the vituperative abuse which Dr. Mahan, in this country, pours out on Bishop Colenso; with which the Romish and Evangelical clergy meet Monsieur Renan, as the countless French pamphlets testify; or as the writer in the "Religious Magazine" treats Mr. Sawyer, his book, and his publishers.

In closing, we may well ask, Do the clergy realize the wide-spread ignorance, the entire wrong understanding, of the Bible among the people at large? Do they know how it is presented in their Sunday schools, and how little their teachers are taught concerning it? How many teachers, in our "liberal" denomination, and in the narrow sphere of our own contributions to biblical criticism, accept the aid of the valuable, or rather invaluable, books of Dr. Noyes; of Mr. Norton's studies in Christianity and its Records; of Dr. Palfrey's researches in Hebrew History and Archæology; of Dr. Furness's tracings of the Life of Jesus, — all of which, doubtless, would now receive from their authors great change and modification, if republished.

Certainly the spiritual power and influence of the Bible is to be sought, and we cannot doubt intended by God to be found, in a true and not a false understanding of it. It has been said that "religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis." If we would have

the Bible a help and support to our religious nature, — to the souls within us, we must hold it no longer under the old, blind, empirical treatment. It rests with the Church. The upheaval of the religious thought, of the whole thought, of the world, shows that the old bonds of the Church, as of all other institutions, must break, and she must fall asunder, unless she cohere by inherent force, be girt about and supported by the perfect law of liberty; unless she will let live in her that pure theism *with* Jesus Christ its revealer, and not *without him* and *outside* of the Church, where only, Miss Cobbe, in her “Broken Lights” of such sad, sweet, tender shining, tells us, she has been able to find and place it. In the Church of his Son, God meant pure religion should be, and that there our souls should find him, more surely and nearly than in all creation beside. The Church is the historical, human expression and body of religion, changing and growing with the generations of men. Will she accept her place in the God-directed procession of events, through the infinite spaces of creation? Will she move, with this small planet, a speck on its surface, receiving equally with earth and sky, with all the races of immortal men and the brutes that perish, the great organic changes and growths of time’s vast cycles? Will she bear earth’s little years of winter cold and summer heat, rising and falling in vernal or autumnal equinox, as obediently these move on the eternal, loving will and purpose of God in his physical and spiritual universe?

THE Jews, in putting Christ to death to declare their rejection of him as Messiah, furnished the most complete proofs of his Messiahship.

And, in continuing to disavow him, they have rendered themselves unimpeachable witnesses.

In killing him, in fact, and in persisting in denying him, they have fulfilled the prophecies. — *Pascal*.

I HAVE no toleration for those whom I see living so negligently in the faith, and so greatly abusing a privilege of which I think I should make a use so different. — *Pascal*.

YOUTH AND AGE.

A SERMON BY A. P. PEABODY.*

JOHN xxi. 18 : "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest ; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not."

THE contrast here drawn by our Saviour, between Peter's then intensely active life and the imprisonment and bonds from which in his latter years he was released only by death, always exists between the moral condition of youth and that of age. Youth forges chains for its own aged limbs. Youth forms habits ; age is governed by them. Youth marks out courses ; age pursues them. Youth gets a headway, under which age is hurried on, with little ability, and generally less desire, to check it. The choice of youth is the necessity of age. The work of youth determines the destiny of age. The rewarding or avenging angel follows the youth, overtakes the old man.

There is in life a period after which essential change in character is not to be expected, while there is still a tendency to growth in the traits already developed. After that period vices seem irreclaimable, passions incorrigible, prejudices indelible. Even grief loses its remedial power, and sins abjured to-day may be renewed to-morrow.

After that period, too, virtue is impregnable. Temptation has worn itself out. The good man's habits of body, mind, and heart, have become inseparable elements of his nature, are mutually assimilated, and are built up into a well-compacted fabric, with the rock-foundation of steadfast principle. The energy of the will may indeed decline ; but its direction is fixed by the precedents of a lifetime. The force of self-control may be diminished ; but the accumulated forces of the past, like a strong breeze setting heavenward, bear the spirit rapidly on. The nervous oar-arm that breasted with vigorous stroke the current of temptation may be enfeebled ;

* Preached in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University, on the 3d of July, 1864 ; being the Sunday after the decease of Hon. Josiah Quincy.

but the sail replaces the oar, and wind and current now conspire to speed the life-voyage toward its chosen port.

If what I have said be true, it is to the young especially that we ought to preach about old age. Few of you, my young friends, may have long life upon the earth; but all of you hope and expect it, and those of you who are to realize this expectation are now determining the complexion and destiny of your latter years. Half a century hence, those of you who shall then be living will verify, in happy or sad experience, the words that I utter to-day.

Let me ask you, therefore, to consider seriously with me some of the early habits which will insure to you such an old age as you would crave and welcome.

1. Among the traits of early character that have the richest promise for the latter years is filial piety. A right position in the native home, constancy and fidelity there, loyalty in that first relation in which Providence places the human being, engenders a conscientious and dutiful habit in all subsequent relations, whether to individuals or to the community. Moreover, submission and obedience are our life-work. "When father and mother forsake us," as we approach years of maturity, and are no longer amenable to domestic discipline, "the Lord takes us up;" and it is precisely the early home-virtues that we need to make us loving and obedient as His children. These same virtues are, also, what the State, standing toward us in many aspects in the place of a parent, demands and needs of us.

2. A more comprehensive habit, including this and much beside, which has a most momentous bearing on the happiness of old age, is that of conscientious living. This must be acquired in youth, if at all. In saying this, I measure my words, and mean all that I say. I forget not the undoubted instances of late repentance and reformation. But in such cases the life comes up very slowly, and at best but imperfectly, to its ideal. There remains an obtuseness of perception as to many matters of duty, and there is almost never a keen moral sensitiveness as to the minute details of the daily conduct. The habit of acting under the dictates

of convenience, interest, or transient impulse, is liable to be early formed; and if it be, it will more or less cling to us through life, — if fought against on great emergencies, resuming its sway in little things, — if resisted when we are on our guard, surprising us into wrong-doing, or the omission of right-doing, the moment we are off our guard. On the other hand, the habit of asking and answering the question of duty on all occasions, of bringing the transactions of daily life to the test of principle, may be so formed in early youth, that in coming years it shall be as natural and spontaneous to ask what is right as it is to exercise the power of choice.

Now, what is there that can be of such worth to the aged as the remembrance of a conscientious life? The thoughts, in declining years, are inevitably forced back. If there have been wrong and evil, their spectres haunt the repose and distract the joy of the most prosperous condition, and barb with venom every arrow of adversity. But he who can look back on a long life of duty has a source of happiness which the necessity of his years keeps always open to him. As, whether he so will or not, past scenes recur to his recollection, he recalls them, not with shame and self-reproach, but as successive stages on the path which has been brightening as he has advanced, till now it draws near its consummation in the perfect day of heaven.

3. Early devotional habits are, also, an essential part of the provision for old age. By *devotional habits*, I mean, not only enough of religious principle to be the guide of life, but enough of religious feeling to be the joy of life. The remembrance of a virtuous course will, indeed, ward off misery from the latter years; but it may not of itself revive the languor of inactivity, or people and gladden the felt solitude of one whose coevals have almost all passed away. To a certain degree, the most favored old age is solitary. New friends, younger kindred, however dear, revolve as in an outer orbit; and, of the old and familiar faces, many more are among the dead than among the living. Then, too, in the withdrawal from active life, and the contraction of the horizon of earthly hope, one needs to have before him the

limitless expanse opened by the hope that is full of immortality. Devotion peoples the loneliness, imparts a felt companionship with heaven, brings back the departed within the sphere of conscious communion, keeps hope vivid and active, and merges all thought of the waning of earthly joy in the assurance of life incorruptible and eternal.

My subject has been suggested by the recent decease of our oldest graduate and ex-President, whose honorable age has been but the ripened fruitage of his youth and prime. His example may well be cited, to add weight to the counsels which I have now given.

His father, who held a prominent place among the patriots of our Revolutionary epoch, died in his infancy; but his relation to his surviving parent was that, not only of tender reverence, but of deferential regard to her opinions and preferences, even when he had already become a recognized leader of thought and action among men; while loyalty to the memory and emulation of the spotless fame of the father so early taken from him, were lifelong motives to honorable endeavor, as fresh and vivid in his latter years as when he started on his career.

Few men can have sustained so various and arduous trusts as he, and in them all have been so rigidly conscientious, so entirely free from the charge of self-seeking or of interested motives.

For the many years of his service in the National and State Legislatures he was oftener in the opposition than with the majority, and always firm and persistent in maintaining his convictions of right, frequently under a storm of abuse and obloquy, sometimes almost alone in the profession of principles or the advocacy of measures repudiated by all who had the remotest view to the popular favor, never more strenuous than when the tide set the most vehemently against him.

In a brief term of judicial office, he distinguished himself by ruling, in contradiction of all precedents, that the publication of the truth, with a good intention and for a justifiable purpose, is not libellous, — a principle which, because it was

opposed to the traditional doctrines of the courts, no previous judge had possessed the courage to maintain, but which is now distinctly recognized as a maxim of English and American law.

As the chief magistrate of his native city, by his vigorous and independent administration, he laid the foundation of many of the most beneficent public works and institutions, swept away nuisances to the public morals with which a less intrepid man would not have dared to meddle, and left memorials of his reformatory and executive ability which will keep his memory green for centuries to come. He failed of re-election for the fifth time, in consequence of his stringency and persistency in certain needed measures of reform, in which he was sustained by the intelligent friends of good order, but not by the majority of voters.

The University availed itself at once of the city's bereavement. The defeated ex-mayor was elected to the presidency of Harvard College, after the genial and paternal administration of that man of the beatitudes, Dr. Kirkland, — at a time when the material interests of the institution needed in its presiding officer peculiar financial and executive ability. To his organizing capacity, unyielding resolution, and indefatigable industry, we are indebted — to a larger degree than any but those who were conversant with the college under his predecessor can easily imagine — for the introduction of a rigidly systematic administration into all departments. A looser and less stringent method was, indeed, attended by few evils, and perhaps by some benefits, when the number of academic students was comparatively small, and there were hardly a score of resident graduates in the two infant and skeleton professional schools, while the professors were men of long experience and of great weight of personal character; but it would have become anarchical and intolerable as the college, while nearly doubling its list of undergraduates, expanded into the full proportions of a university. Such labors as Mr. Quincy's alone have made it possible for his successors at once to superintend the now thoroughly matured system of administration, and to enter with patient assiduity into the

numerous details in which personal intercourse and influence are the student's need and the President's privilege.

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Quincy retired from official and public life, — yet not from public duty; for, in all important crises in the affairs of the city, state, and nation, his voice has been heard, and his influence profoundly felt, especially in every question and interest involving, or involved in, the great issue between slavery and freedom. Ardently patriotic, hopeful when few have had the heart to hope, he has watched the present conflict with unwavering confidence in the result, and with the often uttered belief, that only by straitness, sacrifice, and suffering, could our people learn how blessed had been their lot, and know, in time to come, how to prize and use the institutions redeemed, and the universal freedom purchased, at such a fearful cost.

Meanwhile, he has not relaxed his industry. His pen has never been laid aside, nor has its stroke lost, either physically or mentally, aught of its clearness, precision, and vigor. His latest letters show the "wonted fires," not living in their ashes, but glowing with unabated fervor. On the verge of fourscore and ten, he wrote his *Life of John Quincy Adams*, in a style which bears not a single trait of senility, and which leaves the author's age to be inferred only from a vividness of delineation and narrative which could not be expected but from a coeval of the venerable statesman and a participator in the events recorded. To the last year, and, I suppose, to the very last day of his life, he has continued to be a worker, devoting to books that needed close attention, and to the still unremitted labor of the pen, more hours a day than the majority of young men think it safe to give to intellectual labor.

Nor has his power of social communication and influence been essentially impaired by his advanced age. Indeed, there seemed to be an enhanced capacity of free and unimpeded utterance, both on public occasions and in private intercourse. Here, perhaps, we might discern the only emphatic symptom of diminished vigor. In his earlier days there was a frequent hesitancy, sometimes an entire loss of

the power of speech, from the very intensity and tumult of thought and emotion, as wreathen torrents from opposite directions choke each other, and by the fierceness of their embrace are paralyzed on their passage seaward; while, when sentiment and feeling moved more languidly, they found an unimpeded expression.

His old age, surrounded by loving kindred, devoted friends, and all the comforts of an affluent condition, could not have been what it has been both in vigor and in beauty, had it not been pervaded by religious faith and principle, early formed and of lifelong growth. He felt his loneliness, though no old man ever had less cause to feel it. He often referred to his position as sole survivor of those who had entered life at his side. But he felt, too, his affinity to the family in heaven, and looked forward with unflickering confidence to the family meeting there. He deemed himself the happiest of men; and from no other lips have I ever heard so fervent expressions of thankfulness to a benignant Providence as he was wont to utter. I can never forget the deep emotion with which I heard him repeat, one day, as he walked in his grounds, leaning on my arm, with tears of gratitude absolutely raining down his cheeks, those stanzas of Addison, commencing, —

“ When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.”

He neither desired nor feared death. He said that it seemed to him like going from one room of his house to another, or like leaving one circle of dear friends to join another. He was happy here, and he knew that he should be happy wherever God might appoint him a dwelling-place.

His decline was gentle, and by almost imperceptible degrees. The silver cord was softly loosed, not cut; the golden bowl crumbled, not rudely broken, at the fountain. We are thankful that he lived so long, — thankful that so rich a life-record has been closed without a sad appendix of dotage and decay.

While the venerable forms that have connected us with earlier generations pass from our sight, may all that was excellent in the fathers be embalmed in the reverent memory, and reproduced in the lives, of the children !

HARPS OF THE HEART.

A DREAM of sweet music I had :
An angel, with fingers of fire,
Made slumber deliciously glad
By sweeping the strings of his lyre.
“What harp is so sweet, sir ?” I cried :
“My harp is the heart,” he replied.
“I would that my heart-strings were such,
To render responses like these,
Awakened by tenderest touch,
Or fanned by a fluttering breeze !”
“They shall be,” he said ; and he pressed
His hand on the keys of my breast.
Oh ! joyous the music, I found,
While heavenly influence played,
Evoking a beauty of sound ;
And thought in me melody made.
But, ah ! the rude world on the key
Smote music of anguish in me !
My soul was so sensitive grown,
And keen to the quick, every smart
Sad minors of tenderest tone
Wrung out from the strings of my heart !
“Alas !” said the angel, “wilt thou
Choose rather the callous heart now ?”
“Not so !” I responded ; “for then
The beautiful music were lost !
I’ll bear, but, to hear it again,
The pain I must pay as the cost, —
Till joining the heavenly choir,
Where sin never jangles the lyre !”

R. F. F.

A DAY AMONG THE STATUES.

(Concluded.)

No man fails to observe the statue of Diogenes, representing him as naked, with a long staff in one hand, and a cup in the other, and having a dog at his side. The head stuck down between the shoulders, the brain indicative of nothing noble, the face stamped with shrewdness, cunning, obstinacy, and conceit, are all quite in keeping with what history says of this snarling philosopher. How fitly Raphael has disposed of him in the school of Athens! for, while Plato and Aristotle are walking in majesty beneath the grand arches, Diogenes lies sprawling on the steps, with no one near him, or giving him the notice of a look; an intimation of the just fate of those whose mission it is to berate.

His master, Antisthenes, with his shaggy beard, and uncombed hair, and pinched-up face, and wrinkled eyebrows, and sharp-pointed nose, and misanthropic expression, looks worthy to be the founder of the Cynic or Dog school; which word Visconti thinks was at first given from the spot in Athens where Antisthenes usually taught. It was near the Temple of Hercules, at a place called the *White Dog*. The biting and barking temper of his followers perpetuated, if it did not suggest, the term.

These men were the habitual scolders of Athens. We must not think that we are the first to reap the advantages of such a class. The ancient world was not so benighted as we sometimes imagine. The order of *Διαβολοι* then existed; nor is it strange that we see on their faces that same contemptuous malignity which is still clearly discerned in conventicles of this sort of persons.

The statues of the two rival orators, Demosthenes and Æschines, offer a most interesting study. The features of the former are well known from many statues inscribed with his name; as also from a fine metallic bust, likewise bearing his name, found at Herculaneum. Demosthenes was not a

handsome man ; and one would infer from his looks that he was fussy and irritable. Nature gave him a pinched-up look, such as is oftentimes accompanied with a sharp, whining voice.

In all this, Æschines was a contrast. To a full-rounded, pleasing muscular development, seen at once in his statue, was added, as Grote says, a magnificent voice ; and an air of easy self-possession, of equanimity and dignity, is at once perceived. No one can doubt on which party the bitter invectives which these two rivals hurled against each other would produce the greater effect ; and equally evident is it that this physical contrast must have formed no small part of the interest of their encounter.

Of scarcely less value is the statue of Isocrates, whose finely shaped head, open face, speaking eye, and gracious smile, well represent our modern idea of manly beauty. History tells us that he was the son of a flute-maker ; that he inherited a large fortune, applied himself to philosophy and oratory, wrote elegant orations, and had an ambition to excel in public speaking ; and, when it adds that he never had the courage to face an audience, how credible the fact seems, as we observe the extreme delicacy of his features, and the timid sensibility apparent in his face ! His voice was weak ; and one would suspect that it must have been almost feminine in a man of his make.

In one of the private palaces of Rome, there is a small marble statue, with the curly hair and thick lips of the African. It has the name of Epaphroditus upon it. He was a black man, a slave, — the property of a Roman prefect. He had an inextinguishable thirst for learning ; and his master encouraged his studies, made him tutor of his son, and finally gave him his freedom. He lived in Rome in an honored position, and gathered a library of thirty thousand select works, — a most extraordinary collection for that day, — which reflected great honor upon his judgment and taste, and of which he gave proof of good use by commentaries on Homer and Pindar, and by other works of good letters.

Nothing from his pen has come down to us ; but Visconti

says, that writers, contemporary and subsequent, give us to understand in what high esteem he was held. There is nothing to be noted in the statue except the unmistakable features of the negro; but, in view of the public events of our day, the above-named facts are recalled with much interest as we look upon this bust.

Of the statues of distinguished Romans, there are not many that awaken more interest than that of Julius Cæsar. But, unfortunately, statues of him are few in number, and are quite unlike each other in looks. Indeed, it seems generally admitted that the statue in the Capitol is the only one which gives us a correct idea of his person. This is far from having the open and frank expression which one would expect to find. But one thing is very noticeable, — the absence of that coarse animalism which marked the faces and heads of most of the emperors.

In comparing this statue with a highly prized bust of Cæsar at Florence, one sees, in both, the long face, the high forehead, slightly wrinkled over the eyebrows, the lengthened and expressive mouth, and the marks of character and thoughtful refinement. It is a matter of regret, that, while we have the likenesses of so many of whom we care but little, the features and looks of the great conqueror of the world are no better known.

The transition is natural to the statue of Pompey, at the base of which "great Cæsar fell." Some have doubted whether the statue now shown as such be entitled to this distinction. But Visconti believes that its identity is well established. It is of Parian marble, nine feet high; has a beardless, stern, but tranquil face, much more beautiful in profile than in front. It grasps in the hollow of its left hand a globe; and the right originally upheld a spear. Found beneath the partition-wall of two houses, the head on one side and the feet on the other, the proprietors disputed who should have it, and went to law. The judge was puzzled; and while meditating some compromise, after the famous decision of Solomon, the pope, Julius III., heard of the case, and fortunately purchased the object of their strife.

One of the handsomest Roman heads is that of Scipio Africanus. He is always represented with his head completely shaven; and the honorable scar over the left eye, from a wound received in saving the life of his father, is uniformly indicated. The bronze image of him found at Herculaneum also shows the cicatrix in the form of a letter X.

The bust of Brutus represents him as a young man twenty-five or thirty years of age. Fifteen years younger than Cæsar, who fell at the age of fifty-two, Brutus, of course, was then but thirty-seven. His thin flesh, his beardless face, his low forehead covered with hair, are at once noticed: he had a finely formed mouth and chin; and there is much in the expression of the face to remind one of what Cæsar said of him, — “*Quidquid vult, valde vult.*”

As for Nero, Vespasian, Caligula, Caracalla, their histories may be read in their statues. In the series of emperors, one head always receives prolonged attention: it is that of Antoninus Pius. No one can pass it without being impressed by the marks of culture and refinement, of gentle and reflective wisdom, in that “*amiable prince*,” as Gibbon calls him, “*who, for twenty-three years, directed the affairs of Italy.*” It is one of those heads which make us feel that deep and divine thoughts must have moulded the man.

When we meet spiritual and refined features, we sometimes fancy that they belong to those who had a more fortunate lot than ours: perhaps we wish we had those better outward circumstances which have formed so much purity and beauty. But it is not the outward condition that has formed these. Perhaps their path has been more rough and rugged than ours; and what but a sweet and gentle *motive* running through life has stamped such attraction on the person?

We should be glad to notice others of the eighty or ninety statues of those whose features are as authentically known as are those of any celebrated living contemporary. The immense wealth of Rome in these statues is in striking contrast with the poverty of her common people; and often must one have a feeling like that which once suggested a well-known pasquinade. In a time of famine, some of the most valuable

statues were found, one morning, bearing papers addressed to the pope, and quoting, in Italian, a part of the third verse of the fourth chapter of Matthew, *Di' che queste pietre diventino pani*, — "Command that these stones be made bread."

The moral effect of statuary is too great a subject to be even alluded to in these closing lines. The present debasement of the people where statuary abounds would of course be just as good an argument against Christianity as against statuary. They are debased in spite of their best helps; and no one can know how much lower they might have fallen but for remembrance of those renowned ancestors whose spirits still "rule from their sceptred urns."

We live so near the discovery of printing, that we have not yet recovered from exaggerated impressions of the importance of a book, and consequently overlook the education that comes directly from objects that speak to the eye. This was the sole education in ancient times; and no one can read of the feelings with which Athenian youth went up by the Propylæ to the Parthenon, or passed through the Ceramicus to the Academy, without a conviction that there is a source of impression to which we have unwisely made but little appeal.

Of the statue of Jupiter Olympus, by Phidias, Quintilian said that it seemed to have added something to the public religion; and probably it produced this effect more quickly and powerfully than would now, with us, the publication of the most eloquent theological treatise. To lift up the aspirations and aims of our people, how many more of those objects we need which directly impress the soul through the eye! Who can measure the influence they would exert in our gardens, squares, and seats of learning? What benefactor of Harvard College could do a better thing than to commission a good artist to give to that institution copies of the busts of the grand philosophers, statesmen, and heroes of antiquity?

M.

BY THE SEA.

O THOU blue Ocean ! on thy breast
Yon bark at anchor lies,
By the soft, summer winds caressed,
And arched by cloudless skies.

But, far away, beyond this tide
Slow beating on the shore,
Where the great ships untrammelled ride,
And the long billows roar, —

Out on the great, wild, heaving deep,
There riots many a storm ;
And the fierce waters swell and sweep
O'er hearts once beating warm.

O thou blue Ocean ! who might guess,
Watching, as I do now,
Each sunny wave whose light caress
Floats round that graceful prow, —

That such dark secrets slept beneath
These ripples flecked with gold ;
That such wild tales of wreck and death
Thy surges might unfold ?

So once, a happy little child,
On Life's calm brink I lay,
Caressed and mocked and hope-beguiled
By ripples light as they.

Alas ! how little then I thought
Of stormy seas afar,
Where the wild skies are tempest-fraught,
And the wild billows war !

O wrecks of Hope and Trust and Love !
That sleep Life's waves below,
Where the dark seas have closed above,
And left no trace of woe, —

Come from the caverns where ye lie,
 For Faith itself grows wild;
 Bring back to me the sunny sky
 That spanned me when a child!

Bring back the faith, the hope, the glee,
 That blessed those days of yore;
 Bring back the heart of youth to me;
 Make me a child once more!

In vain! thou blue insensate Sea!
 Thy dead shall rise at last;
 But what loud trump shall wake for me
 The hopes of that dear Past?

In vain? — my faithless heart! not so;
 For, surely as the sea
 Must yield its treasures from below,
 Shall youth come back to thee!

And every trust and every hope,
 Long buried, shall arise,
 And greet me 'neath the boundless cope
 Of heaven's unshadowed skies!

C. A. N.

FITCHBURG, Mass.

It is self that kills the spirit within. Alike upon the least occasions and the greatest, it is fatal to the effective and graceful action of our nature. It darkens the eye, impedes our speech, and palsies the hand. It puts all power and dignity beyond our reach. When a man forgets himself, the appearance he is making, all things are at his command; and the highest regains possession of him. Self it is that chains us heavily. When we forget that, the wings of the soul expand instantly; and we rise, and join the morning stars, and sing with all the sons of God for joy. — *Furness's Veil partly lifted.*

"THIS dog is mine," you hear poor children say. "That is my place in the sunshine:" there is the commencement and type of usurpation throughout the world. — *Pascal.*

CATHOLICITY.

THE phrase which we have chosen to denominate our subject has been appropriated by an ancient church-organization; and, if we believed that Church to have made their own the reality as well as the name, we would not infringe their right. But there is a larceny of words, by which the name is wrongfully taken, and, forged to some reality of an opposite character, thus made to falsely simulate what is good. Such a trespass upon language confers no monopoly of privilege that ought to be recognized, however chronic the abuse; and no subject should thus be deprived of its proper name.

Religion ought to be catholic,—pervasive as the atmosphere, or all-permeating ether. To secure this result, Rome, with the keys of St. Peter, locks up heresy, which, in its etymology, signifies division or distraction of opinion; Protestantism breaks from the keep, and defies the beast upon the seven hills. But this liberty will not avail, unless by it we attain true catholicity.

We do not direct attention, in this connection, to that oneness of sentiment which unites Christians to the Master and to each other. We have in view, at this time, the leavening of the whole human nature by Christian principles.

Nothing is so remarkable, and at the same time so common, as the habitual insulation of religion. It is shut up to times or days, or portions of character. Its expansive and growing nature is cramped and constrained.

We have every sort of specimen of this insulation in its different varieties.

Here is a religious man in times and seasons. He is religious on the sabbath, and in the hour of conference or prayer; that is to say, at these periods he wears an aspect of solemnity, and sometimes, perhaps usually, turns his thoughts into religious channels. He manifests fervor; and in some cases, no doubt, he really feels it. But, if you do not see him at such a time, you take no knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus: there is nothing in his demeanor or conduct or

tone or temper or practice to show that he is not of the world. His religion is not catholic in respect of time. Nor is he in his secular walk merely anointing his head with Christian cheerfulness, that he appear not unto men to fast. That precept requires us, indeed, to veil in holy retirement the secret communion with God whence well up the Christian charities in life ; but it is to be construed with the other scripture which requires us to let our light shine before men to evidence our Christian profession.

A very common insulation of religion restricts it to the incipient stage. There is great anxiety that men should start right, and very little that they should go on after they have crossed the boundary between Christ and the world. While most of the world are in the way to death, conversion must be the chief burden of prayer, and end of Christian labor. But this insulation, which we complain of restricts the work of grace to its very first-fruits. Conversion is the ultimate of this religion ; and, when there is no revival interest, there is no interest at all. No wonder, then, that Christians backslide, that they become cold, and shiver in the absence of their first love. The morning alone is to them the day ; and, as the sun travels west, they go east in pursuit of the first love ; or they stand with their backs to the face of day, and turn their souls to shadow. Their religion is good so far as it seeks the all-important end of gathering into the fold of Christ ; but it is incomplete, inasmuch as it neglects the food needful for those in the fold. Not only are they not themselves growing Christians, but they are disqualified, by their stunted Christianity, from effectually extending the invitations of the gospel to those who are without. The very vocabulary of these Christians, in their religious exercises and exhortations, is rather a remembrance of past experience than an exhibition of growth in grace.

Religion sometimes has no control over the moral character, or only an intermittent influence. Preachers are at great pains to prove that morality does not save a man. Perfect morality covering the whole life would save a man under the first covenant. But, as all have forfeited that covenant, there

cannot be salvation, except by the dispensation of grace under the second covenant. Here faith in Christ, that is, belief coupled with love, saves from sin, without reference to works, except as the outflow manifesting the inward motive. Yet the state of the heart made pure by Christ is the inward morality or virtue which saves the Christian; and we think the apparent depreciation of works by the preacher may lead to undervaluing morality. The Christian is saved by being made righteous; and, if he continue unrighteous, his salvation is incomplete if not entirely frustrated. Religion ought to leaven the moral character. How can it be other than most questionable, if it fail to do so? And yet there are Christians whose business dealings do not square with the requirements of even Heathen morality, to say nothing of the purer and higher standard of Christ. We find them to perform actions of a character so questionable as to raise a painful doubt whether the agent have any Christianity at all. This want of catholicity, too, has a most pernicious influence upon the world about us. "What! he a Christian! his word cannot be trusted; he overreached me in a bargain; he has not been so neighborly and kind to me in sickness as my non-professing neighbor." The inference the world draws is against the religion which fails to exercise an ennobling influence upon the life. Vain is it for the preacher's tongue to recommend religion, when the hands of church-members scandalize it.

In the intellect, the want of religious catholicity is equally marked. Often it moulds only a portion of the faculties. These in their action conform to religion; but other faculties seem wholly unconverted. Out of a certain range of topics, no trace of the religious leaven appears. Calculation is as hard, unfeeling, and selfish as ever. Controversy is as proud, malignant, and bitter, as in the most heathenish schools of mind. Thus the lodgement effected by religion in the mind is restricted within narrow limits; a good deal as when a besieging foe has got a footing on the ramparts where he holds his own, but cannot advance farther in the conquest. Worldliness and vanity of thought, so often disgracing religious pro-

fessors, proceed from this want of catholicity in the partial conversion of the mind. Sectarian quarrels and clamors of controversy proceed from the power of Satan in the mind, dividing the tongues. The host, sprung from the stones of Deucalion, fell to fighting among themselves, and so were destroyed. From the unconverted mind springs up this same fatal internecine Christian strife. What ! is Christ divided ? Do his members strive at cross purposes ? Is the divinely imparted Christian strength, which ought to evangelize the world, spent in neutralizing itself and in self-destruction ? Oh, would that love might sanctify the faculties !

God's religion is a catholic religion. It is the whole or none. Neither means nor mind nor morals must be kept back. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead because they dedicated all, and secretly abstracted a part. The Christian must be a whole Christian, or he will be beaten with more stripes than if he were no Christian. It is true such guilty and fatal withholding as ruined Ananias and Sapphira, and will destroy any Christian, has the element of wilfulness. It is matter of congratulation, in our survey of the visible Church, that the want of catholicity is not intentional. Yet it ought to be carefully kept in mind that neglect may render it voluntary. It is not enough for the Christian not to wilfully lack catholicity : he must will to be catholic ; he must pray the Searcher of hearts to reveal to him his defects ; he must earnestly seek to extend his religion through all his action, all his affection, and all his thought.

And now to understand this sanctifying of the thought. It will not weaken, but invigorate ; it will not sadden, but cheer ; it will not diminish, but enlarge. The religious intellect is the more inquisitive, the more daring, the more ingenious, while it has God in all the thoughts. The religious morality has all the spontaneity of Christian liberty, while it delights in the law of God. A mighty principle is imparted, impelling to every virtue, every charity, and all rectitude,—the love of Christ constraining us.

Another instance of want of catholicity is found in the general yielding of the Church to the exclusion of religion from politics. When the preacher has undertaken the function of

every Israelitish prophet in reproving national wrong, the cry is set up that this is forbidden ground, out of God's jurisdiction, and the preacher has nothing to do with it. That the powers of darkness should thus clamor, as if summoned to judgment before their time, like the unclean spirits ejected by the Saviour, is not astonishing. But that the Church should yield, and even join in the ban against political preaching, is a mournful proof of spiritual blindness, at least on one side, and of the want of catholicity of which we are speaking.

Again: this want of catholicity causes blindness to God in those manifestations of his perfections which constitute beauty. This excellence is many-sided. It smiles to us in the lovely landscape: it makes the sweetness of melody, and the harmony of order, proportion, and arrangement; the grace of motion, and the eloquence of form. Its seal divine on the human faculties makes genius, which originates or copies in the enchantments of art. Now, the idea that religion has to do with this is so little understood, that it would provoke a smile or sneer to insist on it. Consequently, this dome of beauty, this temple of loveliness, is left to the desecration of wickedness. Music is made the spoil of the siren, because religion neglected to guard it. Sculpture becomes the pander of idolatry; painting, the handmaid of superstition, of false pleasure, because religion permitted the usurpation of sin. True catholicity will reconquer this domain, wrest it from sin, and re-occupy it with God.

The same is true of literature. Religion, in lack of catholicity, has failed to enter upon and enjoy its heritage of intellect. Its votaries have sometimes denounced the intellect as atheistic, while intellect has sneered at religion as superstition. Men, admiring intellect, and supposing it inconsistent with religion, are led away from real and spiritual truth. But when religion takes possession of her own, when she appears as the wisdom of God arrayed in the glory of knowledge and intelligence, then it is seen that intellect can never be genuine and healthful, powerful and beautiful, except it be religious. Irreverent intellect is seen to be knowledge run mad.

In this culpable lack of catholicity, very much of life is, for the partial Christian, emptied of God ; or, more properly speaking, God is unrecognized in many spheres of his manifestation. Yet all these departments are so linked and related to each other, that one or more, divorced from its connection, can impart but a mutilated religious idea. The emotional Christian, negligent of the practical, however excitable, must be a stranger to the purest and highest religious sentiment. So the Christian who emphasizes right action, to the neglect of devotional exercise and pious meditation, will attain no high standard of moral excellence, even if he be so happy as to avoid the substitution of self-righteousness for that noble beneficence which can only flow from consecrated fountains of cordial affection and aspiration. Again : the Christian who does not behold in beauty God's handiwork divine, giving a charm to nature, and conferring that eloquence on color and sound which are often profanely applied to the perversions of art, — such a Christian suffers an incalculable loss not only of pure and high enjoyment, but also of spiritual culture. The truly catholic Christian is not only "filled with God," but he beholds Him whom he adores and loves supremely, on every hand. His smile greets him on the open face of nature, and in the tender heavens bowed with his presence. Harmony of sound, and symmetry of form in nature and art, sing to his ear of that perfect order and proportion which measures the music of the spheres.

When he sees the perfections of beauty purloined, as it were, and applied to an unholy end, or woven unconsciously into efforts of art, seeking to please rather than to improve, he will desire to rescue and restore the power of art to its proper sphere. Thus Wesley declared that music should not be relinquished to Satan ; and to his influence we owe many of the devotional airs which are found so inspiring and consoling to the religious spirit. Pictures we have as yet left to the Romish Church. We dread their influence, lest, while they render conception vivid, they substitute form for spirit. And this is a peril to be carefully avoided : but it is much less in an age of cultivated mind like ours ; for the intellect acts as a correction of sense.

Religion, to be successful, must be complete. It must leave no domain of life to the occupation of the enemy, where atheism and falsehood, like the spared Philistines, may hatch mischief, and organize the incursions of evil. The Christian, to conquer the world and come to enjoy his own, must be complete and catholic. Such was the human mirror of divinity. We are apt to fail in catholicity in our view of Christ. One sees him as the benefactor, taking upon himself our infirmities, mingling with the lowly, weeping with the mourner, restoring the sick and the dead. And this is, indeed, a most important and moving view of the Redeemer; and it may be truly said that there can be no Christian faith when this element fails of its proper place. Yet it is only partial, and may lead to self-deception if we go no further. We must follow Jesus to his solitude of divine communion, his nights of prayer, and to beneficence we must add devotion, or our religion will be far from perfect. There are not wanting those who have preached the beneficence of Christ, while, in the entire neglect and denial of spiritual intercourse with God, they suffer their nature to be so darkened as to embrace and publish infidelity.

Nor must we stop with beneficence and piety in the imitation of Christ. We ought to go with him to the garden of Olivet; we ought to sit with him on the banks of Kedron, and listen to its singing waters; we ought to gaze with his eyes on the lily of the field, and behold in it more than the glory of Solomon. Nay, more: we ought to spend forty days with him in the wilderness, that we may attain the victory over the power of evil, and be girded for our life-work.

We ought to view Christ, too, intellectually. We should study well those dramatic encounters of mind, when he put the Sadducees to silence; when he evaded the snare of tribute; when all his adversaries were ashamed, and durst ask him no more questions; when he confounded them with the inquiry, How the son of David should be his Lord? We ought to sound the depths of that well of water, springing up to everlasting life, which he makes to well up in the souls of those who come to him thirsting for God, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

In catholicity alone is the Christian safe. If, like Achilles plunged in the bath of Thetis, he have but one heel remaining vulnerable, at that very point the dart of the destroyer may strike. To his Master's service he must devote himself as a whole offering. If any part of the man be kept back, the value of what is offered may be in effect destroyed, and must be very much impaired.

CHRIST THE IMAGE OF GOD.

IN what sense can Christ be styled the image of God? Not, of course, by reason of bodily form or resemblance; for at such an idea the mind at once revolts. Only, then, in a moral sense. Christ is the moral image of God. Divine perfections shone forth in him resplendently. The majesty of God was shadowed forth in that miraculous power by which he controlled the laws of nature, and that superhuman wisdom by which he pierced futurity and read men's hearts. With the authority of God, he declared God's will, and unrolled the great mysteries of redeeming love and the conditions of acceptance and salvation. As the representative and messenger of the Most High, whatever he uttered in promise or precept, in warning or denunciation, is as sacred and binding, worthy of the same confidence, and justly deserving the same reverence and regard, as though the finger of God had traced it on the sky, or the voice of God pronounced it audibly in the ear.

It is, however, only to take a very low and partial view of this subject, to behold in Christ a glorious manifestation or the express image of God solely or chiefly by reason of what is outward, — superadded as a divine gift. The miracles of our blessed Lord, and all that was superhuman in him, derive their profoundest interest from the illustrations they furnish of the moral perfections of Him in whose name he came. That benevolence, mercy, melting compassion, boundless and impartial love thus so conspicuously revealed in the Saviour, well entitle him to be called the image of that All-blessed and gracious Being to whom more and more closely

he would lead and bind us. When we see Jesus at the marriage-feast at Cana, how benignantly does God seem to smile on the happiness of affectionate, devoted, and faithful hearts, and on the innocent pleasures and enjoyments of life ! When he opens the eyes of the blind, unseals the ears of the deaf, cleanses the wretched leper, answers the parent's prayer for the life of the child, nay, restores to life, and to her arms, the widow's boy, — how do we seem to behold the Great Author of all this wondrous beauty of the heavens and the earth, of all this various music of Nature, in the winds and the ocean, in the storm and in the calm, in the rushing cataract and the rustling forest, in the song of birds and the voice of one's brother man, — of all health and life and joy and blessing ! When we stand with him at the grave of Lazarus, and listen to his sublime declaration, " I am the Resurrection and the Life," and hear him call forth with effect the dead, — how truly does he seem the image of God, while thus ministering to the heart's heaviest sorrow, delivering from the power of death, and making the most fearful event of life the pathway and introduction to immortality ! — his miraculous gifts devoted to the comfort and relief of our burdened humanity, becoming the tokens of the Divine love and compassion most signally and beneficently displayed.

And yet, when we contemplate his spotless purity, his all-embracing benevolence, his unwearied and all-sacrificing labors for our race, more conspicuously still does he manifest the Perfect One, and become to us the image of God ; maintaining, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, unblemished holiness of character ; embracing in the broad range of his sympathies all generations and classes and conditions ; sparing himself from no office of duty or mercy by which he could bless or do good to others. So in his solemn warnings to the worldly ; his rebukes of the hard-hearted and the hypocritical ; his denunciations of wilful and impenitent sin ; or in his winning invitations of the weary and heavy-laden to come to him, and find rest ; in his benedictions upon the meek, the humble, the peace-makers ; in his mercy to the penitent ; in his compassion for the ignorant,

the misguided, and the oppressed, — how in all did he bring down God as it were, the Infinite Father, to the comprehension and confiding love of men! The moral manifestation of Deity thus made to mankind in Christ stamps him most emphatically the image of God, since herein are those perfections of God which are best fitted to attract and win human reverence, trust, and love, brought before us in symbols and characters which become spells to the susceptible heart, and bind it to a service of love, gratitude, and joy.

That Christ is to us the image of the invisible God, is a truth full of most important practical bearings upon the formation and growth of the life of God in the soul. We can see the Invisible only through his works, and in the course of his Providence. In Jesus, the only-begotten of the Father, we have his most glorious manifestation. The simple and faithful pens of evangelists, and especially of his beloved apostle, have transmitted it. In their living record, is not a dead but a living Christ. Every time we turn to contemplate him, we behold the standard by which we are to be tried. The consciousness that we are day by day approaching that spotless and surpassing excellence, and drinking more and more into that heavenly spirit which was his, were the choicest boon of being; while to have shunned not followed that example, neglected not studied that life, rejected not embraced that Saviour, were most grievous and sad. The tender pleadings of the heart, once touched by beholding and dwelling on that Divine Image, prompt us to strive for the former. That blessed Being whom Jesus reveals spares time for repentance and reconciliation. Every sacred sabbath, every hour of meditation and prayer, every season of communion, the changes of the world, the current of events, the flow of time, — may all be blest by the true temple within the heart, and the earnest aspiration and effort of the soul to bring us nearer to God. The "Image" of the Invisible will make the Invisible clearer; until, "with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

F.

RANDOM READINGS.

LAST WORDS FOR THE LAST DAYS.

THIS is the last number of the year ; and we do not like to let the last days go by without a word of farewell, to be followed, if it please God, by another word of greeting, when the new year shall have opened. It has been signally and conspicuously a year of the Lord ; and especially are we filled with much hope for our country, as we draw to its close. Her high fortunes seem to us now secure beyond all peradventure. The great peril of the election season safely over ; those who would have chosen another result for the most part acquiescent, and acquiescent, as we think, not through despair, but through a fresh access of that confidence in republicanism and in truth which ought never to have forsaken any breast ; the minds of the nation flowing together as one mind, conviction and determination having succeeded mere passion, — we all breathe freely and deeply. The year has been crowned with blessings, if heroism and patience, and the consecration of a multitude of every age and condition, and of both sexes, to a sacred cause, are blessings. For many of her children the Nation has wept great tears ; but they were not bitter tears. There has been light in the dwellings of our people even in the days of darkness, as in the dwellings of the children of Israel, when the land of Egypt was shrouded in the most appalling gloom. It has been a year to be gratefully remembered ; because it has brought us nearer to the happy issue which we are surely to have out of our great trial, — a year to be gratefully remembered for the consolations and the hopes which have enriched and enlarged so many hearts. A precious month remains for completing every imperfect record ; for striking the blow which shall put an end, at last, to the still-lingering sin ; for abolishing some old enmity ; for consecrating the life anew in the faith and hope and love of that gospel to whose real successes every year is steadily adding, though sometimes we are misled by appearances into the dreary assertion, that the age of Christian miracles is past. When the light shall arise, and shine upon church and state and home as never before, we shall

understand how vain were our fears ; and that fulfilment, not destruction, is ever the purpose of our Redeemer God : to whom be glory forever and ever. : Amen !

“ Already on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer !

Oh ! small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross !”

E.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

WE admit an article into our pages reflecting somewhat severely upon the critique of one of the editors on Mr. Sawyer's late book, not because we think the critique successfully answered, but from respect to the writer of the article, and a willingness to have our readers hear all sides. We suspect the writer has not read the book in question. It should be read, before one undertakes to apologize or defend, and the points in debate clearly stated, with a yea or a nay. Mr. Sawyer's personal motives are not called in question. But canons of criticism, and doctrines about Christ and his religion which subvert all the old foundations of Christian faith, are put forward as the dogmata of the writer, and not on any critical grounds fairly made out. The “fictitious character” of the Gospel of Mark is announced, because it narrates supernatural events. Those who receive such events as verities are regarded as “foolish,” “childish,” deprived of “the benefits and safeguards of common sense,” and so on. The parentage of Jesus is regarded as “discreditable,” his birth “illegitimate,” solely because his father's name is not given by Mark. The author must know that multitudes, of as much learning and manhood as he would claim for himself, regard these same supernatural events as eminently consonant with the whole life and character and mission of the Saviour ; yea, that the highest and noblest manhood, as they hold, has been

nursed and unfolded by being brought into communion with a Saviour supernaturally received and apprehended. Mr. Sawyer is not generally discourteous, and he does not mean to be irreverent. He is less so than most of the ultra-radical critics with whom supernaturalists are flouted at as either fools or knaves. See Weiss's *Life of Theodore Parker, passim*. Is it reasonable to ask that those who believe in the supernatural and divine character and work of Christ as their most cherished and vital convictions, and the grounds of their hope of human progress, who have examined critically the record, and found its integrity unassailable, will treat these questions euphemistically, and pour out milk-and-water sentiment about them? The right of discussion is not denied to any one. We read all sides, and try to get the stand-point of the rankest radicalism, and all the reasons that justify it. And, when stating our dissent, we hold that the English language was made to express meaning, and not mystify it; and that its words which cut the clearest are to be brought out and applied, and not left in the dictionaries to grow obsolete. s.

REV. DAN HUNTINGTON.

WE have already, in another place, paid our humble tribute to his memory; but we wish, at least, to record his name in a Magazine which was so long under the editorial care of one of his household, and which he had so often taken up to read; and we have a word to add concerning the manner of his dying. It was singularly beautiful; a part, indeed, of that quiet, hopeful, cheerful Christian living which completed his days on earth, and so admirably illustrated what Whittier recites to us, in "Andrew Rykman's Prayer," as a part of the legend upon the good man's grave-stone; which may still be deciphered through the moss: "*Trust is truer than our fears.*" It is not granted to every one to die with gracious words upon the lips, or with the light of love and peace shining out from the face. The corruptible body often weigheth down the soul; and the powers that have served almost to the end fail at the last, and the best sometimes die, and make no sign: we are thankful to be assured that the passage into the other world was easy. In the case of our aged friend, the last moments were

as much to be desired as any that had gone before. As the time of his departure drew near, and the sands grew fewer and fewer, and seemed to chase each other down the glass, and he read in the faces about him what had already been whispered in his ear by God's messenger, like one of the old patriarchs, he gathered up the little strength that still remained midway in the fifth score of years; and, in the words with which he had so often dismissed the assembly of Christian worshippers, the words of apostolic benediction, the summing-up of the gospel, released the waiting, reverent household to their life-duties, saying, "*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore: Amen!*" — and so passed through the door which Christ, when he had overcome the sharpness of death, opened into the heavens, to join, as we must, the general assembly and church of the first-born. What a contrast between such a Christian dying as this and any Gentile euthanasia! How wonderfully and graciously those words of benediction have come to us from the day when confessors and martyrs went to prison and to death in the strength which that prayer called down out of the heavens, to our own time, when, alas! all unmindful of their deep and sacred significance, the congregation too often are busied, whilst the minister repeats the sentence, in preparations for leaving the house of worship. May these few words of ours help to make the benediction a living word again for some hearts, that we may none of us fail of that most sweet grace, of that most wondrous love, of that altogether blessed communion! E.

WHEN self is thrust aside, like the great stone rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre of Jesus, then the soul, that holy thing of God, which, though buried, cannot see corruption, comes forth with eyes like lightning and raiment white as snow; and, for fear of it, the powers of darkness tremble, and become as dead men. When self is renounced, as it was by Jesus, then the divine spirit within is set free, and God speaks and breathes without obstruction upon the world through the illimitable forces of Faith and Love, and mankind are lifted up out of the depths. — *Furness's Veil partly lifted.*

GAIL HAMILTON ON MEN AND WOMEN.

On these themes, Gail Hamilton pours out a good deal of sense, with floods of nonsense. She writes sensibly about the necessity of womanly independence, with a distinct object in life aside from getting married. She writes the usual nonsense about women's wages, and wastes torrents of indignation against employers, committee-men, and the masculine gender generally, because women, in some departments, are paid less than men for the same work. She ignores the fact, that the law of demand and supply here, as everywhere, is inexorable; and that all the men and women in the universe cannot change or annul it. The reason why woman is paid less is, not that she is a woman, but because seven women to one man are ready to do the same work. The remedy is not railing at employers. Committees who employ teachers pay the market-prices as they are fixed already; and they would be false to their trust if they did otherwise. The remedy is not spitting against the wind, but *enlarging the sphere of womanly employment*; and, when there are less women available for the same work and crowding into it, the wages will go up. The price will increase exactly as the supply decreases. Touching the enlargement of woman's sphere and the prejudice against it, Gail Hamilton, too, has some "spasms of sense," and more violent spasms of nonsense. So far as we know, the prejudice of men is not half so strong as that of women themselves against this free range of employment. We know, at least, what a great many men think and say; and, depend upon it, O Gail! that the girls that float and languish without aim, and without doing something, are not the objects of men's most fervent admiration; while those who will outdo the men in teaching, in writing books, in raising pears and apples, in managing a household, or in managing a business-firm, challenge our unfeigned homage. We men are jealous and envious when competing with each other; but when beaten by woman, if so be she retains her womanly excellence and glory, we love her the better: we rather like to be beaten by her; for we have an instinctive feeling that we are ennobled by her success. Hence, as soon as the fact became patent that women make better teachers than men, the latter retired from the field; and women are becoming the sole teachers in most of the common schools of Massa-

chusetts. And *they are paid better* than the men were, when the latter had possession of the field; simply because women have glorified this calling, elevated the standard, and distanced the men in the race. So it will be in any thing. *Do something*; enlarge your sphere of beneficence in any direction; do any thing you can do well, — not sit still, nor scold at irreversible laws; and the law of demand and supply will operate without regard to sex: men will be ready to render homage, and God will be well pleased. The whole field of domestic service, once filled honorably by American girls, they abandoned to foreign “help,” given to lying and thieving. Those girls that purchase starvation by making drawers at five cents a-piece, or finely stitched shirts at sixteen, could retake this field of service any day through all the homes of the country, conquering no “prejudice” but their own, elevate this sphere of work and glorify it, add immensely to human comfort and welfare, and receive more compensation than many a minister receives for preaching the gospel. 8.

“EXHAUSTING THE RESOURCES OF STATESMANSHIP.”

[Here is a fable from the Russian, showing that talking is worse than useless, when the time for it has gone by. — E.]

KRILLOFF has written so many excellent fables of general interest, that I scarcely know which to speak of and which to pass over. One of the most popular is that of “The Cat and the Cook;” in the conception of which we see the vigorous shrewdness of the Russian mind reflected quite as strikingly as in the “Metaphysics” of Khemnitser, and in a more artistic, allegorical form. The cook was a great rhetorician, and was fond of preaching to the cat, whom on one occasion, finding it necessary to visit the neighboring tavern, he left in charge of the kitchen, enjoining him, with much eloquence, to preserve the eatables from the mice. On his return, the cook, to his horror and amazement, found Vaska devouring a roast chicken, while by his side lay the evidence of previous guilt in the shape of an empty pie-crust. “Oh, you wretch, you glutton!” exclaims the cook: “are you not ashamed that the very walls should see you, to say nothing of men?” Vaska continues to eat the chicken. “Why, until now you were reputed an honest cat; you were even held up as a pattern of

virtue ; and at present — oh dear, what a disgrace ! The neighbors will say, ‘That cat Vaska is a rogue ; that cat Vaska is a thief : he is not fit to come into the kitchen, nor even into the yard ; he is like a hungry wolf near a sheepfold, and is the pest and the poison of the place.’”

Vaska hears and eats.

“The orator,” says Kriloff, “gave full flow to his words ; and there would apparently have been no end to his moralizing, when suddenly he perceived, that, while he had been talking, the cat had finished the chicken.” One can fancy the Emperor Nicholas enjoying this fable, and saying to himself that the moral, as follows, might have been profitably studied by Louis Philippe : “I give this piece of advice to other cooks, and would have them inscribe it on the kitchen-wall : ‘not to waste words when force should be employed.’” — *The Russians at Home*, by Sutherland Edwards.

WE extract the following lines, exquisitely tender and beautiful, from Mrs. Child’s new book, “Looking towards Sunset.” They are credited to “Anonymous.” How many will find, on reading it, some sweet, maternal face coming out vividly in the light of memory !

THE GOOD OLD GRANDMOTHER, WHO DIED AGED EIGHTY.

Oh ! softly wave the silver hair
 From off that aged brow :
 The crown of glory worn so long
 A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands
 That toiled so long and well ;
 And, while your tears of sorrow fall,
 Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o’er long years,
 A varied web has been ;
 With silver threads by sorrow wrought,
 And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole softly on,
 Like flakes of falling snow,
 That wrap the green earth lovingly
 When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done,
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from Love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home !
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went ;
A loving song was on her lip, —
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been,
With brightness born of heaven ;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

Oh ! gently fold the weary hands,
That toiled so long and well :
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be :
Oh, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to me and thee !

IF it is a strange blindness to live without inquiring what we are, it is a fearful one to live in sin while we believe a God. — *Pascal*.

YET is it greatness in man, in his irregularities, to be able to derive from them so admirable a code of laws, and to exhibit in them, thus, a semblance of charity. — *Pascal*.

NOR to have discerned the relation of sorrow to virtue is perhaps the most striking defect pervading all the Greek moral philosophy. — *Newman*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of the Peace; being a history of England from 1816 to 1854, with an Introduction, 1800 to 1815. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

There is an urgent want of just such a History as this; and the publishers are supplying it at the right time. Neither Hume's History, with the supplementary books of Smollett and Miller, nor Macaulay nor Knight, cover the whole period which is here embraced, and which extends over the most stirring and pregnant events of modern times. The wars of Napoléon, which shook both continents; our second war with England; the abolition of slavery in the West Indies; and the most important reforms in England, involving internal changes, social and political, — all belong to this period. The great statesmen, orators, and military leaders of the century pass over the scene, — the younger Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Nelson, Wellington, and a long list with hardly less brilliant names. Great questions were debated and settled, which serve as precedents for the present times.

The present work is to consist of four volumes, two of which are now issued. The first volume is introductory, coming down to the Peace of 1815, which settled the affairs both of Europe and America, after the long, desolating wars in which France and England were conspicuous. The three last volumes cover the thirty-nine years of peace, down to the Russian War of 1854. Miss Martineau has some excellent qualifications for such a work. In her sympathies she is always liberal and humane. She is fair and candid; and her style is vigorous, flowing, and clear. She takes no pains to hide or palliate the faults of her own countrymen. In her chapter on the American War, she does ample and impartial justice to the United States, as much so as any American writer could have done, and condemns the policy of England sometimes with indignant moral rebuke. Notices of the progress of art, science, and literature, and passing reviews of the lives and works of the great poets, are included in the author's plan.

The work was revised, and an entire new Book added expressly for the American edition. "There are many reasons," says Miss Martineau, "why I earnestly desire that the edition intended for American readers should be as good as I can make it; but the chief consideration is, that the privilege of a new country and a young nation in benefiting by the experience of the old, may be somewhat lessened or increased by the way of telling the story of that experience." We gladly welcome the work, and wait eagerly for the remaining two volumes. s.

The Blade and the Ear: Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. MUZZEY. Boston: William V. Spencer.

Mr. Muzzey gives excellent advice, plain, direct, and forcible, enforcing the highest motives, and calculated to produce, if well heeded, the highest tone of character and the highest kind of success in life. This treatise embraces the following topics: The Young Man at Home; Young Men the Hope of the Land; Basis of Success; Moral Dangers; Recreations; Female Society; Books and Reading; The Bible, — why to be read; Moral Preventives. The lessons urged are spiced and pointed with illustration and anecdote. Some of the topics, it will be seen, require to be treated with wisdom and delicacy, — especially that which involves the relations of the sexes. They are not treated too freely or minutely; and the earnest advice given is timely and wise. On the subject of "Recreations," we wish the author had gone more into detail. Young men are not fond of being "preached" to; but they will find in this book a generous appreciation of their position, of the vast interests depending upon them, especially at this solemn crisis of our history, and a generous sympathy with them in their feelings, wants, temptations, and responsibilities. It is a good book for fathers and mothers to give to their boys. s.

History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United-States Congresses, 1861-64. By HENRY WILSON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This volume will be valuable as one of the sources of history touching the most momentous question of the age. The prominent actors here come under review; what they did, and what they said in the course of debate; how they voted, and the final legislation. It is a very readable book of 384 pages. s.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, late President of Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The lamented president owned no stilts, and never borrowed any from his neighbors, even for grand occasions, when one might be expected to tower a little. Letters to friends, and written in a very familiar and friendly way, are just what we should have looked for from so genial and easy a man. They contain no pedantry. They are full of a sort of written-out table-talk: they bring the man before us. Only one thing strikes us as a little unnatural, — we are surprised that the worthy man, once upon a time, in Greece, made a discovery that his garments needed repairs. He must have been inspired for a moment by “the god of this world.” He speaks of the edges of the “pants” as somewhat ragged. We think that we have seen the professional garments in that condition on this side of the water, whilst one of those pleasant recitations, which were a sort of *conversazione*, was going forward. The Grecian was admirable; but the Grecian never got the better of the man. Careful as he was always to provide Greek tragedy and comedy on visitation-days, for the entertainment of the Committee, he did not fail to remind us, (what sensible man would?) that there would be “apple-fritters,” as heretofore, at the Brattle House. Our president was never left, like one of his predecessors in the Greek department, to ask his lady neighbor, at a dinner-party, in some stress of conversational weather, — “Have you seen the last edition of my Greek Grammar?” and never compelled, like him, to hear the mortifying admission, that a book so excellent had, up to that time, escaped the attention of one otherwise so accomplished. They are human, yes, humane letters these; and all the more pleasant because so many of them were written from the land whose literature the writer loved so wisely and so well.

E.

Looking towards Sunset is a volume of Mrs. Child, just published by Ticknor & Fields. — It is all sunshine, — bright, warm, and mellow; intended to cheer and comfort those whose sun is sinking westward. It is made up partly of original articles, partly of selected; many of them not only rich, but curious and rare. Young persons as well as old will read it; and it is calculated to make them not only happier, but better.

S.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By MRS. JAMESON. Vol. I. containing Legends of the Angels and Archangels, the Evangelists, the Apostles, the Doctors of the Church, and St. Mary Magdalene, as represented in the Fine Arts. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

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The same publishers have issued, in the same convenient and pleasant form, HAWTHORNE'S "Twice-Told Tales;" and we sincerely hope that the volumes will supplant, in the hands of our younger readers, many of the thin and chaffy novelettes which now use up their eyes, and excite their brains, to no purpose. E.

A New Atmosphere. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — It is all about men and women, told in Gail Hamilton's diffuse, but dashing and vigorous style; giving her peculiar views in a downright way. See the Random Readings.

ERRATUM. — In the article on "Broken Lights" in the last number of the Magazine, an error of punctuation occurs in the second sentence, which quite changes the meaning of the writer. A colon should have been inserted after "is," and "not" should begin with a capital. The difference is, that, with this corrected punctuation, the writer of the article is not made to say, what he seems to say, as it now stands, that Theism is the superior of Christianity. He merely declares that to be the doctrine of the book reviewed.

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